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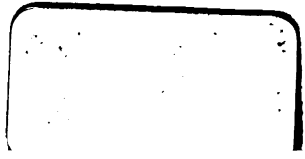

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THE CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

1865.

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THE FATAL SLIP. (*See page* 6.)

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THE

Church Missionary JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

With the new year we commence a new series of the Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

We trust and pray our many readers will welcome it as heartily as we greet them, and say, "The Lord prosper you: we wish you good luck in the name of the Lord."

A new year! How many who began last year with us have not lived to see its close! Here and there a school-fellow—a playmate—a collector with us in the same Juvenile Association—perhaps—is it so?—a brother or a sister, have passed away. Who will write and who will read the new-year's address for January 1866?

It is well to listen to God's voice, and to hear Him say, "Work .... while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."

And how shall we begin the new year?

Dear children, let us first look back upon the year that is past. We can remember many sins

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And "who can tell how oft he offendeth?" God only knows. May He, in his mercy, forgive us our secret and all our faults. Did any of us do all for God that might have been done?

And if God enabled us to do any thing for Him and for the good of others—Let us give Him thanks, and say, "We praise thee, O Lord, for thy great mercy." If, during the year that is past, we learned to take a greater interest in Missionary work—if God put it into our hearts to deny ourselves—that our box might receive more, or the collection be greater;—if God gave us the spirit of grace and supplication;—if God enabled us to persuade *others* to take boxes, to become collectors, to read our little Magazine, or to attend our Missionary meetings—to God be all the praise.

And how shall we begin the new year? Not only confessing our sins, and with the voice of praise and thanksgiving, but also with the voice of prayer.

"O Lord our God, early will we seek thee. We pray thee to help us by Thy grace, this year to serve thee more and better than we ever yet have done. Lord hear our prayer! May we learn to love Jesus more, and, for his sake, may we seek to 'go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!' May we rejoice to work for thee, O God! Do Thou, O God, bless our efforts; and may many of the poor heathen this year be turned from sin to righteousness, and from serving dumb idols to serve Thee, the only true God, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen."

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THE FATAL SLIP.

In the picture at the beginning of this Number you will observe three men—the one an European, the other two natives of North-west America. It happened, not long ago, that an Englishman living in those bleak and dreary regions, for the purpose of trading in the skins of the animals that abound there, and whose fur is much valued in this country, heard in his lonely dwelling, by an Indian messenger, of the serious and alarming illness of a brother. This brother, who was very dear to him, was separated from him by a waste, wild and almost impassable at that, the winter season of the year. Even the natives were reluctant to attempt a journey so full of difficulty and of danger. The sick brother was also an only brother, and love said, "You must go." Companions tried to dissuade him from the attempt, but love was strong, and, accompanied by two Indians, father and son, the Englishman set out on his journey. With rifles in their hands, and the bear-skin blanket and haversack slung over their shoulders, they set out. They had to thread their way through wild passes, to cross vast frozen swamps, where the tempestuous north wind almost swept them from their feet. They toiled through dark tracts of pine-forest, and heard, day and night, the dismal howlings of the wolf and the panther.

When night came, the Indians heaped together dry logs and brands, and made a large fire, at which they boiled their coffee and cooked their food. The nearest fir-thicket afforded them a shelter. Branches of cut fir made the bedstead; on them was spread the warm bear-skin. Our Missionaries in Rupert's Land have

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often "camped out" in this way when journeying from one station to another, or when in search of the wandering tribes of Indians. When nearly two-thirds of the journey was accomplished, a very distant sound broke on the death-like stillness. As they advanced the sound became more and more distinct—the sound of a rushing mighty stream. Soon they reached the brink of a dark rocky chasm, through whose depths, some seventy feet below, a river rushed with fearful violence.

This river had to be crossed. Looking about, they saw a pine-tree lying across the chasm. This furnished them with a bridge: it was a dangerous, slippery bridge. The round trunk was covered with frozen snow, as brilliant and as smooth as glass. However, the Indians seemed to make nothing of the danger. They passed and re-passed the chasm, conveying across the snow-shoes, rifles, and provisions. Last of all the Englishman crossed. They were about to resume their journey, when it was discovered that one of the bear-skins had been left behind. The younger of the Indians, laughing at the fears the Englishman expressed for his safety, bounded on to the tree. With a light, swift step and erect bearing, he walked along the perilous path. He had reached the centre of the bridge, when a great owl swooped suddenly down, evidently about to settle on the tree before him. This would have been embarassing. In a moment the father's rifle sounded, and the huge bird fell through the air a fluttering mass of snow-white feathers. It was only an exchange of evils. The nerves of the young Indian were not equal to the shock. He started, his foot slid on the polished block, he lost his balance, and fell headlong down the dark abyss.

"The cry of bitter anguish which burst from the

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father's lips," writes the Englishman, "I shall never forget. He hung over the dark torrent convulsed with an agony of grief, anguish, and despair. Ere the journey was concluded his reason deserted him. He became mad."

We have recorded and illustrated this incident, because it refers to a land and a people in which we take a deep Missionary interest, and because it reminds us of an article of the Red Indian's heathen faith. It is believed by some of them, that when the soul at death departs from the body it will have a long, a lonely, and a perilous journey to take. After a time it will reach the brink of a river which runs at the bottom of a deep and dark abyss. Over the terrible chasm a tree bends. Its roots are on the opposite side, its branches nearly reach across. The soul, so they say, must spring forward and lay hold of the tree. If it succeeds in doing so, it gains the other side and enters paradise. If it fails to reach a branch, it falls—falls to perish—to come to an end. Such is their belief. What says the Missionary to the Red Indian? He tells him that sin has made an awful chasm between earth and heaven—a dark chasm no man can cross. He tells him that Christ has bridged over this terrible abyss. As God, He is on the other side—heaven. As man, He is here—on earth. He tells him that the abyss is quite bridged over, and that there is no danger of being lost for those who seek to reach heaven through Him, who said, "I am the way."

And have the hardy Red Indians believed the word? Yea, many have. Fifteen European Missionaries are labouring there, and seven country-born native clergymen. More than 1000 communicants gather round the table of the Lord; and our young readers will be

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interested to know there are twenty-one schools, containing nearly 1000 scholars.

Mr. Kirkby, who has charge of the Mackenzie-River district, reports the happy death of a Christian friend, a tradesman in the employ of the Hudson's-Bay Company. His conversion was as interesting as remarkable. He came from England a careless, thoughtless man. From York Factory he was sent up to Norway House in a boat, manned by Christian Indians. During the voyage of twenty days the example of these poor Indians was blessed by God to his highest good. He noticed their habit of morning and evening prayer, their kindness to himself, and their devout observance of the Lord's-day. Other boats might go on, but not theirs.

He was distressed to think that he who had just come from a land of Christian privileges should be so careless of his soul and forgetful of his Saviour, whilst these Red Indians—they cared for the one and loved the other. One evening, whilst the Indians were at their prayers, he plunged into the woods, and, falling on his knees, for the first time in his life, sought God's pardoning mercy. He found it. Now in heaven he has testified to the fidelity of these Indians, who, wherever they went, "preached the Gospel."

SHANGO AND OTHERS, AFRICAN IDOLS.

These idols are carved in wood, and about seventeen inches in height. They are drawn from the originals, and were sent home from Abbeokuta by the Rev. H. Townsend, one of our Missionaries residing there. The pair to the right hand of

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the cut is called *Ossehin.* There is a curious history connected with them. They were originally placed on each side of the entrance to a chief's house, to protect the dwelling and its inmates from harm. The house took fire, as is but too common in Africa, and the idols were so little able to afford protection, that they but narrowly escaped destruction themselves. They are much charred, and the features nearly obliterated by the fire. Shango, to the left of the illustration, is a celebrated idol amongst the Yoruba people of Western Africa. He was one of the ancient kings of the country, but he was such an extraordinary person, that, when he spoke, fire issued out of his mouth: the people thought they could not live with such a king, but none dared mention the case to him. However, one was sent to him, to request him to give up public business; upon which he replied that he would, but that he would kill any one who should deal treacherously with him; so he left Oyo, the capital, and sunk into the earth in Kuso, a suburb of Oyo. The chain by which he descended is said to be still in Kuso, in which very spot he was always worshipped. Shango had one sister and five brothers, who also followed his example. Since the arrival of Shango and his relatives in the invisible world, lightnings have become more vivid, thunders more terrifically loud, they being the united action of these mysterious personages. The wife of Shango is called Oya: it is her office to blend the strong tornadoes, or fierce storms which precede lightning and thunder.

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SHANGO AND OTHER AFRICAN IDOLS.

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The V-like ornament on the head of Shango is the emblem of thunder, probably having some reference to the forked or zig-zag appearance of lightning. The marks on the cheek are the ordinary tattoo marks of the people, and it is somewhat remarkable that all the figures are in a kneeling posture.

The above description of Shango was originally supplied by the Rev. Dr. Crowther, Bishop of the Niger territory.

How true it is of idols, that "they that make them are like unto them," and what a blessed thing it is to know the one only true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent! Millions of poor heathen are yet destitute of that knowledge which is so precious to the true Christian: then

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

G. T.

MISSIONS IN BENGAL.

CALCUTTA MISSION.

CALCUTTA, the capital of British India, is situated on the left bank of the river Hoogly, and is about 100 miles from the sea. It contains a population of about

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half a million. Many, as in the case of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other large towns, reside in the country, and visit the city daily to attend to their business. There are, perhaps, 300,000 such. The name of the city is derived from a small village, which used to exist where Fort William now stands, and which was known to the natives as "Kali Ghat," *i.e.* "The bathing-place of the goddess Kali." Hence the present city came to be called Calcutta.

It may interest some to know that the first clergyman of the Church of England sent out as a Missionary to India was the Rev. William Greenwood. He was a native of Dewsbury in Yorkshire, and for some months curate of Knutsford in Cheshire. It was in the year 1816 that this the first Missionary of our Society was appointed to Calcutta.

In the year 1820 a small estate was bought at Mirzapore, a district in the very heart of the part in which the natives reside. Here is a church, a school for native boys, a boarding school for Christian girls, and a large native-Christian village which has clustered round the Mission compound. There are at present, in the city and the out-stations connected with the Calcutta Mission, eight Missionaries and one native clergyman. Thanks be to God, the native Christians number more than one thousand.

During the past year, besides ministering to the native Christians, our Missionaries have daily preached the Gospel in the streets. Like St. Paul of old, in the neighbourhood of the Mission station they have visited the people from house to house, and exhorted them. Brahminism, the religion of the natives, seems to be fast losing its hold on the people. The year before last a sect arose which believed in a god who, they

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said, was all mercy, and too kind to punish any one. Last year they made for themselves a god all just, and too righteous to pardon any one. May they soon learn to know the true God, who is "all merciful *and* all just;" who, in Christ Jesus, is a just God still, and yet is to be found ready to pardon the penitent sinner. For more than three years the Missionaries have been in the habit of visiting the villages round Calcutta. Last year, one day in each week was set apart for this work. The two railway stations are close to the Mission stations, and the principal towns on both lines are from time to time visited by the messengers of peace.

That such excursions are not in vain a very pleasing event has proved. Three years ago two catechists visited a village. They were met by one man, better educated than his fellows, who very much opposed them and their preaching. He was a stout Hindu, and argued and spoke eloquently on behalf of his religion. Others listened: he opposed. The preachers thought him the least hopeful of all. God sees not as man sees. He had already chosen that poor idolater to be a vessel of mercy. The word sunk into his heart. Month after month passed, and his conviction of the truth of Christianity was deepened. He pondered, read, inquired, and at last he became a candidate for baptism. Now he shows himself, like Paul, anxious to preach the faith he once laboured to destroy. Let us glorify God in Him. Thus God works, as of old, so now, and so till the end; when the kingdom shall be come, and God's will be done, as in heaven, so on earth.

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LITTLE FREDDY.

Some time ago a little boy returned home from school for the purpose of spending his holidays. During the holidays he went into the country to see his grandpapa and uncle. They were so much pleased with the improvement which their young relative had made during the half-year that they gave him a crown-piece in proof of their approbation. On returning home the little fellow told his papa the circumstances of his visit, and, with great glee, exhibited his crown-piece.

With boyish delight, he naturally began to talk of the way in which he should spend his newly-gained present; and, after mentioning other things, concluded by saying, "I shall give a shilling to the collection to-morrow evening." By-and-bye his papa said, "Freddy, you may keep your five shillings to yourself, and I will give you a shilling to put into the collection to-morrow."

The Sunday came, Freddy went to church, and the collection was made. On returning from church, his papa said, "Well, Freddy, did you put your shilling into the collection?"

"Yes, papa," said the boy, "and my five shillings too." His papa made no reply, but, with a child's instinctive quickness, Freddy thought a slight shade passed over the brow of his papa, as if he were not quite pleased with the liberality he had displayed. The next morning his papa, who was a doctor, went out to see his patients. When he returned he found Freddy sitting at the table, with a piece of paper before him, on which he had been writing. He said, "See, papa, that was the reason why I gave my five shillings

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last night." He had found and written the text in Proverbs iii. 27 — "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it." "Now you know, papa," added the little fellow, "it was in the power of my hand to give the five shillings: so I gave it."

Need it be told how the father's heart filled with joy at the conduct of his child? And need I say how sad I felt, when, not long after, I received a card, with a deep black border, "in affectionate remembrance of Freddy, the only child of his widowed father?" R. E. R.

THE HAPPY INVENTION.

A STORY! a story! dear children that read
The little "Green Book," to my story give heed.
Now all be attentive; the story is true,
And here it is printed expressly for you.

From a coal-pit in Yorkshire there constantly rose
What miners regard as the worst of their foes,
The gas which they fear: it was hid from their sight,
And numbers it killed when they went with a light.

But now a most *happy invention* has proved
Successful, and danger is wholly removed;
For that which before was the object of dread,
Is made, like a sunbeam, its beauty to shed.

You say, "How is this?" All the gas that before
The workmen so dreaded, molests them no more;
As soon as it rises, collected and stored,
It scatters no longer destruction abroad;

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But safely conveyed, by a pipe through the mine,
'Tis lighted, and made without ceasing to shine;
Thus the miners are safe; and, well pleased in its ray,
Proceed with their labour by night and by day.

Young friends, let us all be instructed from hence
What to do with our sovereigns, and shillings, and pence,
The sums that too often are squander'd in vain,
Or else to buy finery, poison, or pain.

Henceforth let them all be *collected*, and go
To regions of darkness, and sorrow, and woe;
Let them go to the heathen, far distant away,
And light in *dark places* the Gospel's sweet ray.

So, surely from money, the plentiful root
Of evil, shall issue acceptable fruit;
And *mammon*, so fatal in blinding the eyes,
Be turned to a *beacon* that points to the skies.

Oh, now that another new year has began,
Do work for the heathen as much as you can:
God grant you, young readers, a happy new year!
Be humble, be watchful, and *be of good cheer*.

Cottingham, January 1, 1865. C. O.

PROCEEDINGS OF JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Wolverhampton, Juv. Association, 1864.....	80	5	10
York (City), *Quarterly M.*, & collected during the quarter.....	16	0	0
Ditto, St. Thomas', Nov. 10: *M*.....		9	3
Deeping St. James', Nov. 27: *S*,, Rev. T. S. Fleming.....	2	11	9
Belper, Nov. 30: *M*.....	1	13	9
Matlock Bath, Dec. 1: *M*.	1	9	3
Slaithwaite, Nov. 13: *SS*., Rev. J. McCarthy and C. A. Hulbert,.....	4	4	0

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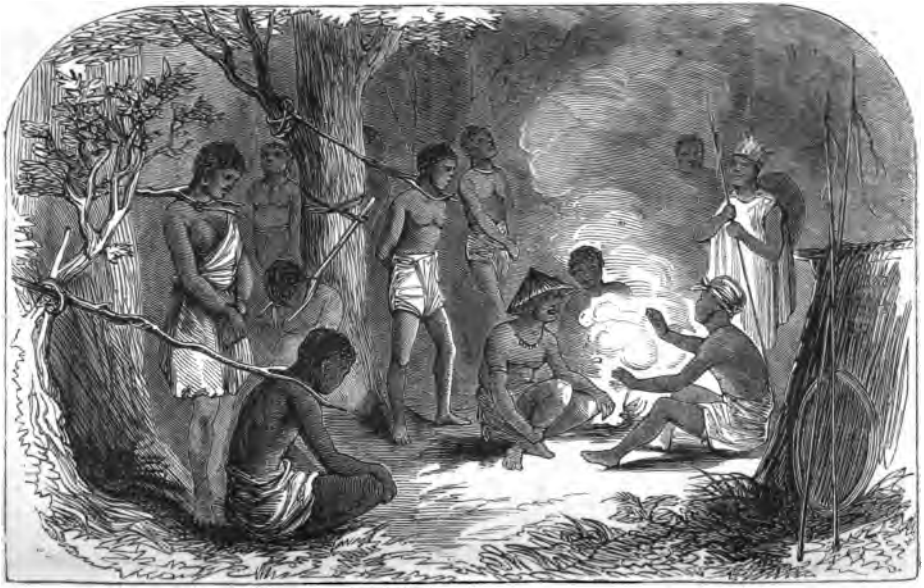

AN ENCAMPMENT OF SLAVE DEALERS.

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AN ENCAMPMENT OF SLAVE DEALERS.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, who is now in England, has given us a sad account of the evils of the slave-trade in the interior of Africa. Thousands of poor Africans are yearly taken away and sold into slavery. Wherever you go, slave parties are to be met with. The men who form these parties carry what are called "*slave sticks.*" Each "*slave stick*" is forked at the end, and is fastened round the necks of the poor captives. When they encamp for the night, the other end of the stick is fastened to the trunk of a tree. Thus secured, the poor creatures spend their night. Escape is out of the question. Hopeless and sleepless must such nights be! Oh when shall the glad sound of jubilee be heard everywhere in Africa? When shall the captives be set free? As, during the course of the year, you read of what has been done, by God's blessing, in Africa, through the preaching of the Gospel, never forget *how much more remains to be done.* What are our few Missionaries among so many? Pray God to add to their number, and to pour out of his Holy Spirit, that their labours may not be in vain in the Lord.

PERILS BY SEA AND BY LAND.

LAST year, the Rev. T. M'Clatchie left England for Missionary work on the coast of China. He was no stranger there. He was one of the Missionaries who commenced the Mission work of our Society in China

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twenty years ago. After ten years' labour, he was compelled to return to England. In the good providence of God his health has been restored, and he has gone out again.

He was directed to visit a place called Yen-tae, sometimes called Che-foo. The town is situated on the promontory of Shan-tung, and is about midway between Nanking and Peking. The province of Shantung, which is one of the eighteen provinces of China, contains more people than England, Ireland, and Scotland. "What a number!" you say. Yes; if the judgment trumpet were this moment to sound, and you, and I, and they, were called to stand before Jesus Christ, the Judge, they would nearly all, alas! be found to be idolaters; and it is written, "Idolaters shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

After a short stay at Shanghae Mr. M'Clatchie embarked on board a steamer bound for Yen-tae. Besides passengers, he was accompanied by two American Missionaries and their wives, a Missionary from the Scotch Bible Society with his wife and child, a naval officer, and a merchant. During a storm of wind and snow, the captain mistook his course, and the vessel ran ashore. She struck several times, and then remained firm in the sand, with the sea washing over her.

What an awful situation to be in! But did the good Missionary's heart fail him? No: he put his trust in God. He knew that no *evil* could befall him, and that God would do all things well. There was great confusion. The native sailors refused to obey the captain. Some drank brandy; others began to plunder the passengers' luggage, — covetous of money, though despairing of life. A young lad, who had attended a Chinese service at Shanghae, and with whom Mr. M'Clatchie had

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had some conversation about Christianity, came to him now and said, "Now is the time to believe in Jesus and to pray to Him." Turning to a companion he said, "Kyou-ko Yasoo-mieh haou;" *i.e.* "It is a good thing to pray to Jesus."

Before any attempt was made to reach the shore, the little band of Christian people knelt together in the cabin, and, in prayer, committed themselves, both body and soul, to God's protection. Then they went on deck. A boat was lowered, and though the waves tossed it about, and the night was dark, it reached the shore safely. A rope, one end of which was on board the ship, was now fastened to an anchor buried in the sand. By the help of this rope the boat was passed to and fro, from the ship to the shore, which, by God's great mercy, all reached in safety.

But their dangers and sufferings had not yet ended. The cold was intense, and the snow lay several feet deep on the ground. The night was dark. No path could be found. They wandered over fields of ice, in which they constantly sunk in wet and mud. The ladies and the little child suffered very much. They thought they were near to Yen-tae, but after wandering about for more than three hours, they were unable to discover either house, village, or town. What should they do? Some said, "Choose a sheltered spot; roll up the ladies in the blankets, and wait for daybreak." Others said, "It is dangerous to sleep in the snow: let us go on." So on they went. Soon one of the party heard dogs barking, and, guided by the sound, in another hour they reached the village of Kae-day-ko. It was now four o'clock in the morning. All rejoiced to think they should now get shelter and food.

On entering the village, they knocked at the door

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of the first farm-house they came to. Some of the poor ladies were so tired that they sat down in the snow; others kept walking up and down to keep their feet from being frozen. Here was a disappointment. The owner of the house, afraid they were robbers, would not admit them. "No: they must go away." Just then a neighbour, who had heard them knocking and shouting, came up. He, too, would not take them into his house, but he made a fire for them outside. After a time God moved him to pity and trust them, and he invited them in. Need I say how thankful they all felt. The half-frozen ladies were huddled together on a bed over a fire-place, in which a fire was lighted. Then some tea was made. Cold and hungry, they gladly partook of the coarse food their host placed before them.

As the room was small, Mr. M'Clatchie and two others went in search of other shelter. After many refusals they found a lad who took them to his home. The one bed at their disposal was occupied by Mr. M'Clatchie's two companions, whilst he sat by the fire, waiting for daybreak, and consoling himself by singing to himself his favourite hymn, "Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes," "and," he writes, "I felt as happy as a king. What a mercy it is, thought I to myself, that the Lord has permitted me to return to China as his ambassador, and what comfort there is in our suffering discomfort in his service."

When morning dawned, Mr. M'Clatchie and two native merchants set out for Yen-tae. The distance they found was thirty miles. Three mules were procured. "First," writes Mr. M'Clatchie, "a wooden frame, like that used to support panniers on the

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backs of our donkeys at home, were strapped on: over this was thrown a sackcloth cushion; and over that, on my mule, was placed a blue longcloth cushion: rattan stirrups, fastened to the wooden frame by thick cordage, &c., and a strip of broad sackcloth for the bridle completed the trappings." Mr. M'Clatchie was glad to accept of a sweet potato, offered him by a labouring man who sat on his heels on a low bench, eating his breakfast, and then, each attended by a muleteer, the three set out.

They reached the town of Tau-djaou-ho about one o'clock. Here they put up at an inn to dine. "Although," writes Mr. M'Clatchie, "I had walked some five or six miles of my journey, yet, as my trowsers were frozen and my shoes and stockings quite wet when I got off my mule, I could hardly stand, my feet pained me so. There was no fire, of course. When one was lighted, as there was no chimney, the smoke pained my eyes so much that I was obliged to run up and down the yard to get warm, to the great amusement of several Chinese, who stood looking on, and laughing heartily."

Here Mr. M'Clatchie tried to hire a litter, but no one would supply one, and he was compelled to continue his ride, suffering all the time excessive pain. At last, about five o'clock, they safely reached Yen-tae, where a kind welcome from Christian friends, a warm bed, and wholesome food, soon refreshed and restored our poor traveller.

You will rejoice to know that his health has not materially suffered from his exposure and privations. Yen-tae was not found a suitable place in which to establish a Mission of our Society; so, after a short stay, Mr. M'Clatchie proceeded to Peking, where he now is,

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Our readers, we trust, will henceforth take an interest in the labours of this good Missionary, and we hope from time to time to inform them of his doings.

SUGGESTIONS.

We have received the report of one of our best worked and most satisfactory Juvenile Associations.

It was formed in 1851, when the sum received was 38*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.* It contributed to the Parent Society, in 1864, 80*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.*

Our correspondent writes — "The item under the head of Sunday schools is large, viz. 32*l.*; and perhaps you may be able by-and-bye to suggest my plan, which, I think, if generally adopted, would result in a large sum being realized for our dear Society.

All my teachers are supplied with the 'Green Book' and other Church Missionary Society Publications, on the last Sunday but one of each month; so that, during the week, they can select interesting accounts to read or to relate to the children on the following Sunday.

The last half hour of the last Sunday of every month is given up to the Missionary cause, and the afternoon closes with a short address from the clergyman. Then, for collecting, I strongly recommend collecting-cards being supplied to each teacher in preference to the box going round, and each child learning to become a weekly contributor, however small. At the end of the year the amount collected by each class is read, and the sum total collected by the scholars is announced. This plan has introduced in my school a Missionary spirit, which for fifteen years I have never known to flag."

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BUDDHISM.

MANY of our young readers and contributors are probably ignorant of what Buddhism is. Buddhism is that system of religious belief held by the largest number of the heathen population in the whole world. Its followers are calculated to number at least three hundred and fifty millions of people, occupying the vast regions of central and eastern Asia, Japan, Ceylon, Siam, Burmah, and Thibet and Tartary in the north. Such is the power of the prince of darkness!

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

A wonderful and mysterious personage was Gotama, or Guatama Buddha, the founder of this dark and debasing system of heathenism. He is said to have appeared about 600 years before the Christian era. Buddhism is made up of legends, superstitions, and absurdities, almost beyond belief, did we not know that Satan blinds the eyes, corrupts the understanding, and hardens the hearts of those whom he keeps in bondage. We give a specimen or two from among the many, just to show what the system is.

According to the Buddhist belief, the earth is immovable, and upon it is placed a round mountain,

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BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

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one million and a half miles in height, the earth itself being two and a half millions of miles in thickness, below which are three worlds, of stone, water, and wind, each of incredible thickness. The Buddhists' sun is 500 miles in height, length, and breadth, and 1500 in circuit. The moon is said to be 490 miles in length, breadth, and thickness, and 1470 in circuit. Notwithstanding these dimensions, both luminaries are swallowed by a certain Assur Rahu, a giant of prodigious size, whose mouth is 3000 miles deep, with head and limbs of suitable proportions!

This is only just a sample of the absurdities of Buddhism.

Among other objects of worship is that of Guatama's foot, on high mountains, where he is supposed to have trodden in pursuing some of his marvellous journeys. How striking is the remark of a Christian native, upon attending a traveller in Siam amongst the grand and sublime scenery, where one of these pretended footsteps is shown—"Oh, master! the Siamese see Buddha on a stone, and do not see God in these grand things;" and how sad is the thought that so many thousands of the poor heathen are thus blindly following an imaginary footstep, not knowing that there is but *one* only way to holiness and to God! "Jesus saith, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

Another of their precious relics is the *Sacred Tooth of Buddha*, enclosed in several cases ornamented

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with gold and precious stones, and kept in the principal temple at Kandy, Ceylon. Another temple in the same island is said to contain the right jaw-bone of Gotama Buddha.

The religious ceremonies performed by the Buddhists in Ceylon consist chiefly in listening to the reading of the discourses of Buddha, who was considered the most perfect of human beings; making offerings to his image or relics, and to the priests; and also demon or devil worship, to which they resort in all times of sickness or distress.

The priesthood is marked by a yellow robe, and may be assumed or resigned at pleasure, and the priests are forbidden to marry. The figure on the left hand of our illustration is from a native drawing made in Colombo (Ceylon). G. T.

MINNIE'S WISH AND HOW IT WAS GRATIFIED.

MINNIE'S mamma was sitting at her work-table. Little Minnie was busy with her toys. On a low table she had a pretty puzzle: it was a Scripture puzzle, and when all the pieces were put together, they made a pretty picture of Jesus taking little children into his arms and blessing them. But the puzzle was only half done.

On the floor was dolly, and by it a cradle, just big enough for dolly; but the bed clothes — the little blanket and sheet, and pillow and quilt—were lying about, all untidy and uncared for. Dolly, too, was only

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half dressed; and the pretty bonnet aunt Mary had given Minnie only two days ago she had just trodden on.

"Oh, dear me!" Minnie cried out, when tears began to flow; "I wish I was happy."

"And why is not my little girl happy?" asked her mamma.

"Why, mamma," said Minnie, "I have nothing to do."

"Nothing to do, my dear, and all these pretty play-things."

"But, mamma, I am tired of them all; I don't care about them."

"Now, put dolly to bed, Minnie, and then put the puzzle in the box."

"Oh! mamma, *I am* so tired: may not I ring the bell for Susan?"

"No Minnie. Susan has enough to do already: you must put your own playthings away."

So Minnie did as she was told, for she was a good girl, and loved to do as she was told. Already she began to feel happier, and when dolly was in her cradle, and the bonnet in dolly's drawer, and the puzzle in its box, she looked, and really was, twice as happy as she was before.

"And now, Minnie," said her mamma, "if you are not too tired, I should be glad if you would do something for me, dear."

"Yes, mamma; and what is it?"

"Look here: will you take these pins out of the paper, and stick them in the little pincushion I have been making?"

Now, perhaps you think this was not half such good fun as playing with dolly, especially when very tired; but Minnie loved her mamma, and at once did as she was desired.

"What are these for?" asked inquisitive Minnie, for she was *never tired of asking questions.*

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"They are for aunt's Missionary basket."

"What's a Missionary basket? Oh, mamma, is it that great basket with a cover that aunty showed me, all full of pretty things? You know, mamma, my doll's bonnet came out of it. And, mamma, why did aunt Mary say she must put sixpence into the box?"

"Such a lot of questions altogether, Minnie. Now listen, and I will tell you about aunt's basket, for that is the Missionary basket. Do you know any thing about the Missionaries?

"Oh yes, mamma. You read to me about them out of my own little book."

"Yes, Minnie; I read to you about them out of the 'little green book,' and I told you they are good men and women who go to tell the poor heathen about Jesus."

"Yes, mamma, I remember about the poor children who play at making idols out of wood. I did laugh so when I saw the picture."

"Yes; and dear Minnie was sorry, was she not? when I told her that God was angry with them for doing so, and how unhappy the poor children are."

"Yes, mamma; but what good is the basket?"

"Well, be patient, my dear, and I will tell you."

"It must cost a great deal of money to send a Missionary to India, must it not? You remember how much papa paid for our tickets to go to London the other day, and it is a thousand times as far again to India."

"But, mamma, they can't go to India in the train."

"No, no. They have to go in great ships, and besides the cost of going, the Missionaries must have money to buy clothing and food with."

"Who gives them the money?"

"Many help to collect the money: my little Minnie is helping now."

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"Oh mamma, what do you mean? Really I should like to help. You know, mamma, that new shilling grandma gave me: I'll give that to the Missionaries."

"Very well; but I told Minnie she was helping the Missionaries now."

"How, mamma? You are laughing at me."

"No, my dear child: these pincushions I have made, and in which you are putting the pins (mind don't prick your fingers) will go into aunt's Missionary basket; the basket will be taken about, and the money people give for the things they purchase will be put into the box, to be given to the Church Missionary Society to send Missionaries to the heathen with."

"Oh, mamma, am I really helping?"

"Yes, my dear Minnie; and *now* I think you are happy."

"Oh yes, mamma."

"And Minnie is not tired now."

"Oh no, mamma."

"And Minnie has learned a lesson I hope she will never forget. When she feels tired and unhappy, let her try and do good. I think Minnie felt happy as soon as she began to busy herself with putting her things away—more happy than if I had let her ring the bell for Susan."

"Oh yes, mamma; but I did not feel happy at first: but then I wanted to please you, dear mamma."

"Yes, my child;" and her mother kissed her: "and God will make Minnie happy when she tries to please Him because she loves Him."

"Mamma, I think I love God and Jesus."

"Yes, I hope my Minnie does, and is now pleasing Jesus, because she is doing what she can to do as He

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said. Did not Jesus say, 'Go ye into all the world: and preach the Gospel to *every creature*.'"

"But, mamma, I don't go to preach the Gospel."

"No; but Minnie helps to send the Missionaries who do, and God loves her to do so."

This made Minnie very happy. May all who read this share her happiness!

A SERMON IN VERSE.

CHILDREN, wake; and early rise,
Like the lark that seeks the skies;
Sweetly sing, and heavenward soar,
Daily, hourly, more and more.

Children, shine; and in the dark,
Like the glow-worm, show a spark;
Lighting many on the road,
Leading to the blest abode.

Children, work; and lead the blind
By a careful hand and kind;
Guide them from the ills of earth,
To the joys of heavenly birth.

Children, love; and gentle prove,
Let no tongues in anger move;
Let no hands in anger strike;
To your lowly Lord be like.

Children, think; and on life's past
Muse, to fit you for its last;
And when death for you shall come,
Heaven will be your happy home.

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SARAH BEING SOLD TO THE BANJARIES.

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A LITTLE SLAVE-GIRL.

WHAT a sad scene in the picture! Are they going to sell that little girl? Yes. And who are they who dare to do so? where are her parents? There they stand. What, are *they* selling her? Yes.

We fear such scenes are too common in Rajpootana and other parts of Hindustan.

The little girl in the picture is now called Sarah: what her heathen name was I do not know. When she was young, a famine visited the part of India in which she lived. One day, as she was working with her parents in the field, a band of Banjaries passed that way—wild, rough men, the gipsies and carriers of India: they were travelling with their bullocks, laden with salt or grain, and ever on the alert to steal or buy dog, bullock, or child.

The gold they offered tempted the half-starved parents. They knew not God, who has promised to provide for those that trust in Him. They sold their own flesh and blood into bondage. The poor weeping girl was torn away from all that was dear to her; was made to travel long stages day by day, and to work very hard in return for scanty fare, and many blows and kicks.

God watched over her, as He did over Joseph, and now she is an inmate in a Christian orphanage. She has been redeemed from bondage. May God, of his mercy, deliver her from the bondage of Satan; may He bless what the Missionary teaches her; and may she have that freedom wherewith Christ makes his people free.

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ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

BY A MISSIONARY.

No. I.

MANY of the customs still prevailing in Eastern countries, continually remind the Missionary of incidents related in the Scriptures. Every woman passing to and from the well with her pitcher on her head; every messenger, sent to run on an errand, taking off the loose cloth which hangs from his waist to his feet, and binding it round him as a girdle, in order that he may go the faster; the common expressions, addressed to us every day, "Peace be to you," "My Father," "Thy servant:" these and innumerable other things remind us, that, although not in the land of our birth, we are in a country familiar to us through the Bible. Some of these may prove of interest to the readers of the "Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor."

It is written—

Gen. ix. 2.—"*The fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth.*"

Gen. ix. 5.—"*Surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it.*"

The duties of my Mission station often required me to pass through large tracts of dense forests, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, and a very few men, usually called "wild men." Living for several years in the neighbourhood, I became acquainted with the habits of the wild beasts of the forest. All of these (with one exception, of which I shall presently speak) will get out of a man's way if they can. I knew

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this fact from books, but I own I felt some surprise, when I saw how little the natives feared them. It is remarkable, that though I have often passed very near tigers and leopards, I have never seen one alive in his native forest, and the reason is, that I never looked after them. I was not hunting beasts to kill them, but *men, that they might be saved.* Yet I should not have felt at all secure if I had not known that they were more ready to keep out of my way than I was to keep out of theirs. Why should creatures so fierce and strong keep out of the way of a weak man? I have been very near wild elephants, tigers, bears, and leopards. I have seen their fresh tracks, and heard them moving amongst the bushes: they did not, however, come near me, but moved away. Why did they do so? On one occasion, I pointed out to a native hunter the spot where he would find a leopard. He went to the place and shot the leopard. I had passed close to that bush with a little child in my arms! Why did he not come out and try to take away the baby? I might mention many such incidents. How is it that people can live near such a forest, and not be every minute afraid that they shall be torn to pieces? The truth is, that the ancient promise is still fulfilled to man, "*The fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the field.*"

But there is one description of tiger of which the natives *are* afraid. It is called a "man eater," because it is always searching after men to devour them, and drink their blood. It is not any peculiar species, but one which, having tasted human blood, likes it beyond all other food. This kind might be considered an exception to the rule implied in the former of the two passages of Scripture quoted above, although it still

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hides itself until it can find an opportunity of springing out on some unsuspecting traveller or woodcutter. But if, in some degree, an exception to the former passage, it is a remarkable illustration of the latter. There was a tiger of this description in the forests near my house, and the terror of all the woodcutters and herdsmen. He ranged over a tract of country about twenty or thirty miles in length, suddenly appearing, sometimes in one part and sometimes in another, and carrying off some poor man, woman, or child. Hunters went after him, but he always eluded them. At last there was a sudden termination to his depredations, and the fears of the natives subsided. About five or six years afterwards another of these monsters made more terrible havoc still. Whenever I asked any of the people how they knew that it was another, and not the same, they replied that man-eating tigers never live long; that they become diseased, lose all their hair, and die. I fully believe the testimony of the natives. They told me that, in a very few months, all further trouble from that creature would cease, even if he were not killed. He was not killed, but after about four months was heard of no more. If, then, every beast which feeds on human flesh dies, we have a striking illustration of the text, "*Surely your blood of your lives will I require: at the hand of every beast will I require it.*"

You will perhaps ask why I should go into such a terrible place, when the "man-eater" was there. I went to find those few men who were called "wild men," and who, I was told, had no idea of the existence of God, or of the immortality of their own souls. When I first went to tell them these things, and of Jesus Christ, I passed through a village in which were some native Christians. I told them where I was going,

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and for what purpose. One of them said, "Let me come with you, and carry your bed ;" another said, "Let me come, and carry your food ;" and another said, "Let me carry the things for cooking." I had more volunteers than I wanted. I asked them what I should pay them, and they said they only wanted food, not money. Several of them went with me, and although they suffered much from jungle fever, there was never any lack of volunteers whenever I went up those mountains.

I told my native catechists I wished one or two of them to go and live amongst the people in the forest. I soon had two volunteers, who only requested that they might go together. They went, but one of them soon had to assist the other back again, in a terrible state of suffering from fever. Another volunteered, and took his place. He too had to return. The sick man who first went, having recovered, though still very weak, offered to go again, but I would not permit him to do so. So many of my catechists were laid aside with fever that I was obliged to desist for a time from sending them. It was *I*, however, who stopped them : *they* were always ready to go, to preach to those poor people the Gospel of the grace of God. Before I could establish a station there, ill-health compelled me to leave that country.

If even *new converts* are ready to risk their lives to tell others of Jesus, how much more should older Christians rejoice to help ; some of them by going themselves, others by giving the money needed for the support of those who go, and all helping together by prayer ?

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THE TWO MOTHERS.

Not long ago there lived in India a young woman, who was a servant in an officer's family. Her husband was one of the horsekeepers in the Indian army. They were both heathen, bnt they served their master faithfully. For a long time they had no child, and when at last she had a little boy she thought that her gods had sent it in answer to her prayers. But you know, though she did not, that the idols had no power to do any thing she asked them. She wished to show her gratitude to them; but you will hardly believe what a terrible thing she thought would please them. About this time was held a grand festival in honour of the goddess Siva. One of the things done at this festival was called "hook-swinging." This poor young woman said she would be one of those to be swung on the hooks. As soon as her master and mistress heard what she was going to do, they tried very hard to persuade her not to do it; and they told her husband that if he allowed her to take a part in this horrid rite, they would not keep him or his wife as their servants any longer. But no one could persuade her to give it up. The officer and his wife were very sorry to lose their servants.

At last the day of the feast came. I must tell you how this painful "hook-swinging" was done. Two large hooks, like meat-hooks, were stuck into this poor woman's back. The hooks were fastened to an iron pole, which was fixed into a cart. When the cart was drawn on, the hooks swung round and round, and in this way the woman was carried through the town. Crowds of people followed, shouting and singing. She bore the dreadful pain most bravely, but it is sad to

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think her courage was shown in a way that could do nobody any good.

And now I have another story to tell you, and it is a much happier one. Many, many years ago, there lived another poor woman, who was very unhappy because she had no children. She was not a heathen, like the poor Indian woman, and so she prayed to the true God, and asked Him to give her a child. She said, that if He would hear her prayer, she would give up her child to Him, and it should serve Him always. God heard her prayer, and gave her a son. She was so happy, and loved her little boy very much, but she did not forget her promise to God. When the baby was about a year old she took him to a very good old man, and asked him to teach her child to know and love God. She did not keep him to live with her, but she had the happiness of knowing that God loved him, and took care of him. Do you know the name of this woman and the little boy? I will tell you one thing more about them, and then I am sure you will know. "Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

You have now heard of the sad manner in which a poor heathen mother showed her thankfulness, and of the far better way in which Hannah, who worshipped the only true God, showed her gratitude to Him, when He had granted her desire. There are many other heathen, besides this poor woman, who think their idols are cruel, and that they must do cruel things to please them. Our Missionaries are gone to teach them that the only God who can hear and answer prayer, is a kind and merciful Father, and wishes people only to love and serve Him, and to teach their children to love Him also.

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THE COLE AND THE TIGER.

INDIA is the land of lions and tigers. Satan, who is more dangerous than lion or tiger, is there too, going about seeking whom he may devour,

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The poor lad contending with the tiger, as represented opposite, belongs to the people of India called the Coles. Our readers will remember the account we gave of Missionary work among them in the August Number of 1864. His father was a Pahau, or priest of the devil, and before his death he made his son to promise never to forsake the religion of his fathers and become a Christian, or mix with those who had become Christians. He bade him continue to worship the gods of the jungle, and assured him that they would protect him through life.

Soon their power to help was put to the test. The young man joined some sportsmen, and went into the jungle. A tiger sprang out of the bush. At once all ran away except our Pahau: he remained, and reasoned with himself in some such way as this—"Why should I flee? Have I not been a faithful servant of the Bhut (*the god of the jungle*)? will not he protect me?" Full of confidence, he stood still. Then he took his bow from his back and an arrow; but, alas! whilst drawing the bow the cord snapped, and the arrow became useless! The next moment, with a sudden spring the tiger seized the poor Cole, and threw him to the ground. The fore paws were upon his shoulders, and the claws of the hinder paws tore his legs. Writhing with pain, and struggling with death, he seized the tiger, with a strong gripe, by the throat, and tried to choke him. This frightened the beast, and with a sudden spring he darted back. Soon,

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however, he renewed the attack. As he prepared to spring, the poor lad placed himself on his back, and drew his legs down upon his chest as closely as possible, thus covering his whole body. This was no sooner done than the tiger leaped upon him, but was thrown back with great force as the Cole, with all his strength, sent forth his feet against the broad chest of the beast. The tiger was alarmed, and, leaving the poor, torn, and bleeding lad, walked off into the bush.

His cries for help brought to his assistance some natives from a village where a Missionary resided. He was carried to the Missionary's house, who applied ointment to his wounds, and gave him medicine. Here he heard the words of life and salvation. Soon afterwards, he gave up idolatry and devil-worship, and turned with his whole heart to Jesus Christ. Persecution followed, but he remained stedfast in the faith, rejoicing to suffer for the name of Jesus. He now lives twenty-five miles from the station, but he is to be seen every Sunday attending both services. On Monday morning, before he begins his return journey, he comes to the Missionary, and asks him to pray with him, because, he says, the devil is even more cruel and enraged than the tiger, and the only weapons against him are prayer and faith.

THE CYCLONE IN INDIA.

FEW, if any of our readers but have heard of the terrible cyclone, or hurricane, which visited Calcutta and Masulipatam in October and November of last year.

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The loss of life at Calcutta was fearful, and each mail steamer brings sad tidings of death and destitution. In the Calcutta, Kishnagurh, and Burdwan Missions the loss of property through the falling of houses, and the injury done to the churches and schools, has been very considerable.

Masulipatam was visited by the hurricane a month later than Calcutta, and the work of destruction has been even greater. The sea rose and swept the whole place, inundating the town, washing the streets, destroying houses, and extending many miles inland. Through the great mercy of God, the lives of the Missionaries were preserved, yet the whole of their property, furniture, and books, have been destroyed, and the loss of life among the natives is calculated to be not less than 30,000.

Mr. Sharkey gives the following melancholy tale of the loss of thirty-three of the dear girls in the boarding schools. Our readers are acquainted with many of them by name, and we shall not fail to refer to the sad tale again when we receive more full tidings—

"*Masulipatam, Nov.* 15, 1864.

"The first of November can never be forgotten. The day was a wet one. The wind blew with more than ordinary violence, and we all felt that a storm was at hand. But we went through our day's work, attended school both morning and evening, and I returned home as usual. The wind increased, and at ten o'clock P.M. there was a terrific hurricane. We made all our preparations by way of guarding our doors and windows. We had scarcely done this, when a cry of 'The sea, the sea,' was heard. It came from some of our servants who had previously taken refuge in our kitchen, and who, with great difficulty, contrived to reach the room

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in which fifteen girls and ourselves had taken refuge. A minute after we had admitted them in, the sea rushed into the house, and I had just time to put the children on our large cot, and take my position at the only door which we all had to guard. But the bolts gave way. Door after door was carried off, and we were completely at the mercy of the wind and waves. Our children behaved nobly, and we were enabled to pray together with great calmness, and commit ourselves to Him who once said, 'Peace, be still.' The water rapidly increased in depth. I was waist deep in it, when the rising water suddenly stopped, and receded as fast as it came. We then removed the children to another room, and *wished for the day.*

"During the night we had often thought of the children in the bungalow adjoining our house. *We were not able to render them any assistance;* and though the bungalow was a strong building, we had many fears. The next morning told us what had been done. My heart breaks to write it. No less than thirty-three children were either drowned in or swept away by the flood! The building stood, but every door in it was carried off, and the wave knocked down every thing before it. The hospital, in which there were several children, and which adjoined the bungalow, came down. Every article of furniture was washed away, and only twenty-five of our dear children were spared to tell us of the dying shrieks of their fellows, and their own miraculous escape. They were nearly naked, and we were little better ourselves.

"Our school furniture, maps, books, &c., have all perished. Our poor Christians are houseless, and without clothes. I wish something could be done for them. Exclusive of our girls, we have lost nineteen members

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of our congregation. No two persons seem to have suffered alike: each has his own tale of woe to tell.

"I am now sitting alone in a corner of my former house, with the ruins of our property scattered all around, and the compound filled with dead and dying trees, prickly-pear bushes, mud, and rubbish of every kind. With reference to my own loss, I feel comparatively little, although I am almost a beggar; but the thought of our dead children is too much for us. Still God has done all things well, and in wrath remembered mercy. He has not dealt with us after our sins. Our prayer is, that the visitation we have just had may be abundantly blessed to us; that it may humble us to the dust; make us more devoted to his cause; teach us not to make nests for ourselves, and live in needless luxury and ease; fill us with a deep sense of our vileness, and a precious sense of his love to us; and keep us ever ready for his coming. It is remarkable that some of our heathen servants, in that dark and terrible night, prayed to Jesus for help. I am not able to tell you a fraction of all our troubles. Pray for us."

A TRUE STORY.

In the village of W——, in Suffolk, there lived two labouring men, who were great friends. Stephen was a simple-hearted man, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, but Davie did not know God. One evening these two men went together to a Missionary Meeting, and, as they were walking home, Davie asked Stephen if he gave any thing. "Yes," replied Stephen, "I gave them every farthing I had; I gave a sixpence."

"Then, the more fool you," said Davie; and all the way home he kept laughing at Stephen, for giving all he had to the Missionary cause.

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The next day they were at plough together, and again Davie teased Stephen about his sixpence; and as they sat together under a tree taking their noon-day meal, Davie mocked and laughed at Stephen, till Stephen felt agitated, and, rubbing his heel backwards and forwards on the ground, he began to feel ashamed of what he had done, when, on lifting up his feet, he saw on the earth a bright sixpence. "There! what do you think of that?" said Stephen to Davie, as he picked it up, "I shall be none the poorer after all: this will do to put into the plate another time;" and Stephen put the sixpence into his pocket.

Some may think that Stephen intentionally dropped the sixpence, to silence Davie; but it is a fact that Stephen had not another sixpence in the world, and Davie knew this to be the case.

Davie afterwards learnt to love the Lord, and died, a sincere Christian, before Stephen.

Now, mark how this incident shows forth God's truthfulness in interposing to support his own, and making their way clear before unbelievers.

E. B.

"I AM KNOWN OF MINE."—JOHN x. 14, 28.

They spent their lives for others,
  Yet the world knew them not;
It had not known their Master,
  And they sought no higher lot.

But the angels of heaven knew them,
  And He knew them who died and rose,
And they knew themselves that the lowest place
  Was that which the Highest chose.

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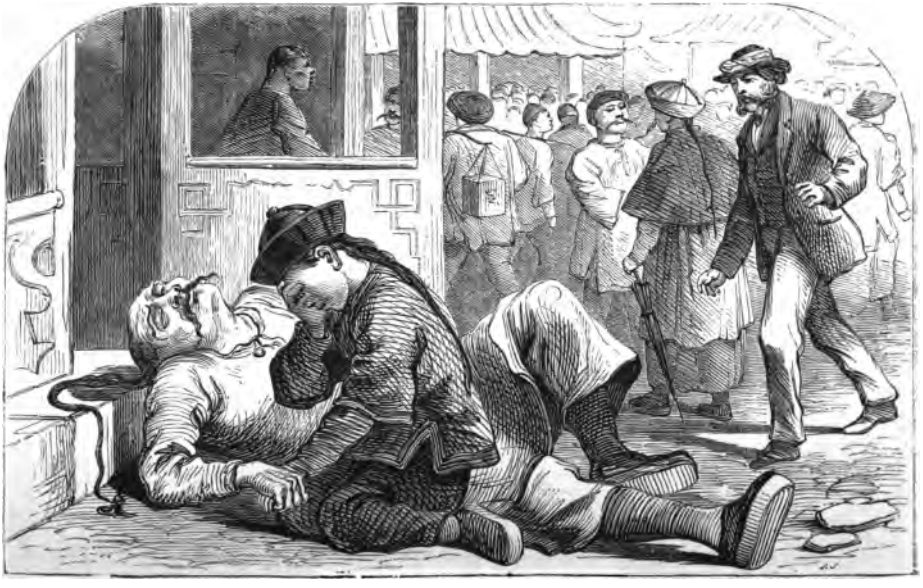

THE LITTLE CHINESE ORPHAN.

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THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

WHAT saith the Apostle Paul? Does he not tell us that the heathen are unmerciful?

Look at the picture on the opposite page. That little Chinese boy is watching by the dead body of his father; he is in a thronged street of the large city of Shanghai. Hundreds are crowding past; few even notice the poor child. If any turn to look upon him, they simply look and pass by, too much interested in their own business and troubles to inquire into or care for the little boy's grief. Such is heathenism!

See, the Missionary has observed him. His heart is touched by the little fellow's situation and grief, and he hastens up to him: he learns that he is an entire stranger in Shanghai, without relative or friend; he and his father, fleeing from the rebels, had reached Shanghai from a distant province. His father now lay dead, and he was left entirely alone in the world; and yet not alone, for God, whom as yet he knew not, was watching over him.

The father was well-dressed, and had been probably a respectable man, and if not rich, at all events not very poor; cholera, or some other disease, had attacked him, and he had sunk down in the street to die. The natives will not receive a stranger into their houses when sick, lest he die, and the expense of burial fall upon them; and so the poor man had been left to perish in the street. The little orphan would not leave

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the spot till a coffin had been brought and the body placed in it for burial. He was then induced to accompany the Missionary to his home, and now lives with him, receiving Christian instruction, and being brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He is a quiet, pleasing child, and about seven years of age. God has promised to be the Father of the fatherless, and will, we doubt not, fulfil His gracious promise to this little orphan.

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

No. II.

Gen. xxiii. 2.—

Jerem. ix. 17, 18.—"Consider ye, and call for the mourning women that they may come; and send for cunning women that they may come, and take up a wailing for us."

Amos v. 16.— "They shall call . . . Such as are *skilful of lamentation* to wailing."

There was once in my Mission district so much dissension between a number of new converts and the surrounding heathen, that it was necessary for me to live in a little hut in the midst of a native village, to mediate between the parties, to teach the new converts what manner of spirit they were of, and to persuade the heathen, if possible, to peace, and to embrace the Gospel themselves. No house could be had within many miles, which afforded sufficient protection for

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an European. There was in the neighbourhood a church, which, I regret to say, was empty; the people, who for a short time professed to be Christians, having relapsed, except two families. I call it a church, because it had been built for the worship of God, but it was a mere temporary hut, which had cost 4*l.* in building, including the cost of the materials. In this I resided. The huts of the natives were most inconveniently near, and I could not avoid hearing and seeing many things to which I would gladly have shut both my ears and eyes. There was considerable inconvenience and some risk, as the event proved, but I acted just as any other Missionary would have done. I committed myself to the care of God, and remained there until actual delirium, produced by the heat of an unusually fiery day, proved, beyond doubt, that it was my duty to seek better shelter. During my residence there I was one evening startled by a shriek, as of some person in imminent peril of life, which was followed almost instantly by a deep groan. I immediately rose to ascertain from whence the sounds proceeded, and just before my window I saw several women seated on the ground under a thatched shed in the garden of the next house. I then knew what it was. I had never before taken much notice of the performers in such a ceremony. They had taken off their upper clothing, and were quite bare down to the waist. They were beating their bare breasts violently, and uttering sounds of distressing sorrow, which, if they had been genuine, would have moved any heart to pity. Sometimes one of them alone would utter a loud wail, at other times a groan, and all the rest would join with sobs, which were only just audible; then one would break out with a succession of sobs in one long breath, beginning loud, and gradually

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diminishing, until, with a mere gurgling sound in the throat, she seemed to be actually dying with exhaustion from excessive grief. I asked a neighbour what the cause of this mourning was, and he informed me that the master of that house had lost his mother, who had died a few hours previously. I asked whether the mourning women were related to the deceased, and he said that they were not, but only hired mourners; that they studied mourning as an art, and, as soon as their time had expired, would go and drink arrack, and laugh and talk. They continued wailing, sobbing, and beating their breasts for several hours, and repeated the ceremony every day for about a week. I believe that in beating their breasts they did sometimes hurt themselves considerably, in order that their wailing might appear the more natural; for before the end of their term their poor breasts exhibited pitiable signs of violence.

Such a scene as that which I have described is, it must be confessed, very absurd, but it is also very sad. I fear that sometimes, when the cholera and other infectious diseases prevail, the cries of the hired mourners alarm some of the people so much that they fall an easier prey to the disease. But this, though sad, is not the most solemn thought suggested by those wailings. We read in the New Testament (1 Thess. iii. 13) that Christians ought not to sorrow as others who have no hope. The reason why those poor heathen utter overwhelming signs of grief is, that they have *no hope*. I do not think that any Christian, who has the hope that, through God's mercy in Christ Jesus, he shall meet his beloved friends in heaven, has, or can have, an adequate conception of the sorrow felt by the poor heathen when they lose their dear friends, or of their deep despair when they become actually conscious that their

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own last hour has come. I have heard people speak of the mild Hindu dying with his spirit calm and undisturbed; but although I have seen several hundreds of them in their dying hours, I have never observed quiet indifference, but always the contrary; that is, the terror of despair.

I will not dwell on scenes, the memory of which is so painful, but will only say, Pray for them, and either carry the Gospel to them yourselves, or do every thing you can to help those who do so.

A PARABLE.

SOME people once lived in a happy isle, but they would not obey their King, so He sent them away to a dreary land. It was a long way off, but they could just see the home they had lost. Soon after they were gone, the King sent a message to them, saying that if they would repent He would forgive them. But they did not listen to this kind message. They had grown sullen, and tried to persuade themselves that they were quite as well off in the dreary land as in the happy isle. One man, however, did not think so: he was very unhappy. You might often have seen him walking up and down on the beach, when the sun was shining on the happy isle; and, as he looked at it, he wished he was there. One morning, when he awoke, he thought the tide was so low that he might easily swim across, and so he set out at once. First over the dry shingle and then over the sand, he hurried on till he reached the shore. But he was sadly disappointed to find that the water was much wider and deeper than he thought, so that he could not possibly get over. The next day he tried another plan. One

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side of the dreary land stretched far out into the ocean, and he thought if he went to the end of this there would only be a little water to swim across. After walking for a long time over a very steep and stony road, he found that the sea was still too rough and deep for him to cross. His last hope was now gone; and, feeling very faint and tired, he flung himself on the ground and wept.

But by and bye he noticed, near the shore, a little boat, which he had often seen before opposite his own house. He had got so used to seeing it, that, like his neighbours, he had never thought much about it. Now, however, seeing it there, he looked carefully at it, and, as he looked, it came close up to the rocks where he was seated. It was a beautiful boat, and there was only one Person on board. His raiment was white and glistening. and his face showed whence He came.

"Son of man," he said, "why weepest thou?"

The poor man answered sadly, "Because I cannot reach the happy isle."

"Canst thou trust thyself with me?" the Stranger asked.

The man looked at the little boat, moving lightly on the waves, and he wondered if it would be safe. But he looked again at the Pilot's kind assuring face, and then he said, "Yes, I can trust myself with you."

No sooner had he stepped on board, than, swift as a sunbeam, it bore him to the land of light. Here he was welcomed by the Pilot's friends. He was clothed in bright raiment, as they were, and, like them, he lived very happily, serving the King.

Perhaps you have found out that this story is a parable, that is, "an earthly story with a heavenly

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meaning." But as you may not quite understand it, I will tell you what it is meant to teach us.

The happy isle is peace with God. Adam was at peace with God before he sinned: after that, he and his children were cast into the dreary world, in a state of misery and unhappiness, far from God.

The little boat means the only way in which sinners may pass from this state of misery to peace with God. God has provided this way. The sinner cannot find a way for himself. It is the atonement that the Lord Jesus Christ made for our sins, when He died on the cross; and He who so kindly invites sinners to avail themselves of it is the Lord Jesus Himself.

The heathen are like the man who tried to find a way for himself to the happy isle. You have heard of the different ways in which they try to make peace with their gods. Some bring presents to them; others think it will please them if they hurt their own bodies, and so they cut themselves with knives, and torture themselves in many ways. Others, again, do what is far worse. If they think their gods are angry with them, they will even kill their children, and offer them up as sacrifices to them.

How sad it is to think that these poor people do not know of the kind Saviour, who has said, "I am the way . . . . no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

Let us pray to God to teach them, by his Holy Spirit, that they may know who alone can save them and bring them into the way of peace!

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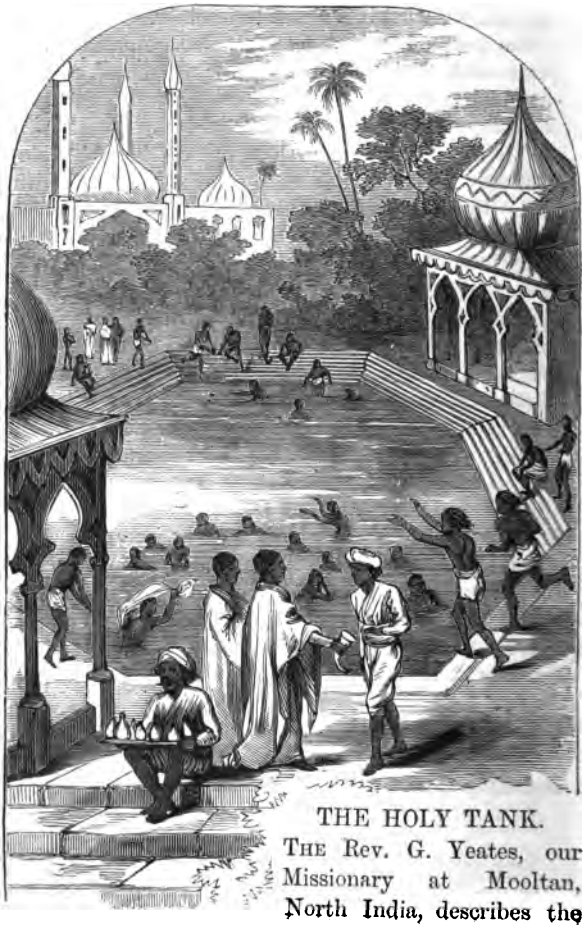

THE HOLY TANK.

THE Rev. G. Yeates, our Missionary at Mooltan, North India, describes the

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scene we have endeavoured to represent. He writes —"The different religious fairs in the neighbourhood have been attended by us during the year. The Surug Kund mela, held twice a-year, spring and autumn, at a place about six miles from the city, presents an average of what they are.

"The point of attraction is a holy (?) tank, artificially constructed, of an octagonal form, about one hundred yards across, with a row of steps down to the water, running round. These steps are interrupted in two places, opposite each other, by small temples, which serve as a division between the side occupied by men and that where the women go.

"From early in the morning the roads in the direction are all thronged by the Hindus, dressed in their clean white and red clothes, and in all kinds of conveyances, the men and the women travelling, of course, separately, and, as they arrive, taking different sides of the tank. The water, although coming from the river, is almost stagnant, and quite green with vegetable matter: this, however, presents no objection: in they rush, and, putting both hands together, take up as much of it as they can, and drink, or rather rinse the mouth with it. Then incantations begin, some turning round to the four quarters, others dipping a certain number of times. The din arising from all this is very great, but not sufficient to drown the chink which the Brahmins make with their brass lotas as they pass in and out, collecting money from the infatuated people. Men with sweetmeats, and

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others with earthen bottles for carrying home the holy water, after the manner of the Romanists at their holy well, seem to make a good trade of it.

"Outside the immediate precints of the tank there is a garden, where those who have finished their bathing retire to amuse themselves with a dance and other pleasures.

"Among this crowd we go, books in hand, and, elbowing our way through them, get into conversation with little groups here and there, when one or another stops us to look at or ask for a book.

"During the Besaki there is another fair held within easy distance of this, on the river bank, and to this we send our tent, and have the roof of it pitched, like a huge umbrella, and then extemporize a huge book-stall. During our stay we are constantly surrounded by numbers, listening attentively to the various conversations we have. There is a lad with Mr. Patterson at present, whose brother first made our acquaintance at this fair in April last, and who has given him up to Mr. Patterson, to be brought up a Christian.

"The average number of books, portions, tracts, and a few complete Testaments, distributed at each of these fairs, is about fifty."

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

On a fine morning, not long ago, any one who had been standing on the heights of one of our south-western coasts might have seen a fine vessel gaily sailing down the channel. All her canvas was spread, and a gentle but favourable breeze was carrying her along at a very

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satisfactory rate. She was bound for Calcutta, and had on board, besides her crew, a number of passengers. Amongst the crew was a boy, who, by the kindness of a gentleman, had been rescued from the dangers and temptations, which prove so ruinous to the neglected children of the poor in our large towns and cities, and placed in one of the ragged schools. Here he learned much that was useful to him, but, above all, to estimate at its true value "*the pearl of great price.*" When he went on board his ship he did not forget his Saviour. He still continued to read his Bible, and to pray to God to keep him from sin. Unfortunately, amongst the crew there were none who sympathized with this little servant of Christ. They laughed at his religious scruples, and gave him the name of "Praying Tom."

It happened that one of the crew, who had taken every opportunity of annoying Tom, was seized with a serious illness during the voyage. The sickness proved to be unto death. Tom, when he heard how dangerously ill the man was, resolved to speak to him of Jesus. Before doing so, however, he retired to that part of the ship in which he was wont to pray, and asked God to help him, and to make the sick man willing to listen. After this he went to him, somewhat timidly, but still with simple faith in the power of that God whose aid he had sought in prayer, and asked if he should read to him from the Bible. To his surprise and joy the man consented. He opened the book at the third chapter of St. John, and read those beautiful words, "God so loved the world, that He gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying man turned his languid eye upon the boy, and in it a tear was glistening. The Spirit had sent the message to his

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heart, and the love of Jesus had touched his soul. Faintly he said, but still with as much earnestness as he could command,

"Read those words again, Tom."

Again the silver tones of that youthful voice were heard, as, slowly and distinctly, Tom repeated the message of mercy. After he had finished, the poor sailor could no longer restrain his tears: they chased one another down his rough and weather-beaten face, and, grasping the hand of the boy, he said,

"Tom, I have behaved badly, very badly to you, but you have taken a noble revenge, and have returned good for evil. For this God has blessed you, inasmuch as He has made you the means of saving my soul. I believe those words which you have read. Even at the last moment God has mercifully given me pardon, and I shall now die in peace."

To this conversation between the sailor and the boy there had been an earnest listener. This was a poor heathen Hindu woman, who was one of the passengers. By God's grace the simple message of salvation, which Tom was reading to the dying sailor, took hold of her, and brought her to see both her sins and her Saviour. She, too, became a disciple of Christ, and availed herself of all the remaining period of the voyage to learn as much as she could about the religion of Jesus. When she left the ship she returned to her heathen friends, with the full determination to tell them of the wonderful discovery which she had made. The last day alone will reveal the blessed results which flowed from Tom's simple and earnest endeavour to act in accordance with St. Paul's heavenly precept, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for by so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head."

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JAPAN.

It is to be hoped that a wide and effectual door will soon be opened for the preaching of the Gospel in the island of Japan. A letter from Nakasaki, Japan, contains the following—

"From the 14th to the 17th inst. (August), the annual ancestral festival was kept up by the natives. On the 14th the dead were supposed to revisit their former dwellings, where they remained until the night of the 16th. On that night, a vast number of straw boats, brilliantly illuminated, were thrown into the bay for the purpose of reconveying the spirits to their different localities. The following evening was spent in dissipation of every description."

How greatly this country needs the Gospel!

WEE, WISE WILLIE.

Wee Willie was a thoughtful lad:
A pale and placid face he had,
So pensive, it was *almost* sad.

Inured to pain from infant days,
He never join'd in childhood's plays,
Nor seem'd a child in mind or ways.

And other boys, though rude and wild,
Looked up to him, so sweet and mild,
As more an angel than a child!

It was a solemn sight, they say,
To watch him on a Sabbath-day,
When evening on the mountains lay,

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Reclining on some grassy mound,
Telling to children cluster'd round,
What a dear Saviour he had found.

And grey-hair'd list'ners oft would hide
Behind the yew-tree at his side,
To hear him tell why Jesus died.

But soon a message, full of love,
Came downward from the courts above,
And called him thither to remove.

He heard it, and no longer had
That look so pensive, almost sad;
His face grew *radiant* then and *glad.*

It was a very narrow stream
Betwixt his heavenly rest and him,
For he had lived beside its brim.

So passed he, almost dry-shod, o'er,
And landed on that blissful shore,
Where pain is banish'd evermore.

His course was finish'd. Nor complain
That his earth-mission was in vain,
Though wrought in weariness and pain.

His silent footsteps left their dints
In hidden nooks, a hallow'd print!
A line of light, in heavenly tint!

"Aunt Jane's Verses for Children,"
by Mrs. T. D. CREWSTON.

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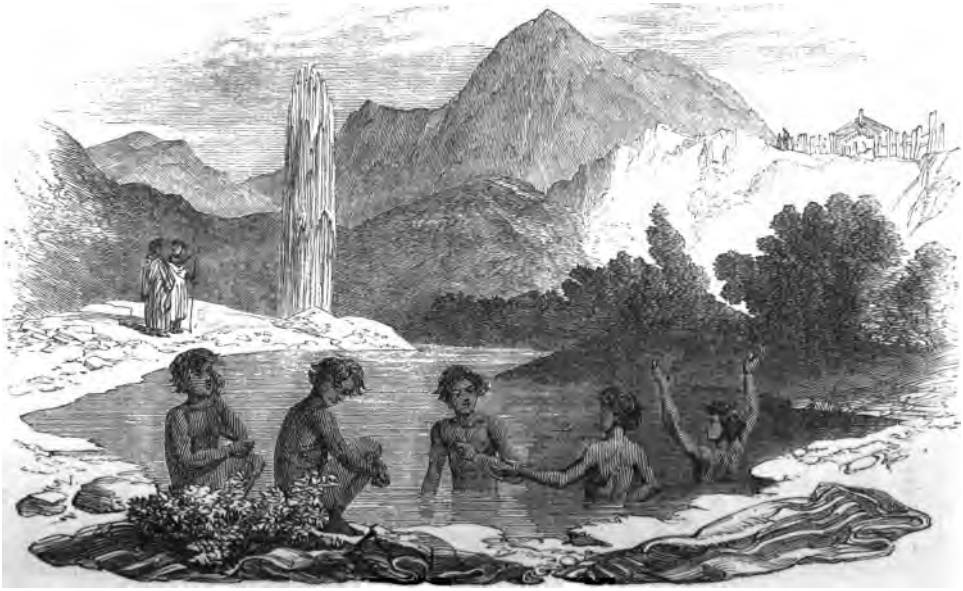

A GEYSER IN NEW ZEALAND.

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THE GEYSERS OF NEW ZEALAND.

A HOT-BATH out of doors! And there are the little New-Zealand boys enjoying their morning bath.

In the northern island of New Zealand there is apparent a great deal of what is called volcanic action. Not only are there mountains like Vesuvius, and Etna, and Hecla, in Europe, from which fire and hot lava are constantly being poured, but there are numberless hot-water springs. A most extraordinary number are found at a place called Ohinemotu, and render that place one of the most remarkable in the island. Some of these springs shoot up a volume of water to a great height, like the Geysers of Iceland. One such is to be seen in our picture.

A village was found by our Missionaries, when they first visited the island, placed in the midst of them. The inhabitants said they preferred living there because they needed no fires, all their cooking being done in the hot springs; the women's backs were not broken with carrying fuel; and, from the warmth of the ground, they were enabled to raise their crops several weeks earlier than their neighbours. All this sounds very pleasant. There were, however, some disadvantages. Many fatal accidents would occur from persons, especially strangers and children, falling into these fearful cauldrons, and being scalded, perhaps to death.

The yet heathen New Zealanders believe all kinds of stories about these pools. They will tell

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you that the gods dwell under them. When any of the volcanoes throw out fire and lava, they think their gods demand them to make war. They believed in gods supposed to dwell *beneath*; now many of them believe in the God who dwells in heaven *above*, and who made the world and all that therein is.

Our readers are aware that an unhappy war is yet carried on in New Zealand between the natives and the English: none can regret the war more than the Missionaries; none have striven more for peace. The day when peace shall be proclaimed is, we trust, not very distant. Shall you not rejoice to hear of it? Greatly will you rejoice if you have helped to bring it to pass. Pray, then, to God to give to New Zealand "*Peace*."

MISSIONARY ANECDOTES.

No. III.

Exodus iii. 5.—"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Luke xv. 22.—"Put . . . . shoes on his feet."

From time immemorial it has been considered disrespectful in eastern countries for any man to stand before his superiors *with his shoes on*, and is so still, except in localities where intercourse with Europeans has modified the customs of the natives. This may seem strange to some of us, but those countries are warm and dry, and it would be attended with more danger for a delicate person to stand without a hat or turban than without shoes; besides which, the people, when they sit down indoors, put their feet upon the seat, and the shoes are made to slip off very easily.

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I wished some of the young native students in the seminary to read some of the native literature, which is written in a high dialect, thoroughly understood only by a few learned men who have made that study the business of their lives. I found a young man, son of one of the most learned pundits in the south of India, who had been instructed by his father, and was willing to teach my boys. But he was still a heathen, and I never allowed him to teach the boys unless I was with him, for I knew that if he did, he would teach them many things which it would be far better not to know. The young pundit was high caste of course, and many of the boys being low caste, he thought it beneath his dignity to teach them, but seemed to imagine that the honour of keeping his shoes on in my presence would be some compensation for that indignity, for he kept them on, without asking permission, and I said nothing by way of permission or objection, for it was a matter of perfect indifference to me. In his very first lesson, however, he began to talk much about Hindu gods. Every heathen author begins his book either by a prayer to his god, or some ascription of praise to him. Even a shopman making out a bill always writes two or three letters at the top, which mean, "Praise to god," or "Help me, O god!" They are not ashamed of their religion. I wish that all people who call themselves Christians would take care that the very heathen may not rise up in the judgment against them, and condemn them. The book which my boys were reading was a grammar of the high dialect, but it began, as usual, with an ascription of praise to some false god, which the young pundit made use of to attempt to give a lesson in heathen doctrine. I told him that he might pass by that, and commence the grammar. He was

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very unwilling to do so, and not only disputed the point, but, on recommencing the lesson, proceeded with his heathen doctrine. I of course stopped him, and told him that I considered such behaviour to be disrespectful to me. He then finished his lesson according to my direction, but went home and told his father that I had said he was disrespectful. The next morning the father, who was a very polite old gentleman, came to my house, and inquired in what way his son had displeased me that I should charge him with want of respect. I told him the circumstance related above, which of course did not affect his mind in precisely the same way that it did mine, and he defended his son's conduct, saying that if there were nothing objectionable in his manner, he thought the circumstance justifiable, and considered his son utterly incapable of behaving in a disrespectful manner. I asked him if he thought that his son ever sat down in the presence of any European with his shoes on. The father, who had left his own shoes in the passage outside the room, replied, "Oh no, Sir, he never did that I am sure." I replied, "He had them on at the time." He said, "That settles the matter, indeed. I shall rebuke him sharply for that." In vain I told him that I disregarded it, and only desired that my wishes might be consulted in the matter of teaching the boys. The old gentleman could not be pacified, but, blushing as much as a black face could blush, he apologized for his son's presumption *in keeping on his shoes.* The result was, that the father came himself to teach the boys, and always kept himself entirely to the subject which I desired.

The custom suggests to us the reason of the command given to Moses, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground;"

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and I have often thought that the love of God to us is beautifully illustrated by our Lord Jesus Christ, when, in the parable of the prodigal son, he introduces the command, "Put . . . . shoes on his feet." It shows that He received him, not "as one of his hired servants," who dared not stand before his Master in shoes, but as a son, with full restoration of all his privileges. With true thankfulness to God for having made known to you his great love, will you not do all that you can to make it known to the poor heathen, in order that their feet may be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace?

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE PICTURE.

A GOOD Christian gentleman travelling abroad, in a certain church on the Continent saw a most exquisite and highly-finished picture, representing the crucifixion of the Saviour. It was almost perfect as a work of art, and seemed to set before him the scene depicted with such vividness, that he almost imagined himself a real spectator of the greatest event which ever took place upon the earth. Whilst in the frame of mind likely to be produced by witnessing this sight as a Christian, his eyes rested on the following words, which were written under the painting—"I have done all this for thee: what hast thou done for ME?" "Surely," said he, "these words are suggestive of thoughts which ought to occur to our minds in connexion with Missionary work."

In the first place, they teach us what is the motive which should lead us to take an interest in so blessed a labour. Jesus died upon the cross for us, when we were enemies to Him. He loved us when we did not

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love Him. He presented us with the greatest proof of that love which could possibly be supplied. And when He had finished the work which the Father had given Him to do on earth, and was going back to heaven, He left with his disciples a true Missionary order—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

We may be very sure that the disciples would love to think of the time when this command was given, and to connect it with what Christ did before, in order to make the way plain for them, whenever they met with opposition, or endured affliction, whilst engaged about the work to which their Master had appointed them. If they were disposed to grow weary because they encountered difficulties, or had to suffer for their faith, they would think of the sufferings which Christ underwent on their behalf, and with courage restored, and spirits refreshed, they would go forth to the battle with sin and Satan, determined to show that the love of Christ constrained them to live no longer to themselves, but for Him who died for them. Should we not also be moved by the same considerations to an earnest longing to be fellow-workers in the great Missionary enterprise?

But do they not further teach us how important is the work of Christian Missions? To save sinners Jesus did not hesitate to leave the heavenly glory, and become "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." By submitting to this, He showed us that every man needs a Saviour. St. Paul tells us that faith comes by hearing, and that man cannot hear without a preacher. It is necessary, therefore, to send forth ministers to publish in heathen lands the tidings of the Saviour's love. God has been pleased to put into the hearts of many of

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his faithful servants a desire to go forth on such an errand. He has taught many of His children at home how good it is to help forward so noble an endeavour. What is more likely to create this desire than the thought of the sacrifice which Jesus made for us?

Shall we not also learn what is the good news which our Missionaries have to carry to the heathen to whom they are sent? Christ crucified—was the subject of St. Paul's sermons. Christ crucified—was the story which touched the hearts of those who lived "on Greenland's icy mountains." Christ crucified—was the tale which moved the souls of those of Afric's sons who were rescued from slavery by noble-hearted sailors, and who now preach Christ crucified to their countrymen.

Would that every reader of this little magazine might be led to pray that this may be the message carried to the ends of the world!

But if we would really secure God's blessing, let us learn first to love Jesus ourselves; and then, for the sake of that love which He showed to us, let us thankfully embrace every opportunity which God gives us of obeying His command, and making known His truth, in "the dark places of the earth" which are still, alas! "the habitations of cruelty." J. B. H.

DREADFUL CANNIBALISM.

In the Island of Hayti a man and his wife stole one of their own neices, a girl about eight years of age, strangled her, flayed her, cut her up, cooked her, and then devoured her, offering the blood to their god—the snake.

Never let us forget that "the dark places of the earth" are *still* "the habitations of cruelty."

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TWO MOSLEM INQUIRERS.

In the Palestine Mission we have two Mission stations, Jerusalem and Nazareth. The Mission at Jerusalem was commenced in 1851, and at Nazareth in 1853.

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Our Missionaries there are called to preach the Gospel among Moslems, or followers of the false prophet Mahomet, and the members of the so-called Christian, but corrupt churches of the East. There are now at the two stations 500 native Protestant Christians, and 70 communicants.

Jerusalem.

The population of Jerusalem numbers about 20,000. The people are divided into different *hareths*, or quarters, which are called after those dwelling in them; as, the hareth of the Jews, the Armenians, the Christians, the Africans, and the Moslems.

To the usual population must be added the flocks of pilgrims who assemble in the city at Easter, amounting sometimes to 20,000.

In the midst of all this darkness there is a light shining. There is the Protestant church erected in Mount Zion, with its evangelical bishop and pastor, its school, hospital, &c.; and, side by side with this, our own Church Missionary work, intended to benefit the Gentile portion of the people.

God's blessing rests upon the work. A spirit of inquiry is noticed. Many are asking, "What shall we do to be saved?" It would seem that Satan is aroused to a sense of the danger of his kingdom, for he is very busy, and his deluded agents are working hard. But "*He that is with us is greater than he that is against us.*"

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"It seems to me," writes a Missionary, "that the dreary winter season will soon give way to bright and cheering spring, when I see, now and then, a green blade raise its head and peep from under the icy cover. It is true that 'one swallow does not bring the summer;' still if but one or two souls are introduced to light and liberty, our exertions are amply rewarded. Allow me to mention a cheering instance. Two intelligent young Effendis of a high family have been inquiring into the subject of Christianity. At their request they were brought to my house (*See picture*), and I have had several conversations with them. I was much pleased with the interest they took in discussing religious subjects. I consider it a very great thing at Jerusalem to see two Moslems, of the first families, inquire about the Lord Jesus. We have agreed to meet regularly once a week. May the Lord bless these meetings, and may others imitate their example!"

Our Missionary, Mr. Klein, has engaged a native agent, who visits the villages about Jerusalem, as, Ramallah, Bireh, Tifua, and Bir Zeit. He has been much opposed, but many are willing to listen to the reading of God's word and his teaching. Sometimes he meets a party in a cottage; another time under the shade of a tree; and lately he had a *midnight meeting* on a threshing-floor at Tayibeh, where he found many anxious to listen and ask questions. Nearly the whole night was thus spent.

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WAKEFIELD JUVENILE CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

WAKEFIELD is the ancient capital of the West Riding of Yorkshire. It has for centuries been called "Merrie Wakefield," and on the 20th of January last it well sustained its reputation. The second annual *soirée* of the Juvenile Church Missionary Association was held on the evening of that day in the music saloon of the Mechanics' Institution, which had been gracefully decorated for the occasion with numerous banners and mottoes.

The admission fee was sixpence a head, but all the trays were given by friends so that the admisions fees, after deducting expenses, will leave a profit to the Society of at least 10*l*. About 500 children sat down to tea, and all appeared to take an interest in the addresses delivered.

After tea the Missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," was sung. Then the Vicar of Wakefield addressed the assembly. His speech was of an encouraging kind, and he concluded by pointing to the bright future, when all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ.

The Rev. W. Appleford next spoke, and told of a time "in Britain, when, if they wanted to know whether a boy (they took little notice of girls) should be well brought up, they pitched him upon the roof of a hut, and, if he clung to the thatch and did not slip, they thought he would make a splendid warrior, and would preserve their character for courage; but if he slipped and fell, he would be no good to any one."

The Rev. T. S. Fleming, who has been a Missionary in China, gave an interesting address. He said, "the heathen are compared to sheep—not to horses, because a horse could find his way—but to sheep, the

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most helpless of animals." He gave an account of the Chinese sending into the west to find the mighty sage they had heard of, who could teach great doctrine; and how, instead of the worship of the true God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, they heard only of Buddha. From Chinese idolatry he was led on to speak of British idolatry, and showed how, like the bone in the rock, it remained fossilized in our language in such words as the names of the days of the week. Mr. Fleming urged upon the juveniles the blessedness of working for God, and said "My own first work was to collect with a Missionary-box. At that time I never thought I should have to preach the Gospel, and probably I should not if I had not been ready to do my first work. I showed my desire to labour in the cause, and that, I believed, was why other doors had been opened to me. So there might be some in that room, who, from collecting for the Missionary Society, might go out to preach for it."

The Rev. Charles E. Camidge and the Rev. T. Collins afterwards made speeches. The latter suggested the formation of little societies amongst the boys (who, he said, were generally behind the girls), to help on the funds of the Society by the sale of rabbits, eggs, &c. He also pressed them to take Missionary-boxes.

Mr. J. H. Dixon, the Secretary, concluded with a short report of the state of the funds of the Association, and an exhortation to each one present to use every effort during the year that had lately begun.

The hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," was then solemnly sung by the whole assembly, and the Vicar dismissed the meeting with the blessing. A portion of the choir of the parish church kindly lent their aid during the evening.

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Several children remained to ask for Missionary-boxes, and one girl, there and then, obtained several contributions for her box. Thus finished a pleasant, and, we hope, profitable evening. May this imperfect account stir up others to do likewise!

THE MISSIONARY'S BOY.

"Oh, in life's sunny morning, before earth's joys grow dim,
Look up to God, my darling, and put your trust in Him.
He is your tender Father, unseen, but ever nigh;
And He will guard and bless you, and hear your faintest cry.

"Then, tell your little troubles into his loving ear:
Ask Him to smile upon you, and banish every fear;
Obey his gentle counsels with reverence and delight,
And then his welcome presence will make each moment bright.

"Be kind, and just, and patient, industrious, mild, and true.
Remember Christ, your Saviour, was once a child like you;
Tread daily in his footsteps, lean on his mighty arm,
And let his Holy Spirit your angry passions calm.

"Keep close to Him, my darling, when I am far away;
Keep close, for sin and Satan will tempt you day by day;
And Christ alone can save you from every hurtful snare:
Keep close to Him, sweet Willie, I trust you to his care.

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"Oh! it is hard to leave you, yet at his thrilling call
Meekly upon his altar I lay my child, my all;
And He who watches over the daisies of the field,
Will surely from life's perils my infant blossom shield."

Thus spake a loving mother once, with full and prayerful heart,
When she from her dear little child awhile was forced to part.

Her's was a Missionary's home, far o'er the deep blue sea,
And she must leave behind the son she loved so tenderly;
For Willie was a fragile flower, that would have drooped and died
If she had let him live with her where Indian waters glide.

But with her last and fond farewell, when tears her eyes would dim,
She strove to lead his thoughts to God, and fix his trust in Him;
And then she knew that if with her he nevermore should dwell,
In youth and age, in life and death, all would, all must be well.

Will Willie heed his mother's words, and find her counsels true?
I hope he will, dear little child; but let me ask, "Will you?"

Church Scholars' Magazine.

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INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION AT SHARANPUR, NASIK. (*From a Photograph.*)

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INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION, NASIK.

About one hundred miles from Bombay, prettily situated on the banks of the Godavery, is the town of Nasik. It is to the heathen a sacred spot—the resort of weary pilgrims from all parts—a city of temples and idols, and the stronghold of Brahminism in Western India.

The Church Missionary Society commenced a Mission there as early as 1852. For twenty years the Missionaries carried on their labours in faith and prayer, but with little *apparent* success. Out of seven labourers, four died at their post, and three were compelled to retire through failure of health. Theirs was the "night of toil," and it was not given to them, in this world, to reap what they had sown. The promise was only deferred. We, who have "entered into their labours," know that their "labour was not in vain in the Lord."

For some years the Mission has experienced the most cheering proofs of the blessing of the Lord. The word has been extensively preached in the town and neighbourhood, and to many it has been made "the power of God unto salvation," so that they have been willing to suffer persecution, and to "count all things but loss" for the name of Christ.

In March 1854, the Rev. W. Salter Price obtained nearly a hundred acres of land from Government, at a reasonable price, and then laid the foundation of a Christian colony. Year by year it has grown in size and importance. It now has its Mission

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house in the centre of the village; a small church (now almost too small for the congregation); an Orphanage, which shelters more than fifty outcast children; a poor asylum, in which twenty old and infirm people (chiefly lepers or blind) are taken care of; an African asylum, containing about fifty boys and girls, rescued slaves, from the east coast of Africa; a school house, attended by eighty Christian children; and, lastly, an Industrial Institution, in which a variety of trades are carried on.

Of this last Institution we give our young readers a sketch. On the left is the smithy. Next to it is the superintendent's office. Then comes the carpenters' and turners' shop, with the half-made wheel in front of it. In the right-hand corner is the weavers' shop. In this Institution candidates for baptism find employment during their season of probation and instruction. Converts, who, because they are Christians, are cut off from their usual means of support, are here supplied with work, and earn an honest living.

This Christian settlement is now widely known by the name of SHARANPUR, or *City of Refuge.* Here a shelter and a home is provided for the orphan and outcast; and here many have come to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, *the True Refuge* of sin-burdened and penitent sinners. The settlement, by God's blessing, still prospers, and our readers may expect to hear tidings of it again.

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MISSIONARY ANECDOTES.

No. IV.

Exodus xxii. 26, 27; and Deuteronomy xxiv. 13.

WHEREIN shall he *sleep?* What a curious question. I think it very likely that some of the young readers of the "Green Book" may feel disposed at first to ask, "Would he then sleep in his clothes if he had them?" If so, they will find the answer to this question in the 13th verse of the 24th chapter of the book of Deuteronomy, where it is commanded that the pledge should be restored in order that the poor man "may sleep in his own raiment." It is still the custom in the East for people to sleep at night in the same clothes that they wear during the day. I do not say that it is a good custom, even for them. Good or bad, however, they did so in former times, and they do so still. But their clothes are not like ours; they do not require any tailor to make them. Their clothing consists chiefly of three pieces of cloth, about a yard wide, and each many yards long. One piece is twisted round the head for a turban: another, thrown loosely over the shoulders, hangs in graceful folds down to the waist, allowing room for the arms to be used: the third, folded round the waist, hangs down to the feet, and is so disposed as not greatly to impede the legs in slow walking, but requires to be taken off, and girded in a different manner round the loins, to allow of walking fast, or running. They do not wear their garments in the same way when they sleep in them, but take them off and wrap themselves up in them, in a manner very different from any thing that we could do with our clothes.

After a very long journey, in one day of which I had travelled in that sultry climate, on horseback or on

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foot, about thirty miles, I arrived at a remote village, where the face of a European was very rarely seen. It was night, and had been dark for many hours. The coolies who were carrying my bed and little box of clothes had not arrived. Of course there was no inn in the place, nor any house where I could claim admittance; but seeing a light in a shed, I went in. The shed was enclosed on three sides only, and open on the fourth. There were two or three respectable natives in the shed, one of whom was very pompous in his manner, and much looked up to by the rest. This dignitary looked at me and said, as politely as such a thing could be said, and with a grand salaam, "Sir, you can't come here." I asked him where I could go to sleep, and he said that there was no place in the village, and that the nearest village to it was one which I had passed through on my way, about eight miles distant, nearly all the intervening country being a mountain pass and dense forest, infested with wild beasts. I was already weary with my journey, and told him that I really could not go back, when he repeated in the same stately, solemn way, "Sir, you can't come here." I thought I would try the effect of a little pleasantry upon him, and with a smiling face said to him, "But how can you say so? You see that I am here, and that shows at least that I can come." His rigid features relaxed into something like a smile, and, taking advantage of that, I continued, "You shall also see that I can sleep," and immediately reclined upon the bare earth to sleep. My new friend, as warm now as he had been cold, said with much animation, "Oh, Sir! you really must not lie down on the bare earth. Do allow me to spread something for you." And suiting the action to the word, he took off his own turban, or upper cloth, I

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forget which, and, unfolding it, laid it upon the ground for me to wrap myself up in if I pleased. Now, for certain good reasons best known to myself, I was much more afraid of the turban than I was of the ground, and politely declined his kind offer. But he would take no excuse; and I found that if I did not submit, I should offend, and so lose the goodwill and confidence which I wished, for my message sake, to gain. I thought submission by far the least evil, and, thanking him for his kindness, laid me down upon the cloth, and enjoyed as sound a sleep as ever I did on a feather bed. But you may be sure that I did not wrap myself up in his cloth as he would have done.

During that journey I saw many of the inhabitants of that lovely valley, and was most pleased with their attention when I spoke to them of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. I have never seen them since, but other Missionaries have, and I have heard that more than six hundred of them have given themselves to the Lord, and are now consistent, and some of them even exemplary Christians.

Is it not a wonderful and delightful truth that the great God, the Lord of heaven and earth, not only takes care of us when we sleep, but even takes notice whether or not we have comfortable garments to sleep in. There is nothing so small that He will not regard it. And when one man gives another that which is needful for his comfort, God declares it to be righteousness in his sight. (Deut. xxiv. 13.) How much more, then, may we believe that He will be pleased when we send to the heathen who have not yet known Him, that Gospel which is needful, not merely for their comfort, but for their salvation: whereby they may be clothed in the spotless robe of the righteousness of Christ.

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A DISAGREEABLE COMPANION—WHO IS HE?

He is everybody's companion; there is neither man, woman, nor child with whom he is not acquainted. He is always to be *seen* with some people, and, on the other hand, scarcely ever seen with others; but whether seen or not, he is always there, and well known.

When a person is in the pursuit of some favourite amusement, you may be pretty sure of seeing this said companion with him; and he likes being with children, who always have their own way.

He is a very dangerous companion, most deceitful and obstinate, yet it is strange how much he is beloved by every one, and how greatly *his* ease and comfort is consulted. But, by those who have found out the Best Friend, even the Lord Jesus Christ, this companion is looked upon as a foe, rather than a friend; for since they became new creatures in Christ Jesus, they have earnestly wished to shake off their old acquaintance, and nothing grieves them more than when they please *him* more than Christ. Yet he never altogether leaves them in this world, but in heaven he cannot live. He will do his utmost to tempt the friends of Jesus to trust their eternal safety to *him*, and to clothe themselves with his *fancied* righteousness, rather than Christ's.

He will also endeavour to make them believe, contrary to God's word, that it is more blessed to receive than to give, only that he himself may be more enriched.

He loves being praised, and if there be no one else to do it, will praise himself.

He is a very intimate friend of people of the world, and he makes a very imposing appearance whenever

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their aid is solicited for a charitable object. He watches very closely the opening and shutting of the purse, and is always present when wearing apparel is bought. It is his presence that makes the world so cold and unhappy.

We would especially caution our young friends to beware of him at a Missionary meeting, or when a Missionary sermon is preached, or when they are asked to give to any good cause. His pleadings for himself are often so very strong at those times, that little folks (*and great ones too*) are ready to make any excuses for not giving liberally. The strong attachment which people have for this disagreeable companion is a great hindrance to all kinds of Missionary work.

Dear young friends, I am sure you will easily guess who this tiresome companion is. I assure you, there is very little peace of mind for those who are always consulting *self*. Make it your earnest daily prayer that the matchless love of Jesus may so constrain you that you may no longer live to *Self*. AUNT BERTHA.

NATIVE FEMALES OF INDIA.

THE Hindus are forbidden by their religion to teach their girls even to read and write. The poor little girls are brought up in ignorance. An effort has been made of late years to remedy this sad state of things, and some Hindu fathers will allow their daughters to be taught.

Missionary work among Hindu women has been undertaken by Christian ladies, and, we are thankful to say, with some success.

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These good ladies have many difficulties to contend with, and many disappointments patiently to bear. One writes—"To approach the females of

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the higher classes I found very difficult. Only here and there was I permitted to visit the ladies. At a fair I visited a Hindu lady, the wife of a rich Rajah. I was received in a canvas enclosure, and seated in front of the lady's tent. She was then led out by two of her attendants, but so closely veiled that I could not catch a glimpse of her face. She was dressed in rich silks, bordered with heavy gold and silver embroidery. She did not talk to me, but to all I said her two attendants answered for her. On my expressing a wish to see her face, the two women lifted up her veil, and disclosed a very pretty and timid-looking young face, so surrounded with ornaments that it appeared set in a frame of gold and precious stones! She seemed very attentive when I told her that bathing in the river Ganges could not remove the stains of sin, and that they could be washed away only in the blood of Christ."

The state of the Hindu women and their little girls is such as to move all hearts to pity. We trust the good Christian ladies who are endeavouring to lead them to Christ, and to benefit their condition, will always be remembered in prayer by the readers of our Magazine. The girls, we are sure, will not forget to pray; and the boys, too, will not forget those whose need is great, and whom they can help.

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A LETTER TO KIND HELPERS IN ENGLAND.

Kandy, Ceylon, August 1864.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

I cannot tell you how greatly we are cheered and encouraged in our work by your continued kindness and affection. Your help is most valuable: such a large sum quite astonished us. I do hope a large blessing will rest upon it, and that those who have helped with their money will also help with their prayers, and, at last, have the joy of meeting in heaven many who, by their means, have been taught that Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life.

Before we came to Kandy we heard that a school for Singhalese girls had been relinquished after a few years, and that no school for Tamil girls had ever been begun. We therefore knew there were many difficulties, and I felt afraid to say any thing of my hopes and wishes. But on the evening of our arrival here (New-year's day) these hopes and wishes were greatly increased by the very warm and affectionate welcome we received from the catechists and their wives, who had all assembled to meet us.

After four months wandering by sea and land among strangers, it was comforting to feel that we were once more among friends, and these friends were formerly *heathen* girls, the children of *heathen* parents. By God's grace they had been brought under Christian instruction. Christian instruction had been blessed to their conversion, and they are now the happy wives of Christian teachers, and are training their children for heaven. No one will wonder that we wished that some of the poor little girls in Ceylon might, like them, be

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brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel.

The next day we received a letter containing 5*l.* from friends at S——, for the school. "Now we can do something," we said. Elizabeth, the wife of one of our catechists, was appointed schoolmistress, and on the 1st of February we began with a day school. For the first fortnight only three children came. Soon the numbers were increased to twelve. Before the end of March, however, we had eighteen day scholars, many of them very intelligent little girls, and delighted to learn, though *very, very* ignorant. Only two of them knew their letters, so every day the schoolmistress teaches them a text and a Bible story: these they repeat to me, and by many questions and illustrations I try to make the subjects clear and interesting. They are really improving very nicely, and look so bright and happy. These are the day scholars, but their attendance is very irregular. Their heathen mothers can neither read nor work, and find many excuses for keeping them at home. I wished very much to have some children under my own care, as I had in Tinnevelly, and we often heard from the catechists of people who wished to send their children. When friends in S—— sent money to support two children, we gladly received them. We had no schoolroom, so they learn in the verandah, as the other children had done from the first, and sleep in the little study. Now, with the money sent by our kind friends in N——, we hope to receive four more children, and, with alterations, repairs, and whitewashing, to arrange a suitable sleeping room for the six. We hope all will be ready to begin on the 1st of September. Food and clothes for a child for one year cost 8*l.* here; we had promised to receive children whose relations will pay

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half, and to ask Christian friends in England to help us with the other half. Last Thursday I had a large class round me of thirty boys, all with dark skins, not black, but bright brown. Some are Tamil boys, some Singhalese, some Mahratta, some Malay, some Mohammedans, almost all heathen, but quietly learning to read the Bible, and answering questions from the Gospel of St. Luke.

They attend our bazaar school, but come up for examination once a fortnight. It is quite a pleasure to see how fast they improve; but your school-girls will like to hear about my girls, so I will tell them of one named Sabina. She first came to school about two months since; she looked sadly cross and sullen, and we could scarcely get her to tell us her name, and when we tried to teach her a text she would not open her mouth. The next day she repeated the words I told her, but would not speak when the schoolmistress taught her. After a few days she got over this difficulty, but would only say each *word* as we told her; we could not get her to say the *verse* herself. One day I said, "Do they beat you much at home?" "Yes," she shouted in an angry tone. "Who beats you?" I asked. "My mother," was the answer. This was two months ago. I wish you could see her as she stands by me now, with a gentle, smiling face, ready to repeat John iii. 14, to read an easy lesson in the "first book," and to write on her slate the words she reads. The change has really astonished me. I trust some higher influence than our's is at work. You must not imagine that I think Tamil children better than English; they are more obedient, orderly, and well behaved than little boys in England often are, but they have many *very sad* faults.

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One little girl has told me at least six untruths, in a short time, about a jacket I gave her a month ago: it is gone now. At first she persisted that she "did not know where;" then that "it was blown away by the wind;" with several more inconsistent tales, evidently untrue; but when I told her that she would not have a new cloth or jacket till that one was brought, she said she would bring it in three days. I believe she gave it to a cousin who came to see her a few days ago; but I fear we shall never know the truth, though no doubt the jacket will be produced, as a new set are being made for Sundays. Not many weeks ago a two-anna piece (3*d.*) was taken from the study table. Three had been put there just before prayers: immediately afterwards one was gone. The two little girls had passed through the room, so I asked them about it; but they knew nothing, they said. I told them to look for it till they found it, and in ten minutes one of them brought it to me. "Where had she found it?" She took me into another room, and, lifting up a corner of the mat, said it was there. "Then you must have put it there," I said. She began to cry, but it was hours before she would own her fault. A better mind came in the evening, and she confessed she had taken it. I hope no little girl in N—— Sunday school would steal or tell falsehoods like these children; but they must remember that these girls have lived among heathen people, and have only lately learnt how displeasing these sins are to God; and I trust they will pray that new hearts may be given them, that they may "steal no more," and speak the truth always.

I remain, gratefully yours,

J. PICKFORD.

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WORKING FOR CHRIST.

THE low tuft grass is not a stately tree,
Nor yet a lovely and all-fragrant rose;
It yields no nectar to the grateful bee,
Nor fashions for their transit o'er the sea
The "hearts of oak" revered by friends and foes

Yet think of it as lightly as you will,
Passing it over in your careless tread;
It has its own peculiar place to fill,
And, humble as its work appeareth, still
Nor oak, nor rose, could do that work instead.

So, youthful Christian, through life's transient day,
There is a special work marked out for you:
It may be of the lowliest kind, it may
Be such as shall the loftiest powers display,
But none beside yourself *your* work can do.

Then bend in meekness at your Saviour's throne,
And seek to learn the purpose of his grace;
Ask Him, who has so oft your duty shown,
To point you out the work that is your own,
And tell you where to find your proper place.

"What wilt Thou have me do?" With single eye
To your Redeemer's glory, work for Him;
Illumined every moment from on high,
Strive in each action Christ to glorify,
Nor let one thought of self, life's radiance dim.

Work! work! nor covet an ignoble rest;
Allow no sloth thy spirit to beguile:
Those love the Saviour most who serve Him best,
And he who blesses others shall be blest
With the full sunshine of his Saviour's smile.

Church Scholars' Magazine.

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THE ENGLISH COLONEL AND THE NEW ZEALANDER

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THE ENGLISH COLONEL AND THE NEW-ZEALAND CHIEF.

It is with a heavy heart we write about New Zealand. It has not always been so. We have often rejoiced to write of the triumphs of the Gospel there. The sad war, of which we have before written, still continues. Still, then, we wish all to pray to God to stop the bloodshed, and give to New Zealand peace.

The war has in some parts entirely put a stop to Missionary work. How Satan must rejoice! But we have tidings that lead us not to despair.

Archdeacon Maunsell writes from Waikato—"I am very thankful to report that my people seem as regular as ever in their attendance on the means of grace." Every Sabbath many still pray from the heart "that it may please Thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord," and ask God to bless *their* Queen and *our* Queen, and to give to those who rule under her in New Zealand, "grace, wisdom, and understanding."

From a district further south Archdeacon Hadfield writes—

"Certainly the last six months have struck me as the darkest and most discouraging that I have experienced for many years. The young people are thrown off their balance, children are left to run riot, and the people generally seem to think that no efforts on their part to live peaceably with the English, or rather with the Government, can be of any avail, and seem to have become reckless. But against this, in my district at least, I can

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say that fully nine-tenths of the communicants go on steadily and well, and that we have had our new church built, on which they have expended 500*l.* I have been deeply impressed with the powerful effect produced by religion on these poor people, in restraining them from acts of hostility, while their immediate relatives in other parts of the country are suffering from what they consider the injustice of the Government."

And how has the war been carried on? One of our officers writes to his father that, after a battle, he observed that the bodies of the natives who had fallen inside the English lines lay unburied, but that the New Zealanders had decently interred the bodies of the English soldiers who fell inside the native lines. Surely the Gospel has done something for these people, who, not long ago, were cannibals, and delighted to scalp a foe and insult his body.

After one battle, in which the natives were routed, and then laid down their arms and surrendered, the Governor wrote, in a proclamation, "It is right to mark our sense of the honourable manner in which you have conducted hostilities, neither robbing nor murdering, but respecting the wounded." Who, that remembers what they *were*, can fail to see *a great change*—a change effected by the Gospel which has been preached among them, and believed by many. If the Gospel ruled every English and every native heart in New Zealand, the war had never occurred. The Gospel *has* prevented the war from being what it otherwise would have been.

When the colonel of one of our English regiments

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lay dangerously wounded within a native "pa," a native chief left the pa to fetch the dying officer some water. He had learned, methinks, "If thine enemy thirst give him drink." He knew it was dangerous to go for the water: shots were flying about everywhere. He would be seen and fired at. Still, pity—pity such as no New Zealander ever felt ere the Gospel was preached in New Zealand—moved him. He went—went to fetch water for the man with whom he had been fighting. He believed the English were fighting against him unjustly, and trying to do him great wrong; but the wounded Englishman was faint, in pain, and very thirsty. Disregarding the danger to which he exposes himself, the noble, brave New Zealander will fetch him water! He is bringing it. Alas! he falls—falls mortally wounded: a bullet has struck him: the water is spilt on the ground and mingled with his own life blood. Next day the colonel and his "friend"—yes, he was indeed a *friend*—died. I hope they are both now, through the mercy of God in Jesus Christ, where none ever thirst, or fight, or slay; where holy peace and love and joy alone are known and felt.

Now, dear readers, may God move you to pray earnestly for New Zealand. God has not forgotten to be gracious; let us not forget to pray. We must not despair. How can we? Why should we?

The Bishop of Waiapu, our old friend, writes—and I am sure he would wish you all to read and to take to heart what he believes and says—"While

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therefore the enemy is doing his utmost to hinder the Gospel, God is manifesting his power, and He gives us the assurance that He is directing all things towards the accomplishment of his purposes, the final result of which will be the establishment of his kingdom." And that kingdom you know is "righteousness, *peace*, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

No. V.

Deut. xxxii. 13.
Psalm lxxxi. 16. } "Honey out of the rock."

In some countries of the East, whenever a native wishes to have an interview with any person whom he regards as his superior, he offers him some present. It may be an article of no intrinsic value; indeed, it is most commonly a lime, that is, an inferior sort of lemon, several of which might be bought for a penny; but no man would think of going without it to be introduced to his superior. When the present is kindly received, it is a mark of goodwill and friendship; and when not accepted, but returned, it is a sign that the person refusing it wishes to have no further intercourse with the person who offers it. This custom prevails in all the countries which I have visited, and it illustrates many passages of Scripture (See Prov. xviii. 16, and the parallel passages.)

In one of my visits to a settlement of wild men in

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the recesses of an Indian jungle, as soon as I arrived the poor men brought forward a present.

It must not be supposed, however, that they did so to show their goodwill towards me, but rather to try mine towards them. They had no limes to bring, but their present consisted of a quantity of honey, contained in a hollow piece of bamboo cane. I accepted their present, and, tasting the honey, found that it was most delicious. I asked them where they got it, and they replied, "Out of the rocks." You may be sure that this brought to my remembrance the words of the two texts mentioned at the beginning of this paper, and of many others in the holy Bible. But I was not surprised, for often, as I passed through those solitary forests, I had seen swarms of wild bees, forming their honeycombs in the fissures of the rocks; indeed, holes in the rocks are their favourite resort. The wild men seemed pleased when I received their present and expressed my gratification with it, but when, according to custom, I offered them a return present, to my surprise they declined to receive it; politely but very decidedly. The presents which I offered them, though very simple and inexpensive to me, were of much value to them. They consisted of a few cloths and hatchets. They turned away their longing eyes from them, lest they should be tempted to accept them, and said, "No, no; we won't, we won't." I asked them why they refused my present, and they said, "If we take your present, you will tell us to be Christians, and you will take us away from our mountains, and we don't want to go, and we don't want the presents."

There were about ten men standing there who were not wild men nor Christians, but heathen men from the low country, known to be thieves. They had long been

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accustomed to go up in gangs, and steal the honey, wild cardamoms,* and other produce of the forest, which the wild men collected for their own use, and were afraid that if the mountain men should listen to us, their wickedness would become known. They had heard that we were going up, and had managed to go up before us, and told the mountain men these falsehoods, in order to make them afraid of us. When I perceived this, I asked the wild men, "Did you not give us a present just now?" They said, "Yes." "And," I added, "we took it. Now this is only a return present: we don't want you to leave your mountains. Don't believe those wicked men." "Oh then," they replied, all at once, "we want them, we want them," and very gladly took what we gave, and asked for more. That being done, we endeavoured to urge them to accept that which is "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter, also, than honey and the honeycomb." What unexpected opposition the Gospel meets with! Truly there are many adversaries, and therefore all Christians, young and old, should be the more ready to help.

No. VI.

Job xxiv. 16.—"In the dark they *dig through* houses."

Early one morning I heard that there had been a robbery in the Indian village where I had slept. I went to the house to inquire about it, expecting to see a picked lock or broken shutter; but instead of this, I

* Cardamoms are pungent and aromatic seeds. They grow in pods, and the plant produces large and beautiful flowers. In the mountain forests they grow wild.

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saw a hole which had been dug through the wall of the house, which strikingly reminded me of the expression in the above passage. I suppose that every child in England knows that bricks are made of *clay*, and in this country are burnt with fire, but in very hot countries they are often made of common earth, not clay, and dried by the sun. This is done to save expense. I built a house with bricks of this kind, and lived in it for several years. Such a house does very well when the roof is tight, and no water is allowed to get to the walls, which are easily destroyed if allowed to get wet. The thieves know that very well, and so, when they determine to break into a house of that kind, they just soften part of the wall with water, and then, with any piece of stick, they can dig a hole through large enough to get in, and so quietly as not to disturb the sleepers. Now, I dare say that you pity the poor people who cannot afford to build houses more secure, but must often be in peril of robbers. You cannot help them to better ones in this world, but you can tell them, or assist in sending others to tell them, how they may have a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

HINDU SUPERSTITION.

I REMEMBER the case of a Hindu, who lived near me in the south of India, who trained a parrot to repeat the name of his god. The parrot soon learned to do the prayer nearly as well as the master. The parrot's "vain repetition" and "much speaking" the poor Hindu thought the god would reckon to his good account when he came to balance and make all straight by-and-by after death.

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AN AFRICAN DYER.

Our illustration represents an African woman engaged in dyeing. She sits under a shed, with her dye-pot in front; upon a sloping board, rising out of the pot, she drags the cloth, or thread, from the

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bottom, with a crooked stick, in order to examine the progress of the work; at her right hand is placed the dye-pot: the dye is made of common wood ashes. This is an employment always followed by women, and, as it is not considered a drudgery, often by the wives of chiefs and principal men. Indigo is the colour used, and a very excellent dye is made, as nearly all the ordinary garments are dyed blue. Indigo is plentifully grown in Western Africa, and, when prepared, is sold in the market. The dye is somewhat defective, not being what in England is valued, viz. a "fast colour;" but as the articles can be re-dyed, this is not of much importance. We suppose the Africans have not yet discovered the use of a "mordant" in dyeing, a material which fixes the dye. Dyeing is one of the useful arts of life. God, in his gracious bounty, has given us means of producing beauty and elegance, as well as objects of mere utility, and the process of dyeing will lead us to think of that dark stain of sin which has covered all the race of Adam—"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

"How sad our state of nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains."

Sad indeed would be the condition of sinful man, but for the abounding mercy of God, who has provided a means of cleansing,—even Christ's most precious blood.

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What a gracious invitation is that addressed to poor sinners by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isaiah. i. 18.)

But the poor heathen know not of this gracious God, who is ready to pardon and forgive; and "how then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?" (Rom. x. 14, 15.) Let us then, dear friends, use our best efforts, and be also very faithful in our prayers, that God's mercy may be extended to these poor *sin-dyed* idolaters.

G. T.

A LETTER FROM MASULIPATAM.

THE following letter has been received from Johanna Thornhill, a girl in Mrs. Sharkey's school, and refers to the dreadful cyclone, of which we gave our readers an account in the March "Instructor."

"MADAM,—I can scarcely describe to you the great distress we suffered on November 1, 1864. On that day we went to school in the morning. It was raining all day. After we had dined we went into school again, and took our sewing, until Mrs. Sharkey sent us to our rooms. It was even then stormy, and from about four to ten o'clock it was increasing. Some of the elder girls were with Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey. There was a large tree near our dormitory, the branches of which broke, and the fall of these frightened us very much.

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We took our supper, and, after prayer, went into our rooms to sleep. Then the rain was coming into the rooms through the windows and from above. We brought the little girls from their rooms, removed their wet clothes, put dry ones on them, and made them sit down. Soon after, we found the water coming into our rooms, and thought the large bathing-tub in our bath-room had burst; but we knew soon after that it was the sea. We expected to die, and commended our souls to God, and prayed to Jesus to receive us and take our souls to Himself. Some of us were hanging on to a window that came within our reach, and waited until the morning, when, as we were left without clothes, we tore off the cloth that was half down from the ceiling and covered ourselves. Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey were very much distressed, and Mrs. Sharkey gave us some cloth, that had escaped the sea water, to wear. Every article was wet by the sea water, so that we could get no proper food to eat, or good water to drink. But many persons came to our help then. There were dead bodies all around us. The day before the inundation was a Hindu festival, and almost the whole town had put on their ornaments and jewels of gold and silver; so, with their jewels on, they were swept away. Even after ten days these bodies were being buried. Of our schoolchildren, thirty-three were swept away, and those bodies that were found have been buried in our own garden. The bodies of those who had been in the town were scattered everywhere, and their violent death gave them a very painful appearance. They were full of joy, of merriment, when their summons came. But the suddenness of this event did not frighten the wicked men who have survived. They have gone about robbing the bodies of the jewels on them, thus provoking

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God by continuing in their sins. Truly, men do not feel thankful enough for the many undeserved mercies sent them by God.

"Madam, I am hoping, in a short time, to be baptized. Pray for me, that in my heart I may put my trust in Jesus Christ. I do trust that you always pray for me."

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

On May 2nd the Sixty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Church Missionary Society was held in Exeter Hall.

The Committee reported the very large income of 144,464*l.* To this we must add 20,000*l.* raised and expended in the Missions. Let us thank God, and pray for grace to do more, for a large increase in funds is very much needed. The Committee expressed themselves "deeply sensible of their obligations to the numerous body of self-denying collectors, as well as to the Secretaries and Treasurers of Associations." Our young helpers, and those who help them to help in the good work, are here included. Whilst thanking all for their past labours, they venture to suggest that a new canvass for subscribers might in many places be undertaken with, doubtless, a good result. Perhaps, in connexion with our Juvenile Associations in some places, such an effort will be made during the present year.

We hope next year to be able to announce the exact amount contributed by our Juvenile Associations.

During the past year ten clergymen and four laymen have been sent out as Missionaries; and eight clergymen and six lay-agents have returned home. There are therefore 200 ordained and eighteen unordained European Missionaries supported by our Society. To these we add fifteen East-Indian and country-born clergymen and teachers, and the native ordained ministers num-

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ber nineteen. The increase of eight in the number of native ministers is most encouraging.

The Islington Institution contains at present forty-eight students—"men of prayer," we trust, and hereafter to prove themselves "men of power," through the grace of God, to extend the Redeemer's kingdom in many lands.

We will add to this summary a statement made by the Committee, which will, we hope, put some of our readers a-thinking. It regards India. The Society has more than 100 European Missionaries in India. The number of registered converts is 51,700. The whole number of Protestant Missionaries labouring in India is about 500; the whole number of converts about 140,000.

Suppose each Missionary could work a district of ten square miles—and he must be a very hard-working and strong man to do so—then, dividing India into 300 parts, we should only have Missionaries enough for one part, and the remaining 299 parts must be uncared for!

Divide the Missionaries among the people, and each company of 360,000 heathen would have but one teacher!

Here, then, is a sad dearth of teachers. Here is a call to all to pray more and to labour more. The cry is that of old, "*Come over, and help us.*"

HOW TO HELP THE SOCIETY.

"I HAVE the pleasure of sending you 1*l.*, being the contents of a little box, in which I have asked my friends to drop a penny whenever they borrowed one of my books. This source has produced about 3*s.* during the last year. The rest of the money was obtained in, per-

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haps, a novel manner. As I have often been asked by my friends to copy music, I began to think if I could turn this to account, and told any one who asked me to copy music for her that I should be glad to get sixpence a page for my box. No one objected to this when I mentioned your Society. In this way I have obtained 13s. during the last six months. I mention this to suggest the method to others. Fifty persons lending each twelve books to their friends during the year, at a penny each, would produce 2*l.* 10s.; and fifty persons copying each ten pages of music at sixpence a page, would obtain 12*l.* 10s."—*Female Missionary Intelligencer.*

THE LITTLE SPRING.

A LITTLE spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary man might turn.

He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at its brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again, and, lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

Juvenile Missionary Herald.

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BAPTISM AT FUH-CHAU, CHINA.

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BAPTISM AT FUH-CHAU.

THE Society's Mission in China comprises four stations—Hong Kong, where there is one European and one native clergyman; Fuh-chau, where there are two Missionaries; Ningpo and Pekin, at each of which three Missionaries reside. At Shanghae a native clergyman is the pastor of a small native church.

FUH-CHAU.

At Fuh-chau a small congregation has been formed. At the commencement of last year the Missionaries were absent through sickness, and Satan stirred up the heathen to riot and violence. The chapel, the schoolroom, and the house in which the Missionaries lived, were broken into, and much property destroyed. But Satan was outwitted: these things turned out to the futherance of the Gospel. Some of the native Christians had been ill-used and beaten: they bore their sufferings patiently. Christ strengthened them to endure. When reviled, they reviled not again; then the heathen multitude began to pity them, and to admire them. "What makes them so different from others?" they asked. Being now better treated, and feeling that God was with them, and turning the hearts of their enemies towards them, the converts became bold and zealous: they spoke of Jesus; they preached in the streets. Many began to inquire about Christianity, and when the Missionaries returned they found much to

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gladden their hearts. Some came and said, "Sirs, what must we do to be saved?" That makes a Missionary glad, very glad. The Rev. J. Wolfe, writes—

"It will cheer you to learn that, since my last communication to you, we have had four persons added to our church—two adults and two children. One of the children is the son of our old, faithful chapel-keeper; the other is the daughter of one of the adults admitted to baptism at the same time. The baptism of one of the adults, a very clever young man, took place towards the end of October; the other, with the two children, took place on Christmas-day. It was very pleasing and cheering to see the latter bring his little daughter to the font in his arms, and there consecrate her and himself to God by holy baptism. We were all very much interested in this man, as he was formerly one of our most bitter opponents. He used to come to our chapel for the sole purpose of abusing the catechist and interrupting our service, and troubled us very much. On one occasion we had to remove him from the premises. After this, he did not make his appearance for some months, during which time we lost sight of him altogether. One Sunday, however, he came again, and took a seat at the lower end of the building. When service was over I went to talk with him. I did not at first recognise him. He said, 'Sing Sang, don't you know me?' I said, 'No; I do not.' 'You ought,' said he, 'to know me.' After this I had some very interesting conversation with him, and I found that the Spirit of God had been at work in his mind (for I cannot ascribe the change which took place in him to any thing else). He had given up idolatry, and had very correct

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views of God. He said he wished to become a Christian, and worship Jesus; that he clearly saw we had the truth. I told him we should rejoice to receive him into our little company, but he must wait, and place himself under instruction, and show signs that his desires were sincere. After this, he attended all our meetings for prayer and instruction, and rapidly grew in knowledge and in faith. He gained more knowledge of the Scriptures the few months he was under instruction, than some of our members have gained during the whole time they have been with us. The result was, his baptism on Christmas-day. At first he was unwilling that his baptism should take place on that day, 'for,' said he, 'I am not worthy to be baptized on the day that my Saviour came down into this world.' I explained that it was most appropriate that the day on which Jesus was born into the world to save sinners and establish a church, should witness a soul admitted into his church. With this explanation he was satisfied. He is now very zealous, and already has brought some of his friends to inquire about the Saviour. Before he became a Christian he carried on a very lucrative business in connexion with the idolatrous temples, &c.; but he could not continue this business afterwards. He not only had to give up this business, but had to suffer a great deal of persecution from his former acquaintances. He has frequently been seen in the streets, surrounded by a crowd of people, abusing him, and blaspheming that Holy Name by which he is now called. He is not ashamed of Jesus, but bears a simple and clear testimony before his abusers. Under these circumstances, I felt perfectly justified in helping him to get a new business, in which, I have every reason to believe, he will do well as a Christian man."

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ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

No. VII.

Psalm xcii. 12.—"The righteous shall flourish *like the palm-tree:* he shall grow like a *cedar in Lebanon.*"

THE palm-tree and the cedar are very unlike one another. They are about as diverse as any two large trees that could be selected. The cedar is a very magnificent tree, throwing out large branches throughout the whole length of its trunk, the largest being nearest the root, and the rest tapering off to a point at the top. The palm-tree has no branches at all, only a tuft of large leaves at the top of its trunk. The cedar flourishes on mountains, and in the cold: the palm-tree on hot plains. Yet they must have something in common, because the righteous is compared to both. If we can only ascertain in what respect they are both alike, we shall be able to understand what the Holy Spirit of God intended to illustrate by the comparison.

In travelling from one village to another, I passed, about break of day, through a sandy desert, where scarcely a single blade of grass could be seen for many miles, nor any shrub, except here and there a thorn bush, and only one kind of tree. That one kind of tree, however, not only exists, but flourishes there, and it is the lofty palm-tree, called the palmyra. It affords plenty of employment to the inhabitants of the villages in that part of the country — to the women and children, as well as the men. The men climb the trees to bring down the sweet juice called "*pattha-neer.*" The fruit of the palmyra-tree grows at the

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top, in the midst of its tuft of leaves. It is not so nice as the cocoa-nut, but is sometimes eaten if allowed to ripen. This is not often the case, for it is known that if the unripe fruit be cut off from its stem, a sweet juice oozes out, and continues to do so during the season, as long as the stem is kept fresh cut. The men in the morning go up to the top of the tree, which is sometimes seventy feet high, or even higher, and, cutting off the unripe fruit, hang a little earthen pot under the wounded stem. There are sometimes eight or ten of these pots on one tree. In the evening they climb up again, with a large empty pot, into which they pour the contents of those on the trees, and cutting a little slice off the stem to keep it open, hang up the empty pots again, and come down. The women are near, with much larger earthen pots, which they place on three or four stones, to raise them a little from the ground. The men pour the patthaneer which they have brought into the large earthen pots, and when one has enough in it, the women light a fire under it, and boil the patthaneer until it looks rather thick. They then let it get cold, when, instead of sweet juice, there is nothing in the pot but a coarse kind of sugar-candy which can be refined into a beautiful sugar. The boys and girls go about the forest picking up the dry leaves and pieces of wood to bring to their mothers, to make and keep up the fire. I asked a group of them whether they boiled all the patthaneer into sugar, and one of them said that they boiled only what they did not want themselves; that they lived almost entirely upon it during the season; that it was very nutritious and very nice. They asked me to taste it. I thanked him, and accepted his offer; upon which he turned and picked up one of the large leaves of the palmyra, and quickly

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twisted it up into a sort of drinking cup, into which he poured a plentiful supply of patthaneer, and gave it to me. I drank it, and found it very nice. It had not been fermented, and therefore was not injurious. It is sometimes allowed to ferment, and is then called "*toddy*," and is very intoxicating; and the toddy is sometimes distilled, when it forms a strong spirit called "*arrack*." I am happy to say that the people who cultivate these trees very seldom drink it fermented or distilled. I am afraid, however, that they sometimes prepare it for other people to drink. I asked them whether they consumed all the sugar themselves, and they said that they produced much more than they could use, and sold the rest to the sugar merchants.

I observed that all the wood used in the building of their houses was palmyra wood; that the houses were all covered with palmyra leaves instead of thatch. The people used the leaves for writing upon instead of paper, scratching upon them with a large nail instead of a pen. One of them had collected together a large number of leaves, which he meant to carry away to thatch a house; he had no string to tie them together, so taking up one of the large leaves, he stripped off the tough rind, which is easily split up into strips, and is then as strong as rope; this done, he tied them together with it, and carried them away. With this strong rind they make several kinds of baskets, some of which are very pretty indeed. In one part of the forest I saw a great many young palmyra-trees planted so very closely together that they could never grow up to be large trees, and I asked them why they planted them so thickly. One of them informed me that they did not intend them to grow up high, but that the young root was very tender

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and good, and these were planted to be dug up and eaten. One young man, who knew a little English, and was rather proud to show it, came forward, and informed me that they were not meant for "palmyra-trees," but for "palmyra potatoes;" and that whenever they cut down an old palmyra-tree, to use the wood in building or for other purposes, they always found a "palmyra cabbage" in the top of it, which was very good boiled, and still nicer pickled. He referred to a tender part enclosed by the trunk at its upper end, which is a sort of root to the tuft, and is indeed very nice, especially pickled.

Now, although this tree supplies the native inhabitants of that country with almost all the necessaries of life, and even with some of its luxuries, it grows in the dry sand, where no rain falls for many months in succession, and where other vegetation generally is burnt up by a fiery sun. Unlike the cedar of Lebanon in almost every other respect, it resembles it in this, that each of them flourishes where almost every thing else perishes. Each contains a principle of life within itself which renders it comparatively independent of circumstances, and thus illustrates the blessedness of the righteous. The palm-tree will not flourish on the cold snowy mountain, and the cedar of Lebanon will not grow on the burning sultry plains, and therefore God has been pleased to combine the two, to show how completely happy his people are. They are independent of outward circumstances. They contain within themselves a vital principle of divine grace, which neither the chilling blast nor the arid drought can exhaust. Their life is hid with Christ in God, and they shall never perish, but flourish like the palm-tree, and grow like the cedar in Lebanon.

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DEVIL WORSHIP.

Our illustration represents an "*elegbara*," or devil priest, of the Yoruba country, Western Africa, meeting a native to whom he is exhibiting his "*orisha*," or

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idol, composed of a collection of various articles strung together, comprising carved sticks, figures, coury-shells, beans, small calabashes, &c. This odd collection the priest jingles and shakes for the purpose of getting some offering from the poor negro, who thinks, by his offering, to appease the anger of evil spirits, or else to obtain some blessing. These priests are constantly going about with their "orishas," in the public places, markets, and at the town gates, where caravans of traders and travellers are going and returning. They are set apart for this office by various ceremonies, which cost a considerable sum of money: both males and females enter into it, but they are not excluded from other kinds of employment when the priestly office becomes unprofitable.

There are extensive public services connected with devil-worship, when the priests and worshippers are excited into a state of frenzy, exhibiting feats of strength, lacerations of the body, with hideous noises, grimaces, and dresses, terrible to behold.

At times, human sacrifices are used in connexion with this horrible demon-worship, and the celebrations take place generally at night, illustrating the Scripture—"They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Such are the fearful abominations and practices of the heathen, corresponding to what St. Paul said of them in his day—"But I say that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God." (1 Cor. x. 20.) The poor Africans, about whom

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we now write, are, in deed and in truth, under the power of the devil, the prince of this world, and they know not that precious Saviour who "was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil." (1 John iii. 8.) It is, however, delightful to know that many of these blind idolaters have found out the worthlessness of their idolatry, and have cast their idols to the moles and bats, and have become new creatures in Christ Jesus. G. T.

NEW ZEALAND.

Our readers will read with interest the following letter, addressed by the Rev. R. Taylor to the Rev. H. Venn. It shows that some of the natives remain loyal to the Queen, and what sort of men they are. It should be read in connexion with the paper on New Zealand in our last Number.

"*Wanganui, New Zealand, March* 8, 1865.

"Many events have taken place in our remote spot during the last month, of which I must endeavour to give you an outline. The military force here has been greatly increased: we have now fully 4000 men under General Cameron, who has advanced about thirty-six miles along the coast to the north of Wanganui; but he has left all the pas in his rear, the defenders of which, finding no attempt has been made upon them, have been constantly prowling along our outskirts to plunder or cut off any of the settlers they might meet with. Our friendly natives, in number about 400, have been stationed up the river to defend the approach by it to

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the town. They have again been attacked. My poor friend, John Williams, was in command on our side: he likewise occupied the most advanced post. A small party of four laid in ambush to cut him off, but they were captured themselves; and, after being well treated, were allowed to return the following morning. John Williams said the first shot should be fired by the enemy. Another party of ten were captured the next night in the vicinity of the post: they likewise were allowed to return; and then, instead of this kind action being reciprocated, an attack was made, and several of the enemy were killed. John then advanced his post still nearer, and got between the natives and their pa: he there received a shot in the breast whilst bravely leading on his men: this was on the 23rd of February. He was brought down to Putiki. I was called about three A.M., and I took him over to the colonial hospital, where he died on the following morning, and on the 27th he was buried. Nearly all the authorities, military as well as civil, followed him to the grave, and the British ensign formed his pall. Colonel Logan, the officer in command, took a grand flag, which was to be presented to the natives by the ladies of Wanganui, and laid it on his coffin: it was then borne before it in procession to the church. At the grave a party of the militia fired three volleys. John Williams was indeed a Christian warrior. He did not forget his dependence on God. When he went up to the river he wrote to me, stating that he had established prayer-meetings in every place to supplicate the Divine blessing on their arms, and he wished us to do the same. He also wrote to Abraham, my head-teacher, and to the women, to pray for their husbands and relatives; and all attend to his request daily, morning and evening, with the

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greatest regularity. In the removal of John Williams the native community has experienced a great loss: he has always been the friend of the European, and the directing mind of the Maori, and I fear there is no one capable of supplying his place. One proof of the esteem he was held in by the Europeans was given at his funeral by some of the settlers relieving the bearers of his coffin, and carrying it up the steep ascent to the cemetery on their shoulders. When John was shot he made Hakaraia acquainted with all his plans and intentions, and by carrying them out the enemy was repulsed and the pa taken. Indeed, it has surprised our countrymen that, in so short a time, and with so small a force, he should have accomplished what General Cameron had not yet done, though commanding as many thousands as John did hundreds. But John put his trust in the God of battles, and kept His commandments. The Governor has arrived, and he seems to be much concerned at John's death, and has promised to educate his two sons. John's last wish was that his eldest boy should have gone to the Church Missionary Society in the same ship in which my son-in-law, Lieutenant Medley, sailed; but, being up the river at the time, his wishes could not be carried out. I trust we shall now have peace up the Wanganui; and if the General is equally successful we shall have great cause for thankfulness. Our great comfort is in knowing 'that the Lord reigneth.'

"I send a copy of poor John's last letter, written two days before his fatal wound was received—

"'*Hiruhaema, Feb.* 20, 1865.

"'Respected Mr. Taylor,—Health to you all and all your children, to Mr. Basil and Abraham. Respected

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Sir, your letter has reached us; your word is good, very good, to all our hearts. Strive constantly in prayer to God for us, that He may preserve us from the deceitful and hostile men who are striving to destroy and cast down the dwelling-place of the Spirit of God. Do you strive day and night. And we too have urged the teachers of every pa to pray to God that He may go on in the midst of us; that His enemies may fall before His presence by His mighty arm; and that the fiery breath of His nostrils may consume them. This is all.

"'From your loving Son,

"'JOHN WILLIAMS, Nipango.'"

If the Gospel had only produced one such man as John Williams (and there are many as good, as brave, and as loyal), surely all would confess it had not been preached in New Zealand in vain.

A PRECIOUS LEGACY.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I send you herewith a legacy. It was left by a little boy of our Sabbath school. On the last Sabbath of his life, when he was suffering greatly, he said to his mother—"It is the happiest day I ever spent; and why should I not be happy, for God has given me a new heart!" In the evening, when death had already closed his eyes, and he was unable to see, he called one of his little playmates, and said, "Do you know, M——, that I am blind? I can't see any thing, but I have the light of God in my heart, which is far better, and that will never go out. I expect to be soon where I shall not need these eyes." A few days before he died, he called his father, and said, "You know I have a little money. I want to tell you

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what to do with it. Send it to buy books for the poor heathen children, who have never heard of the Saviour who has been so good to me. Surely," he cried, "if all the world knew Him they would hasten to Him." His last words were, "Good bye; I am going to heaven!"

Hartford, U.S. T. C. S.

THE HEATHEN.

HELPLESS, through lack of vision,
The heathen nations lie;
And through our indecision
We're leaving them to die.
What millions now are falling
Into a hopeless grave,
While multitudes are calling
For some kind power to save.

Here, waters of salvation
In full abundance flow;
And well our favoured nation
Their healing virtues know.
Shall we our blessings cherish,
And still our aid withhold,
While countless millions perish
In misery untold?

Ah! no; let prayer unceasing,
Like holy incense rise,
And active zeal increasing,
Bring liberal supplies;
Till every heathen nation
Shall learn Immanuel's name,
And all the wide creation
His honour shall proclaim.

The Sower.

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MISSIONARY TRAVELLING (*See page* 134.)

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THE AFFGHAN MISSIONARIES IN KAFIRISTAN.

No. I.

In the summer of 1859 a Missionary was returning alone, and somewhat discouraged, from preaching in the bazaars at Peshawur, when he was addressed by a young Affghan police-soldier, named Fazl Huq. He came to inquire about the Christian religion. The New Testament was placed in his hands, and, after a few months, he was baptized. Leaving the police, he enlisted in the corps of Guides. There was already in that regiment one native Christian soldier, Dildwur Khan, who, for his bravery, had been promoted to the high rank of subadar, a man of great talents, and who had been very successful in convincing his countrymen of the truths of Christianity. The two walked together as friends. His friend's protection enabled Fazl Huq to remain in the regiment, in spite of the hatred and persecution of his fellow-soldiers, who were for the most part Mohammedans; but under a new colonel and fresh officers the enmity appeared so strong, that this spring he took his discharge. During his service in the corps of Guides he had never shrunk from testifying, both to small and great, the Gospel of the grace of God.

It was now that a strong desire took possession of his soul to visit Kafiristan. There were some Kafirs in the corps of Guides. Fazl Huq had had much intercourse with them, and had taught some of them to read the Pushtoo Gospel, and had spoken to them of

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Jesus. Two had returned to their mountain home, and from thence had sent a message, bidding him to come to them. After much thought and prayer, he determined to undertake a mission to them. He knew the difficulties of the undertaking: to be a Christian he knew was worthy of death. A Christian convert, named Nurullah, agreed to accompany them, and, provided with medicines, and some little presents for the people, with the word of God in their hands and the grace of God in their hearts, they set out.

Kafiristan is a large mountainous country, north of Sughman. It is bounded on all sides with hills, so high as to be almost inaccessible. Between the Kafirs and the Mohammedans who surround them there is perpetual war. The people are wild and barbarous in the extreme.

On the 8th of September the two Affghans left Peshawur. They were obliged to go as simple travellers, for they had to pass through a country where travelling is dangerous at any time, and where it is ordinarily death to be known to be a Christian. They could only travel, therefore, as other Affghans did; but when once arrived at Kafiristan, they hoped to appear in their proper character as Christian Missionaries.

When on the point of setting out, the leader of a caravan, who had engaged to conduct them some way, discovered they were Christians, and refused to have any thing to do with them. They were compelled, accordingly, to strike out a road for them-

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selves, one not much frequented by natives, and altogether unknown to Europeans. At the first village they reached they were recognised and abused as Christians, but, being still on English territory, no violence was offered them.

On the day they left English territory they had hardly proceeded two miles when two men met them, one of whom Nurullah knew as having been a pupil in the Mission school at Peshawur. To avoid detection, they turned into the rice-fields, and waded, ankle deep in water, to the Swat river. This they crossed with difficulty, by the assistance of a native, who helped them, and cheered their hearts, "for the love of God." After a march of twelve hours they reached Bar-Badwar, and found shelter. From thence, with two hired men as a guard, they marched to Walai, having crossed the Nalagi river in a cradle drawn over the torrent by means of a rope bridge. Here, being much fatigued, they fell asleep under a tree, but were soon awoke by a native, who had been in Peshawur, and who recognised them as Christians. He threatened to expose them. They pacified him with a present, and, finding he was ill, they gave him medicine that relieved him, and he then took them to his uncle's house, and gave them food.

The next march was to Mean Killai. Here they were received kindly, but for some time could procure no guards for their further journey, and the road was very dangerous. At last seven men conducted them safely to Badan. Here no one would

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give them either shelter or food. Their money was refused, and they sat by the way-side hungry and wearied. At last they heard a man say his wife was ill. They asked what her sickness was, and sent her medicine by her husband, praying earnestly it might be blessed to her recovery. The woman's pain abated, and the grateful husband brought loaves and beds, and hospitably entertained them. The next day they reached Ghakhai. From thence, in their journey to Puohit, they met with many difficulties. At a village called Koonur, where they were refused any thing to eat, their medicine again came to their aid, and the man they relieved brought them out both bread and cheese. They here bound five skins together, and, thus forming a raft, floated down the river to Tangai. Here they had a narrow escape of being discovered by some who had known them in Peshawur, but God concealed them, enabling them to avoid their notice, and thus one-half of their difficult journey was accomplished.

We propose to continue our account of this Mission next month.

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

No. VIII.

Prov. ii. 4.—"Hid treasures."

VERY few people in England would be foolish enough to think of hiding their money or jewels, or other valu-

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able things, under the ground. People in this country, who have money, know better what to do with it. But in some other countries, especially in the East, where the neighbouring kings are always at war against one another, the case is very different. The Government may be changed two or three times in a year, and of course nothing is secure.

A native gentleman was complaining to me one day about the rapacity, as he said, of the English Government, declaring that the poor people had never been so heavily taxed before by any of the native Rajahs. I asked him whether he thought that they were better off, upon the whole, under the native Rajahs, than under the British Government. With an evident shudder at the very thought, he answered substantially as follows—

"No. At that time no one could call any thing that he had his own. Some enemy or other was perpetually coming upon us, and as soon as the report was spread the poor ran away, and the rich hid their treasures in the best way they could. It was no use to hide them in the house, because if that were at all suspected, the enemy would pull the house down, and dig up the foundation, which they could easily do, as the houses were almost all very small, and built only of sun-burnt bricks. And when the enemy was gone again, it was with very great anxiety that the rich people, who had succeeded in hiding their treasures, went out into the fields to search for their goods, and often ascertained that they had been found by the enemy, or stolen by thieves who had secretly watched them to their hiding-place. When a rich man had been killed by the enemy, and, after the war, a report had spread that he had buried his riches in a certain land, all the people who believed it would

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go there with pickaxes and spades, and dig up every inch of the ground where they supposed the treasure to be."

And I have no doubt they would. Judea was often in much such a state as this. The kingdoms of Judea and Israel fighting against one another, and the Philistines against both, and the Syrians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, from time to time, devastating the whole country. This state of things probably led to those allusions to "Hid treasures" which we find in the Bible. What a terrible judgment and calamity war is! How thankful we ought to be for the blessings of peace. Picture to yourselves the anxiety with which the people would go to search for the hid treasures; a rich man, perhaps, going to seek his own, knowing that if he did not find it he would be reduced to poverty; or a poor man to find what had belonged to another, but by which, if he should find it, he would suddenly be made rich. How they would search for the marks of the place! How they would dig when they found the longed-for spot!

Now it is reported that there is a treasure hidden in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that if we search for it with an earnestness like that of men seeking for hid treasure, it will make us rich indeed. This report is true. Believe it, my dear young readers, and then you will search for it. Seek it, and you shall find. Tell others at home and abroad about this treasure in heaven that faileth not, and if they seek and find it, that will be no loss to you, but one of the sweetest pleasures that you can possibly enjoy. To relieve the distress of a poor man for a time is pleasant, but much more to make him so rich that he will never want again.

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NIGER MISSION.

THE Niger Mission, our readers are aware, is now under the care of Bishop Samuel Crowther. The Niger Mission was undertaken in the year 1857. Two native clergymen and five native teachers from Sierra Leone, were then enabled to establish themselves at Onitsha, at Gbegbe, and at Rabba. The Mission at Rabba, has since been relinquished. In 1861, Akassa was occupied, and the bishop has arranged to commence a Mission at Idda.

ONITSHA.

The Rev. J. C. Taylor, the native Missionary, gives a lamentable account of the state of heathen Onitsha. Mr. Taylor writes—

I have seen canoes from the upper part of the river brought down to Onitsha with slaves of both sexes. Since my return to my station, oftentimes my heart has ached to see a canoe-load of human beings down at the landing-place. The wealthy purchase them, and keep them either for their own funeral rites, or for those of their relatives. One morning a member of my church came up to me with tears in her eyes, telling me that a chief was trying to purchase two little girls from a canoe which had just landed here, to offer as sacrifice to his deceased son. She earnestly begged me to rescue them. I sent the woman to fetch the girls to me. When she reached the mart the chief had purchased one of them, and was bargaining for the other. She paid her price, and brought her to me. Oh what a sight to behold! She was shivering with cold, in perfect nudity, and emaciated through hunger. She was about seven years of age. Her price was 62,400

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cowries, equal to 3*l.* 18*s.* She is now placed in school under the fostering care of the "Coral Fund," and has been baptized by the name of Amelia Westcott. The other was sacrificed at the grave.

Another painful thing is the cold-blooded murder of infants. The child snatched from the side of its

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mother when asleep, *is pounded in a mortar to provide charms*, and enable the perpetrator to become a great medicine-man!

Thus is Africa still a dark land, and full of cruelty. Mr. Taylor has, however, much to tell us that it is delightful to hear. We will now lay before our readers some cheering tokens for good. Under date of December 24, (the day before Christmas-day,) 1864, Mr. Taylor writes—

Gave the schoolchildren their Christmas holiday, and distributed clothing, which I had received from Christian friends in England and Sierra Leone. Could the friends of Missions have seen how they prized their valuable presents, they would double their efforts.

Dec. 29—To-day the teachers, with the schoolchildren, as well as myself, went round the town. The children carried banners of every description, and sang suitable songs. This going round has done immense good. I may add one interesting act of a royal child, who is one of our children. His grandfather, the king, called out the name of his grandson, "Odita." He came out of his rank and stood before him. His father, the prince, ordered him to go upon his knees and bow his head to the ground. He stood upright and bent his head. The king was surprised beyond measure, as well as the prince. Odita may have thought within himself, "I never fall on my knees in the compound, excepting at prayers." He stripped off the ivory manillas from his hands, and handed them over to his father, bowed his head, and joined his rank again. The king, as well as some of the chiefs and elders of the church, gave the children presents in cowries amounting to 5460 (7*s*. 4*d* in English money). Six years ago I hoped one

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day to hear the children on the banks of the Niger sing 'God save the Queen.' My hope has been fulfilled to-day." (*To be continued.*)

NEW ZEALAND.

THE intelligence we have to communicate from New Zealand is of a very painful nature. A sect has arisen among the people, during the late troublous times, called the "Pai Marire." They are the scourge of the land, and give themselves, without restraint, to all abominations and cruelties. They pretend to work miracles and speak unknown tongues. The sect originated in Taranaki, the scene of the fatal mistake five years ago, when the English Government, as it has since confessed, wronged the natives, and brought to pass the present unhappy war. No leading men have joined this party, and the rabble that compose it seem altogether given over to work evil.

The Rev. C. S. Volkner, one of our Missionaries, had been absent from his station, Opotiki, on a visit to Auckland, where he had left his wife. On his return, he found the Mission station and the country around in the hands of these dreadful men. He was seized, and charged with being a spy of the English Government, and barbarously hung upon a tree. His head was afterwards cut off and preserved, according to an ancient savage custom in New Zealand; a few tasted his blood; and the body was thrown aside, and subjected to much indignity.

It is with grief and sorrow we record this lamentable event. Let no one, however, credit the assertion, that none are Christians in New Zealand because a few are so very bad. The men who murdered poor Mr. Volkner

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were strangers from another part of the island. They believe they have been ill-treated by the English; and who will say they have not? They are intent on driving the English out of the island. They murdered Mr. Volkner because they thought he was a spy. The man who put the rope round his neck is the son of a chief who had been shot in cold blood by the British troops, or their allies, and the family, according to ancient custom, had vowed to have "payment" in blood for blood.

We exhort our readers to pray to God to restrain these godless and bloody men. We rejoice to know that they have already received a check, and that the natives about Opotiki disown them, and lament the innocent blood that has stained their land.

The Bishop of Waiapu has thought it well to quit Turanga. This step appears to have a good effect. The natives feel ashamed that the Bishop should have to leave, and are apparently more intent on withstanding the fanaticism of these evil men.

"Our Help is in the name of the Lord."

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR COOLIES IN THE ISLAND OF THE MAURITIUS.

Our readers will remember the appeal Mrs. Hobbs, the wife of the Rev. S. Hobbs, one of our Missionaries in the Mauritius, made on behalf of the children of the poor coolies in the "Green Book" for December 1864. We append some extracts from a letter lately received from her—

You will perhaps have seen in the papers an account of the cyclone which visited our island in February. We had heavy rain during the Sunday, and on the

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evening of that day the water suddenly rose in Port Louis to the height, in many places, of twenty feet. Never before was such a thing known. It was occasioned by torrents of rain, causing a rushing of water from the mountain heights, and coming in contact with the sea at spring tide. Many houses were washed away, and many lives lost. Wherever you travel in our beautiful island you see something of the damages done by this terrible storm. The poor people on our mountains had their gardens completely destroyed. Bad weather succeeded to this inundation, and now the gardeners are attempting to cultivate once more, and the help of the children is indispensable. This is almost over, and we hope to have our number complete again. To-day is the principal day of the great "Yamsay," a Mohammedan festival. This was, I believe, originally a day of mourning for one of their great men, who was killed in battle, but here it partakes not a little of the ridiculous. They carry about a shrine, previously made with great care and considerable expense, in which they place the figure of a hand—effigy of that of Mohammed, when he bestowed his last blessing. This, together with any thing—a leaf, stone, or any rubbish which an appointed person finds on diving into a a stream of water—is the object of worship for the time being; after which, shrine and all are broken up and thrown into the river!

It makes me very sad when I think that many of the children and people, to whom we have taught better things, continue to practise these sad superstitions. Many, I believe, would forsake them but for fear of loss and persecution. There is a kind of agreement amongst them that they will not forsake their idols; and it is not until the Holy Spirit has

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placed in the heart that fear of God which triumphs over the fear of man, that isolated individuals will dare to break this agreement. Let us, then, give the Lord "no rest" until, in answer to our prayers, the Spirit be poured out abundantly.

And now let us turn to the boarders. This little school is as a glimmering light in the midst of thick darkness, and its light is increasing, I am happy to say. The examination last month was exceedingly satisfactory: the children, without exception, answered well. I cannot yet say I have any evidence of a change of heart in any of these little ones; nor have I, I am thankful to say, so frequent painful evidence of a contrary kind. I am much less often grieved than formerly by discoveries of untruthfulness, pilfering, &c. I am told, too, that some of the boys (all of whom would once neglect their prayers if they could) are sometimes overheard very early in the morning, praying, in their own words, for their friends and teachers, and for a blessing on their lessons, &c.

Since I last wrote I have been induced to take two more boys, aged eight and ten years. I have long known their mother. She has been for many years a widow. She brought her children to me. She is conscious that she has no control over her children: few Indians have. They were at first unmanageable enough, but a little firmness brought them to order, and they are now well-behaved, nice boys. Their mother has been twice to see them, and is delighted with their improvement. On her last visit she said, "I am so thankful you have taken my children, and hope you will keep them." "Pray," I said, "that I may be enabled to do so."

And now, dear friends, I must ask you to help this Indian mother to carry out her desire to train her chil-

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dren in the knowledge of God. 7*l.* 10*s.* for each seems a large sum, but I do trust it will be raised by the joint efforts of some active labourers for Christ's sake.

I read, with perhaps more than usual thankfulness, the good news that our annual box was very soon to leave England. The difficulties of the last year have been increased by the cyclone. Provisions have been raised, and, as to cotton goods, they are scarcely to be had at any price; indeed, I do not know how my poor children would have been clothed but for your kind gifts of prints, &c.

A box is annually sent to Mrs. Hobbs, by Miss Kent, Sussex Road, Southsea.

THE HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

OH! where are those mansions of light,
That country so happy and fair;
That land where the days are all bright,
Unsullied by sorrow and care?

Far, far from this valley of tears,
The Saviour has gone to prepare
Those mansions; and when He appears,
His people shall dwell with Him there.

And shall we not strive to proclaim
Our Saviour, the Life and the Way,
The only true Light, and the Name
That leads to those dwellings of day?

Lord Jesus, the spirit impart
To live and to labour for Thee;
Oh, mightily work in each heart,
Till all Thy own people are free!

ANON.

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REPAIRING A PLOUGHSHARE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

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NORTH-AMERICA MISSION.

DEVON OR CUMBERLAND STATION.

THE native minister, the Rev. J. A. Mackay, is in charge of this station. It can hardly be regarded as a Mission station, but as a little Christian flock gathered together in the wilderness. The few wanderers from the very thinly-populated heathen districts afford the only opportunity of direct Missionary work.

Mr. Mackay writes—

Jan. 4—As another year has closed, the time has arrived for laying before your Committee some review of the state and progress of this Mission. Six months have now passed since my appointment to this post. During that time I can report very little progress among the heathen around, as my time has been almost wholly taken up with the duties of my charge. Of these the same may be said as of Christians elsewhere: the tares are mingled with the wheat, but at the same time it must be acknowledged that they are free from much of the superstition which still clings to many of those who have passed a great part of their lives in heathenism. As a body, our people are regular in the use of the means of grace set before them. I believe that there are very few families in which family prayers are not regularly conducted, and the Sunday services are well attended. The chief cause of discouragement is the tendency to drunkenness. This vice has been promoted by the fur-traders, who distribute their rum and whisky, in order that they may the more easily secure the produce of the poor Indians' hunting. However, I am thankful to state that, except

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in very few instances, there has been no drunkenness among the Christian Indians for the last six months.

In regard to temporal matters our people are suffering a good deal from scarcity of food. The fishing and hunting resources of the place are becoming poorer and poorer every year. The present winter bids fair to be one of uncommon scarcity. Many of the people have already left the station to seek subsistence where fish and game are more plentiful. Others are preparing to move also. I fear that the greater part of my congregation will be dispersed for the winter, and the school will be also greatly diminished.

Since taking charge of this station, I have administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper twice, viz. in September, when many of the people leave for their hunting-grounds, and on the Sunday after Christmas-day. The number present on the former occasion was seventy-nine, and on the latter, eighty-three.

A Missionary in such a place has often to turn his hand to all kinds of work. We read in Mr. Mackay's journal—

To-day I commenced ploughing a field for next year's farming, but found it rather a difficult business, our stock of draught animals being limited to one ox. I also discovered that the plough-irons were too much worn to penetrate the tough surface of the soil. Not to be hindered, however, with the assistance of the schoolmaster I extemporized a forge by building a fire and placing a large stone at a convenient distance to serve as an anvil, and thus succeeded in beating out the ploughshare to a serviceable state.

No blacksmith at hand, so the Missionary has to make his own forge and become his own smith. In

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this cold land, you may be sure, warm clothing is much prized. We read—

The cold weather having fairly set in, I distributed to the old and needy among us the presents of clothing sent by kind friends in England. There are many poor around us, and more distress than one can effectually relieve; but it is a great privilege to be able to do something for our poor people. I felt deeply grateful to those kind Christian friends who remember us, although they know of us only as followers of a common Lord. May they be abundantly rewarded for the love which they bear to his name!

To-day, assisted by Mr. Macdonald, the schoolmaster, I distributed the gifts of clothing to the schoolchildren. The supply was rather limited, owing to our not having received the presents sent out this season, but, nevertheless, many little hearts were gladdened, and many ragged little forms comfortably protected from the severity of the cold.

Perhaps some of our readers assist at the working parties, and help to increase the joy and comfort of the little Red-Indian girls and boys. Mr. Mackay can tell of many of your brothers and sisters, in Rupert's Land, who, by God's grace, have learned to fear and love Him—who have put on the Lord Jesus Christ—and who love you in Jesus because of what you have done for them for His sake.

NIGER MISSION.

ONITSHA.

(*Continued from* p. 140.)

We continue this month to give our readers extracts from the journal of the Rev. J. C. Taylor.

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On Christmas-day, which intervened between the day on which the prizes were distributed and the day of the school-treat and procession, to which we referred last month, Mr. Taylor writes—

Preached, from Matt. i. 18, to 200 natives present, to whom I unfolded the nature of the anniversary of our Saviour's nativity, and the blessings which followed from it. Whilst we rejoice in the return of this season throughout the Christian world, we cannot so fully share in it in heathen lands. To-day the funeral obsequies of Ede were kept with great pomp: the deafening sounds of musketry, and the audible tone of the tom-tom, eating and drinking, wild music and dancing, mingling with heathen revellings; and, to cast a gloom upon the whole, a woman was killed by his surviving sons as a great honour to their deceased father, to be his servant in the future world. Having heard that they would sacrifice a human being, I took an early opportunity of giving his sons wholesome advice. They slighted my advice that they should sacrifice a bullock instead. At last arrived the fatal hour to offer the evening sacrifice of a human victim. One and another was conscience-stricken. The poor wretched creature being fast bound to the ground, the muzzle of the gun was placed on her chest, discharged with all its contents, and gave instantaneous death. Those who could not bear the sight hurried away from the atrocious deed. Thus one was hurried away from time to eternity. This is now the eighth victim within a brief period that has passed through seas of blood to eternity.

Such is paganism. Let us now see the working of another and a better spirit.

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Good for evil.

Nov. 26—An awful fire broke out in the town. The house of one of the chiefs was burnt down: he saved nothing except his family, and the cloth he had on. Here was fresh opportunity afforded me to test my church members. Though this chief, with his companions, had insulted them, and persecuted them very severely, yet I proposed to them to assist him with a little help by subscription. Some of them at first objected to the proposal, on the ground that he has a desperate disposition against them. I set before them the duties which Christian principle enjoins upon each of us to melt our foes with love, and moreover to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Being overwhelmed with the subject, they at once contributed 6240 cowries (about 6*s.* 10*d.*), and I added to it one piece of white maddapolum and a head of leaf tobacco. Mr. Langley and three of the members took the things over to the temporary shed where he sheltered himself. He was astonished beyond measure at this unlooked-for assistance from the people whom he had determined to crush. The bearers returned, and brought the following exclamation from his own lips—"Surely you have more sense than I, more love than any of us who are rulers of the land. May God bless you more and more, you and your children!" Thus was silenced the infuriated temper of one in authority. What a merciful God we have to deal with! "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder of wrath will He restrain."

What follows proves how real is the Christianity of the converts at Onitsha.

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Trials of converts.

Another fresh trial arose to test the faith of one of the newly-baptized converts. Dinah Watorika was a pupil in our school, and, according to the custom of the country, was betrothed when young. Since her conversion she refused to be unlawfully united to her lover, as he is not a converted man. Her relatives and guardians treated her most brutally, and forcibly dragged her to her husband. She managed to run away at night, and got to the first convert's house to seek for shelter and protection. John Samuel Okosi, being grieved at this shocking conduct, housed her, as she is a relative of his. Dinah, as they mercilessly dragged her along, beating her with sticks and blunt cutlasses, affectingly addressed them! "Beat me: it is the body which suffers, and not the soul: Christ has the possession of my soul. I hope to have a better husband, and I have Him since the day of my baptism. I will submit myself even unto death for Christ's sake. Heaven will be my gain." She added yet more, "Lord, open their eyes: they are blind: open their eyes as the two blind men of old: have mercy upon them; they are like sheep. Make haste, Lord, to fulfil the same." Her poor mother, who is a candidate for baptism, was turned out on her daughter's account.

Evidences of progress.

Lord's-day—Blessed day! I baptized an infant son of my first convert. I have had occasion at different times to speak about this convert, because there is something very striking and praiseworthy in him. Let me freely speak of him. This was the very identical man who came to me seven years ago, and upbraided me for instructing his son, Anemebuna, the A. B, C,

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and was so desperately mad against me. He stood before me tremblingly, with his spear in his hand, as if he would dart it at me. The only reply I could then give him was, "I am glad that the A, B, C has stuck fast in his head, for which I am thankful." It was he who laughed at me when I pointed out to him the folly of his idols, for which he had built a shed, and planted a grove. What a change has since taken place in him! Now his very idols are in my possession; his very son, Anemebuna, was baptized by the name of Jacob, and is a very quick youth, can read the English books and the native translations fluently, and in writing he is not a whit behind. To crown the whole, he is a communicant, and a decided Christian. I could not but raise my eyes with gratitude to God when the infant was presented to me at the communion-rails. I took him up in my arms, and baptized him by the name of Henry Venn Okosi. Truly, what hath God wrought! He can "soften a tiger to a lamb, the vulture to a dove."

THE AFFGHAN MISSIONARIES IN KAFIRISTAN.

No. II.

From Tangai our Missionaries proceeded to Jelalabad, disguised as women. It was not safe for them to remain here long, and so, after one good dinner of meat, and melons, and grapes, they started once more. After experiencing marvellous deliverances, they reached Muli, a border town, where the Kafirs come to sell their walnuts and fruit to the Mohammedans. From hence they wrote to

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Ghara, a Kafir sepoy, who had invited them to visit his people, and who was absent at a village some distance off.

They now saw the people face to face for whom they had endured all this danger and hardship.

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How would they be received? They knew that death was the fate of every Affghan Mohammedan in Kafiristan, and they wore the dress of Affghans. One of them was in great alarm, but the other cheered him with words of faith and hope, and they were much comforted in prayer. They saw a woman with sore eyes. They gave her medicine, and she recovered. Immediately the whole village brought out their sick to be healed. Six men out of eleven were cured of fever with quinine, and the people became most friendly.

In three days Ghara arrived. He had run the whole way, fearing they would be killed. He received them kindly, begged them to go on to his village, and undertook to defend them with his life. The next morning they all departed on the road to Titani, which sometimes was as steep as stairs.

A fearful initiation into their work now lay before them. The next march was to Nikera. They here found twenty-eight armed Mussulmans, who had been invited by the Kafirs over from Mungoo. It was many years since a number of Kafirs had been slain in their village, and they thought the fact forgiven or forgotten, and believed themselves to be quite safe when they came armed, and in such numbers, to accept the Kafirs' hospitality. Their hosts feasted them bountifully, and, after removing all suspicion from their minds, persuaded them to leave their arms in the huts assigned to them. It was at this time that our travellers arrived. They brought a drum and pipes, and began to sing and

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dance. Then suddenly each Kafir knife was unsheathed, and, with a loud whistle, four or five Kafirs rushed on each Mohammedan, stabbing him in every part. The whole was over in a moment, and all had sunk down dead. They then beheaded them, and threw them down into the rivulet below. Our travellers were speechless with horror, when Ghara again told them not to fear, for not one hair of them should be touched. They pointed to the dead bodies below, and gasped out that they, too, one short quarter of an hour before, had been the Kafirs' guests! He told them the reason of such dreadful vengeance. The blood feud was still unremoved, and the Kafirs had never forgotten their own brethren murdered long before. He told them, however, never to leave him.

It is this killing men (and women too) which alone leads to high honours amongst the Kafirs. They have no king, and there are only two ranks of nobility amongst them; the one that of the "Bahadur," and the other that of the Surunwali." Neither are attainable except by killing four men. When a man has killed his four men he must, to become a Bahadur, feed all comers for two days with two hundred goats, six oxen, and many hundred pounds weight of corn, and rice, and cheese, together with an enormous quantity of wine. To become afterwards a Surunwali, he must wait three years, during the whole of which time he has to give eighty feasts, at periods varying from a week to ten days from each other. The

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smallest number of goats killed at any time is 20; but on the sixth feast they kill 150; and on the ninth a living goat is given to every comer, besides bread and cheese, and ghee and wine. On receiving his new dignity, a particular large drum, called "mundoo," which is never beaten except on very special occasions, is sounded, and there is much dancing of both men and women. He is no longer required then to kill any more people, unless he does so from choice. In order to show how many people they have killed, each man erects a high pole on the outskirts of his village, with a rude figure of a man on the top of it. For every man he kills he bores a hole in it, and knocks in a peg. If he kills a woman, he bores only a hole, without any peg.

In our illustration is seen one of these poles, with the rude figure of one of their idols near.

(*To be continued.*)

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

No. IX.

Isaiah xxxvii. 29.—"I will put my *hook in thy nose*, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will *turn thee* back."

HORSES are generally very much afraid of elephants. I do not mean wild elephants only, but also the tame elephants. When a native is riding an elephant, and

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sees a gentleman riding towards him on a horse, he generally turns his elephant a little out of the road, to avoid alarming the horse, and, as there are seldom any hedges, he can easily do so. As I was riding past an elephant one day, its rider politely endeavoured to turn it aside, but the animal was not disposed to go. The elephant, of course, had no bridle on. An elephant's mouth would be an awkward thing to fit a bridle to; indeed, I do not know that any attempt has ever been made to invent an elephant's bridle, but a much simpler contrivance answers well enough the purposes of bridle, whip, and spur. The driver held in his hand a large iron hook with a long handle. With this he struck the elephant, and made him move, and, as it seemed determined to go the wrong way, he quickly passed the hook round the elephant's trunk, and turned him whichever way he pleased. The elephant was soon out of the road, but the driver, in the excess of his politeness, turned it with its head towards me, and told the great creature to make a salaam; upon which it bent its knees to represent a sort of bow, turned its trunk back, so as to touch its forehead, and, uttering a loud noise, something between a roar and a deep groan, imitated the word "salaam" as well as an elephant's tongue could be expected to do. My horse had been prancing with fear for two minutes before that, with his ears pricked up and his eyes fixed on the elephant; and on hearing that strange and unnatural noise it plunged over to the opposite side of the road, and galloped off as fast as I would let him. If I had not known what to expect, so as to be prepared for it, I might have been thrown from his back. Fond as I am of courtesy, I could willingly have dispensed with the elephant's salaam.

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The "hook" which I have mentioned is large enough to pass easily round the elephant's trunk, which I suppose is the "nose" spoken of in the text at the head of this Number, and this hook is the instrument generally used to turn elephants with. In shape it resembles a very large boat-hook, with a pointed goad beyond the crook, and is now of precisely the same shape as that used in ancient times. The kings of Assyria probably had many horses and elephants in their army, and relied on them as the chief of their strength, which is aptly represented in the address to Sennacherib, under the complex figure of a horse and an elephant, showing, that however great and strong they and their armies were, God could turn them more easily than they could their own animals. That which He said He would do He did, as we know; and it was in answer to prayer. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and has the same power over the actions of men, and over their unruly wills and affections. We all acknowledge this when we pray that it may please Him to forgive *our* enemies, and to turn their hearts. How earnestly, then, should we pray that it may please Him to forgive His enemies, to turn their hearts, to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive remission of sins, and an inheritance amongst those who are sanctified by faith that is in Jesus! If a man who had enemies were to pray to God to forgive them and turn their hearts, whilst he did nothing to pacify or reconcile them, we should think him very inconsistent, and we could scarcely expect that his prayers would be answered. Seeing that God has committed to men "the ministry of reconciliation," it would be equally inconsistent in us

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if, whilst we prayed to God for the salvation of the heathen, we did not go or send into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

We may spread our couch with roses,
And sleep through the summer day,
But the soul that in sloth reposes
Is not in the narrow way.
If we follow the chart that is given
We never need be at a loss,
For the only way to heaven
Is the royal way of the Cross.

To one who is reared in splendour
The cross is a heavy load,
And the feet that are soft and tender
Will shrink from the thorny road.
But the chains of the soul must be riven,
And wealth must be held as dross,
For the only way to heaven
Is the royal way of the Cross.

We say we will walk to-morrow
The path we refuse to-day,
And still with our lukewarm sorrow
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven
How the fortunes of life might toss,
As they followed their Master to heaven
By the royal way of the Cross?

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NATIVES OF KAFIRISTAN.

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THE AFFGHAN MISSIONARIES IN KAFIRISTAN.

No. III.

THE heathen, the apostle writes, are "swift to shed blood." This text is brought to our recollection as we resume our narrative.

The following is one of their most common songs. A father, in the village of Shino, is supposed to have sold his son to the Mohammedans: when the boy was grown he kills fourteen Mussulman men, and effects his escape to his home, and the mother, in proud delight, sings as follows—

Well done, my lad, well hast thou fought;
My old blood was drying up for grief for thee,
When thy father sold my high-spirited boy.
And thou hast killed fourteen men, and come home again,
With the bells tinkling on thy feet!

At burials the custom is to bathe the corpse, and dress it in new or newly-washed clothes. The people stand around, weeping and dancing, and beating a small drum, and playing pipes. They then make a coffin, and one man lifts up the corpse on his shoulders, and another man the coffin, and they carry them both to some cave in the hills, where the corpse is put into the coffin, which is then closed, and left with great stones on it. If one of the same family dies within three years they open the coffin, and put the body in it. If it is more than three years they make a new coffin. No

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ceremony is used, and nothing is spoken, only both men and women cry.

They believe there is only one God, but who, or what, or where He is, or with what He is pleased, they say they do not know. They have three idols, who they believe to be their intercessors with God. The one is of wood, roughly carved into the shape of a man, with silver eyes. It is called Pulispanu. (*See October Number*, p. 154.) Each Kafir brings a goat, and sacrifices it, sprinkling the blood over it. They then cook it, and either eat it there or take it to their houses. It is thought great disrespect to the idol for any woman to come near to it: they therefore bake bread and partake of the sacrifice at a distance from it. The other two idols are merely common stones. The one is called Adrakpanu, and the other Matikapanu.

Our readers will see in our engraving the likenesses of two of this people. The word "Kafir" signifies "unbeliever," a name given them by their Moslem neighbours, because they adhere to their ancient heathenism, and are not believers in Mohammed. They have European features and intelligent countenances. Their eyes are blue and dark, their eyebrows arched, and their foreheads broad and open. Both men and women are tall and well-made.

Few of the Kafirs cover the head, and, when they do so, it is with a narrow band or fillet made of goats'-hair of three different colours—red, black, and white—about a yard or a yard and a-half in length, wound round the head.

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The females dress in loose drawers tight at the ankle, a long shirt or chemise, a *chadar* or veil, and a small skull-cap under which the hair is plaited.

Their ornaments consist of flat bracelets, necklaces, and ear-rings, and rings on the fingers. Those of the rich are mostly of silver, and rarely of gold; whilst the ornaments of the poor are generally of brass and copper. The men wear rings in the ears and on the fingers only.

As winter approached our Missionaries deemed it advisable to return to Peshawur. They reached home on the 10th of November, after many narrow escapes and an absence of two months. They were the bearer of two letters, sent by Kafirs who had been in Peshawur to a Missionary and his wife. One writes—

"We were very much delighted when Fazl Huq and Nurullah arrived; but we had hoped that you would yourself have come with them. We were made very happy by the stay they made with us; but when snow began to fall we sent them away for fear that they would be troubled with the cold. But if the winter had not been approaching, we would not willingly have let them go. But they have promised to return next summer to us, and tell us much more about Christ's religion. Be kind to us, therefore, and send them again next summer, and as long as we live there shall be no danger of their death in Kafiristan; and we will attend to all their wants, so that they may be comfortable; and we will do any thing for you, too, that we can."

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Another writes—

"We are well, and we arrived safely back to our own country, and we often pray for you and the children. It was a great kindness in you to think of us, and to send us men to teach us about religion. It will be another kindness if you will send them back again; and as long as we live there shall be no fear of their death. We will be attentive to all their wants; and we would be very happy to be able to do any thing for you."

Surely the fields are "white unto the harvest." May God hear us, and send forth labourers into his harvest!

We shall not fail to refer to these interesting people again.

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

No. X.

Jerem. xlviii. 43, 44.—"Fear, and the pit, and the snare . . . He that fleeth from the fear shall fall into the pit; and he that getteth up out of the pit shall be taken in the snare."

Two methods of capturing wild elephants have been in use from the most remote antiquity, namely, the pit and the snare. In the first of these methods, a deep hole is dug in the known track of the elephant, or in some place to which he may be decoyed or driven, and so lightly covered as to break when he is passing over it, and thus to let him through. With an animal so sagacious, it is necessary to be very careful in laying the turf

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over the covered pit, so as to make it appear just as it did before the pit was dug. The natives are very clever in doing this, as a dear friend of mine can testify, by a singular experience. He was walking, with two or three companions, through a jungle infested with elephants, and suddenly his companions missed him; indeed, they saw him sink into the ground, and found that he had been unconsciously walking over a pit which had been dug to catch an elephant, and had fallen through. With some difficulty his friends succeeded in helping him out again, and he was not hurt. It is sometimes intended to kill the elephant, in which case a pointed stake is fixed in the pit, which pierces the poor creature by his own weight in his fall, and puts him to death in a very painful and cruel manner. Through the good providence of God, this had not been done in the pit into which my friend fell. The imitation of the natural ground must, however, have been very complete, to have deceived eyes as sharp as his. But it is only when the wild elephant is troublesome, in destroying the crops, that the natives wish to kill him, for he is far too valuable an animal to be wantonly destroyed. The natives usually wish to take him alive, and the pit is not a good method of doing this, for, if not deep enough, he can get out, and if so deep as to prevent his escape, he is liable, from his great weight, to hurt himself in his fall, so as to be useless afterwards.

The method in most general use for taking them alive is the snare. By this method whole herds of elephants are frequently caught at once. A very large piece of ground in the forest is enclosed, trees and all, by fixing large stakes in the ground, and binding them strongly together, and placing other stakes as props or buttresses. This process, when done on a large scale,

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sometimes occupies thousands of people for months, and, when all is ready, the elephants are driven in. But it is not an easy thing to drive them in: it sometimes occupies several months to do so. They are driven in by fear, which is produced by fire and *noise*, but chiefly by the latter.

In Isaiah xxiv. 17, 18, the *noise* of the fear is particularly mentioned; and a frightful clatter it is that the hunters make, with drums, shoutings, and every practicable method of producing a dreadful din, and distracting tumult and uproar. Indeed, the success of the scheme is attributable entirely to the distraction produced by the noise of the fear. If the elephants could exercise their ordinary sagacity and strength, they could easily break down the fences, and escape; but they are paralyzed and stupified by the noise, and, escaping from an imaginary danger, run into a real one, and are taken. How aptly, then, does this emblem represent the state of men who have forsaken God, until they have provoked him to forsake them. However sagacious and however strong, their shrewdness and strength will not help them, if God has left them to themselves. The same emblem may represent, to some extent, the present state of the heathen. They are afraid of their false gods, flee from an imaginary evil, and, falling into the snare of the devil, are taken captive by him at his will. But there is this difference, that God has not left them to perish. He calls upon us to send the Gospel to them, by which they may be delivered from vain fear, from the snare of the devil, and from the bottomless pit. Whose fault will it be if they perish for lack of knowledge? At whose hands will God require their blood?

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"STAY AND TEACH US."

A MISSIONARY'S son narrates the following expedient used by the natives of an island in the South Seas to detain the Missionary and his family—

"As soon as it was rumoured that we were going, there was no small stir amongst the people. Why should we leave? Why not stay and teach them? They would do any thing my parents asked them to do. Finding that persuasion availed nothing, they declared they would keep us by force. Here was a fix. After a good deal of expostulation, the chiefs agreed, very reluctantly, to let us go. The day of departure came. The boxes and goods were all put on board, and we all started for the beach to get into the last boat. But many hindrances were put in our way.

"One old woman would insist upon selling my mother some eggs, to keep us from going down to the beach. We got rid of her at last, and came down to the shore Then everybody would shake hands and make a farewell speech, simply to cause delay. But my father now insisted upon our being put into the boat. At this moment one of the natives got hold of the little baby, and the fellow coolly walked off, saying, 'They will never go without the baby, so I will run off with the baby.' Imagine my poor mother's alarm and distress when she saw the native running off with her baby. The 'hue and cry' was raised in a moment, and the man had to return and surrender the child to its mother."

Such an incident shows the desire of the heathen to receive Christian instruction. Shall we withhold it? Rather, as "good stewards," let us freely give what we have freely received.

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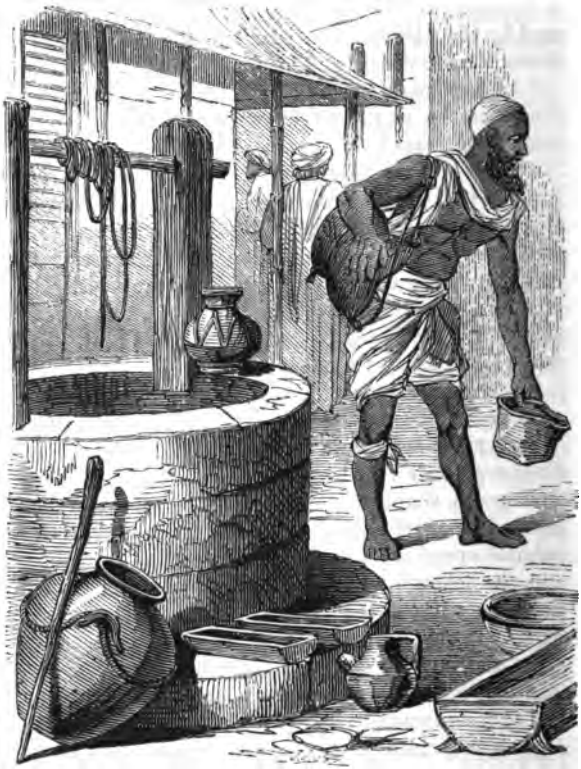

THE VILLAGE WELL AT KULAKATTAKURICHI.

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TINNEVELLY.

SIVAGASI DISTRICT.

NEWS of the progress of the work in Tinnevelly is always welcome, we believe, to our readers. The Bishop of Calcutta has written a letter, in which he describes a visit to that interesting locality. We quote from his letter—

"You may be desirous to know what a traveller actually sees in Tinnevelly. Many things remind him at once of a flourishing English parish. There is a church; there is the Missionary's bungalow, standing in a pretty garden, and generally provided with a capital swimming-bath; there are schools for boys and girls; and there are the native cottages, often laid out in regular streets, with a large tree in the middle of the village, under which the 'headmen' administer justice.

"Twice a day in each church a short service is held. The morning worship is chiefly attended by women, as most of the husbands are then climbing the palmyras; and the evening by men, whose wives are then preparing the family dinner. But on Sunday all attend, and the sight is most impressive and encouraging. Take Mengnanapuram for an example. On the floor are seated 1400 dusky natives, the catechists and schoolmasters dressed in full suits of white, the poorer men wearing waistcloths only; the women often in gay, but not gaudy colours; the schoolchildren massed together in two squares, attentive, kneeling during the prayers, joining heartily in the responses, and listening eagerly to the sermon. The sermon is often broken up into a catechetical form. "Can you finish that text for me?" inquires the preacher; or, "What did I say would be

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the second head of my sermon?' and an answer is given in full chorus from that part of the church to which the question is addressed. Moreover, the more intelligent of the congregation keep up their attention by writing notes of the preacher's words, with their 'styles' on strips of palmyra leaves. When we add that the singing is admirable, soft, melodious, reverential, and accompanied by an excellent harmonium, we shall convince you that a service at Mengnanapuram impresses a visitor."

This account is very cheering, and moves us to cry, "Let us give thanks unto our Lord God."

Sivagasi District.

This important district is under the pastoral care of the Rev. R. R. Meadows, and the Rev. J. Cornelius and the Rev. V. Devanayagam, native clergymen. A large body of native catechists assist them in the ministry to Christian congregations, or in preaching the Gospel to the heathen, and there are many churches and school-houses.

Mr. Meadows, in a recent letter, speaks of much disappointment, and many trials. The professing Christians, being few in number in any village, compared with the heathen residents, are often sorely tempted to conform, for the sake of worldly advantage, to heathen customs. Whilst God gives many grace to withstand temptation to evil, others, to the Missionary's great grief, "fall away." From Kulakattakurichi Mr. Meadows writes—

The catechist is in great trouble about getting water, and as his case illustrates a very common position of

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affairs, I will give it in full. Most of the houses in the village are high-caste Naicks: he and his people are Pariahs. All the water in the neighbourhood is brackish: the village well is the only fresh-water well within a distance of several miles. It is in an open thoroughfare in one of the streets inhabited by Naicks. But of course, although dogs and cattle are allowed to drink of the water, and persons are found to draw water into the trough for them, Pariahs and other low-caste people are forbidden to get water. The catechist, for the last five years, paid persons to give him a pot or two a day for drinking purposes; but for the last eight months the people have prevented it, or else the individual who thus served him has left. He can now get water in no other way than by asking any Naick for whom his wife may chance to work to give him a pot of water. On examining the well, its positions, &c., I noticed two little troughs (if two rough sticks, badly scooped out, can be called troughs), into which water is poured for Pariahs, if perchance any one condescends to have pity upon them. Under one was a pot, which had been there probably half the day, waiting till some one should have compassion on its owner. Such is the unfeeling nature of caste, to which the oppressor and oppressed cling with a tenacity from which no persuasion or suffering can separate them."

Truly we may say "There are many adversaries," and yet the Lord is mightier than "the enemy." We hope one day to read of a congregation at Kulakattakurichi as devout, attentive, and sincere, as the one at Mengnanapuram.

(*To be continued.*)

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AFRICA.

THE following letter is from a daughter of Bishop Crowther—

Lagos, June 9th.

MY DEAR MISS LANFEAR,—I promised in my last to give you a longer account of the Niger Mission by this mail. My father has been to Sierra Leone to seek for Christian teachers, both for the Niger and Bonny stations. Those for Bonny he brought away with him and passed on with them to their stations, where they are now pretty comfortably settled—a schoolmaster and his assistant. King Pepple had promised to go halves in the share of establishing a Missionary station in his country. Towards his promise he has given 75*l.*, 150*l.* being his share. With this 75*l.* my father has built a school large enough to contain seventy-five children, which is their present number. Forty-five of them have been examined by the bishop, and found able to say the alphabet correctly. They are now learning to spell words of two and three letters.

You will be pleased to know that the books, slates, and pencils from Reading are all they have had for use, so you can fancy how acceptable such presents to the Niger Mission will continue to be. A box from another part of England supplied the school with needles, thread, and thimbles. The bags from Reading, and the parcel from the two little girls, are to go up further —to Onitsha, Igara, Idda, and the Confluence; so, as it happens, we have not too many things yet, but I hardly like to intrude on your kindness. The jockey-cap sent in the last box is intended for a king: my sister, Mrs. Macaulay, is now covering it with beads and lace to make it look more fantastic. The red coats are all.

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packed up to go by the "Bayley." My father will tell you best how he disposes of them when he writes to you and Mrs. Malaher, which he considers as a debt justly due. I hope, when we get up the Niger, to take the entire charge of a girls' school. I shall from time to time call on Reading for bags, small-clothes, needles, pins, &c., to coax my poor benighted little friends to come to school. You cannot fancy, dear friend, the amount of good effect a little red bag can produce, or a little skirt or jacket; what tears they will dry up from not wanting to come to school. Old dresses are sometimes very useful for old women who cannot afford to buy. I could give out every old frock, skirt, or jacket, to our old people, who make coverings of them, and we have many aged people who come to church. I gave a skirt the other day to an old woman, and begged her particularly not to wear it out of doors, as it was too shabby to give to anybody. But what was my astonishment, three days after, to see the old lady coming with as many patches as there were holes on that very skirt. I turned round quite amused and said, "Nanny, why do you wear this clothes outside?" She answered, "Missis, me old, and if me wear patch clothes, no one will catch me." On further examination, I found she had spent three days patching up her "good, good clothes," as she calls them. I have now no more such to give away, and there are many who would be glad of them.

"You will be sorry to hear that a blockade has been placed on Abbeokuta: the people feel it, but the Governor will not give way till they submit. The road to Ibadan continues open. May the Lord do what seemeth good in his time! I shall leave Lagos with reluctance, and my old friends here, who often make

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me presents of parched corn and kola-nuts, and salute me whenever we meet. With much desire for your warmest prayers on my new attempt,

"I remain, dear Miss Lanfear,

"Very truly your's,

"JULIA THOMPSON."

HYMN.

LORD, send out Thy light and Thy truth,
For Thy Son's sake, who bled on the tree;
Holy Spirit, strive mightily now,
Make each one a meet temple for Thee.

O send out Thy light and Thy truth,
Blessed Jesus! the sinner's best friend;
Let the nations rejoice and be glad,
And sing praise to Thee, "world without end."

O send out Thy light and Thy truth,
Let it shine from the east to the west;
Let it brighten the north and the south,
That dark souls be new born to be blest.

Lord, send out Thy light and Thy truth,
Till our world from all sin is set free—
Till the love of Thee covers the earth,
As the waters now cover the sea.

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MODE OF DESTROYING LOCUSTS IN TURKEY.

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THE LOCUSTS.

GREAT distress has been caused in Palestine by the plague of locusts, which have visited the East. From Jerusalem, Nazareth, and other towns, the cry of famine has reached us, and many are assisting to relieve the distress of the hungry people.

Locusts of old comprised "God's terrible army," with which He visited for sins.

Let the following letter be read from our Missionary at Nazareth, the Rev. J. Zeller—

"*Nazareth, June* 13, 1865—The Lord has smitten this unfortunate land with the eighth Egyptian plague—the plague of locusts. Read Exodus x. 4—6.

"These words are strictly applicable to our present condition. The plains of Esdraelon, as well as the other plains of Palestine, were hitherto only infested with them, but now the young breed of locusts is spreading over the whole land, marching (not flying, for the young ones have no wings) out of the plain in immense columns, and destroying every thing. Proverbs xxx. 27—'The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands.' Three days ago the first army arrived at the vineyards south and west of Nazareth. The whole population of the town and villages turned out to protect at least a part of their property. The first day they succeeded, by keeping immense fires all round the vineyards. But the next day arrived the real army, and, in spite of the fires, the land was inundated as by a flood; and in a few hours gardens and vineyards were stripped of every green leaf, and even the prickly pears (cactus hedges) were attacked. The people had to take to flight. My vineyard and garden

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are utterly destroyed, though a number of men and all our schoolboys did their best to defend them. Since yesterday afternoon the locusts have poured into the town. It was a real war: the whole town was enveloped in clouds of smoke and dust, and the shouting was deafening. But every contrivance and all energy was in vain: the locusts covered the south part of the town, and attacked my house also. Since yesterday my people did their best to keep at least our court free, and since this morning even the ladies are working as hard as possible; but now every one is exhausted, and gives up the fight in despair. While I am writing this the locusts are covering my court, my roofs, and all the walls of my house, so perfectly, that we had to shut ourselves up in our rooms, and close every door and window carefully. But as often as the door is opened, a dozen jump in. The little garden in our house, and every flower, is destroyed. The whole country will soon be a desert. The necessary consequence must be famine and disease.

"*June* 14—New swarms of locusts have arrived to-day, and the whole country round is so thickly covered with them, that for the next week no relief from this horrible plague can be expected. To-day they penetrated into my rooms, and are marching over my table whilst I am writing. Many of the people have left their houses in despair, closing them as well as they could. The bazaars are shut, all business and commerce is suspended, and our schools are closed. Yesterday, also the beautiful gardens of Saphoore, which provide Nazareth with fruit and vegetables, were utterly destroyed by the locusts. In a few days not a single green leaf will be left round Nazareth. The people, depending at this time of the year mostly on the pro-

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duce of their gardens and fruit-trees, are deprived of their means of subsistence. The winter crops, consisting of wheat, barley, lentils, beans, &c., are greatly damaged, but the summer crops of Indian corn, sesam, cotton, &c., are quite destroyed. The only remaining provisions—corn and meat—are exceedingly dear: milk and oil are scarcely to be got."

May God, by these trials, move many to repentance, and "when his judgments are in the world, may the inhabitants thereof learn righteousness."

This visitation was not altogether unforeseen. Two of our Missionaries, in a tour through Asia Minor in 1863, write—

"At noon we halted at a Turkish farm, and had some conversation with its owner. He told us in all earnest that many locusts had been destroyed by the Imâms reading verses of the Korán over them. The locusts have committed great ravages for some years past. This year the Government has ordered steps to be taken for their destruction. Every individual is required to bring in a certain quantity. Accordingly, in some places nearly the whole population has turned out. They form themselves into parties; a sheet or carpet is spread out, and into this the locusts, which at this season can only hop short distances, are swept by means of brooms or branches (*see Picture*). They are gathered into bags, weighed, and afterwards buried. The Turks are very much opposed to this wholesale destruction of animal life. It goes against their ideas of fate. At Cassaba we were told that the Mohammedans say, 'Oh, it is all very well to collect these locusts; but those who do so do not know that after

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them comes an old man with a white beard (Mohammed) who sows them broad-cast.'"

But in spite of all these precautions, the locusts have multiplied, and covered the land. Let us pray that God may be pleased in judgment to remember mercy, and to cause many to hunger, not only for "the bread that perisheth," but for that which "endureth unto eternal life." "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

No. XI.

Matt. xiii. 25, &c.—"While men slept his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way."

NEAR one of the Mission stations, which I once occupied, there was some waste land, a portion of which adjoined the Mission land. This waste land belonged to the Government, and had not been cultivated for so many years, that the Government issued a proclamation, that any portion of it should be given to any one who would undertake to cultivate it. I applied for that portion of it which joined on to the Mission land, and it was granted to me for the Church Missionary Society. I had it sown with a particular kind of seed, which, if I remember aright, was called "yerllu." After it had grown to be a few inches high, a person in the employ of the Mission came to me one morning and

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said, "Sir, did you not sow yerllu in your field?" I answered, "Yes." He continued, "How is it, then, that there is 'samipier' growing in it?" I asked him whether there was not both yerllu and samipier growing together, and he said that there was, and that some enemy must have sown the samipier at night. The practice is so common in that country, that as soon as I heard what had been done, I knew that there was some one else intending to lay claim to the land which had just been granted to the Church Missionary Society. I will not describe the clever but wicked process by which a malicious person seeks to turn his hatred of his neighbour to his own advantage, by appropriating to himself the lands belonging of right to that neighbour, further than to say, that sowing another kind of seed over that which the rightful owner had sown is generally a part of it. It is not always, however, the result of mere malice, for persons having a real claim to disputed lands will often do the same thing. Whatever the motive may be, the immediate object is to prove a claim to the land, and to get possession of it. I found out the person who had done it, and applied without delay to the Court to have his claim investigated. The Court decided in favour of the Mission, awarded to it the land and all that there was upon it. Thus the yerllu and the samipier belonged to the Mission; and when the harvest came I did what I thought best for the Mission with both. In the parable the field is the world. It belongs to God; but Satan lays claim to it, and wishes to gain possession, and to do as he likes with all the inhabitants. He calls himself the friend of this world, and claims the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them. But the Lord Jesus has the rightful claim, and power to maintain it. He will do as he pleases at the

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time of the harvest. All who are then found to be the children of the wicked one He will deliver over to be burned, and gather the righteous into his Father's kingdom. What a solemn truth this is! and it is rendered still more so by a consideration which is not illustrated in the parable. There is no process by which tares can become wheat; but there is a way by which the children of the wicked one may become the children of the kingdom. Christ is that way. By receiving the Gospel of Christ, and believing in Him, the heathen may become Christians, and be translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Every child can help in sending that Gospel to them. Who will refuse or neglect to do so?

THE LAST SIXPENCE.

THE subject of the following brief sketch died six years ago. From early childhood he evinced deep interest in the cause of Missions, which was strengthened by his mother's reading to him stories from the "Green Book," also from the best of books, the Bible. Often would tears roll down his cheeks while she read to him the sweet story of the cross. After these readings she would say to him, "George, will you not spare your pennies to help to send Missionaries to the poor little black children in heathen lands?" He would eagerly answer, "Yes." He not merely promised, but practised. When money was given to him as a reward, part of it always found its way into the Missionary-box. In the Yorkshire village near which he lived there is an annual Missionary Meeting held in the parish church. Before the eventful day arrived great was the anxiety manifested by George as to the contents of the box: he

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would raise it in his hands, test its weight, and say, "I wonder how much it will contain; I fear not so much as it did last year." After its return from the Meeting he was generally the first contributor for the forthcoming year. One day, after searching every pocket, he turned to his mother, with a beautiful smile on his countenance, and said, "Here, mother, take it, it is my last sixpence: put it in the Missionary-box.' And it proved to be his last. In a few days after this he sickened and died; and the youthful Missionary of twelve years went to dwell with the redeemed above, where, around the throne of God, thousands of children stand. The mother of George still keeps her Missionary-box: her interest in it is deeper than ever, while she remembers her darling child gave his last sixpence to it; and year by year, as the box is made up for the Meeting, contributions for the absent one are deposited in it.

Dear readers of the "Green Book," will you not imitate the example of George, and give, not only your pence, but your sixpences, to the cause of the Saviour who loved you, and who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." J. S.

"IDOLATRY."

"I KNEW a company of chucklers (shoemakers), living near Bangalore, who wanted a god to worship. What do you think they did? They made an immense pair of shoes, put them on a stone altar, burnt incense to them, and bowed down before them. Perhaps the shoes were as proper gods as the idols of wood or stone, or the idol 'gold,' which the universal world adores, and which, alas! so many Christians worship."

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WORSHIP OF THE HEATHEN GODDESS, MÁRIAMMAN.

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TINNEVELLY.

SIVAGASI DISTRICT.

(*Continued from page* 173.)

We continue our account of the opposition of Satan to the work of our Missionaries.

Mr. Meadows writes from Tottiapatti—

The goddess of small-pox.

There is a great feast here in honour or in fear of Máriamman. She is the goddess of small-pox. There is a saying here when a Christian dies of small-pox, "Máriamman has broken his neck." But when a heathen dies it is "Máriamman wanted some one to carry her flower-basket, and so she has sent for him." The present feast is to induce the goddess to send rain: all night there have been tom-toms and ceremonies. The person who is to speak out the oracle of the goddess is taken down to the river's bank, or to a well, besmeared, as to his forehead and throat, with saffron mixed with lemon-juice, which makes it blood-red. He is adorned with a gold band on his forehead, with a garland of flowers about his neck, and bells on his legs. Accompanied by loud, wild music and a crowd of people, he bears a vessel of water towards the temple, and places it before the earthen idol. Soon அருள், which we translate "grace," but which means the "influence of the god," comes on him, and he dances frantically. This is the time for the people to ask about rain, their sicknesses, &c. On the present occasion it was said that rain would fall in quantity in eight days. As I was writing these particulars, I observed eight vessels in which rice was boiling, arranged in a row before the

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temple; and musicians were playing the praises of the goddess inside. As I left, and had to pass the temple, there lay a sheep with its head lopped off, and another was standing there ready for the slaughter. (I need not say that on the eighth day afterwards there was no more sign of rain than there had been for days and weeks before.)

By such superstitions as these Satan holds the people in cruel bondage. The fear of the people for the gods they ignorantly worship is very great. Does any ill befall an inquirer after Christ, the heathen say, "It is the god you leave who troubles you," and this will often alarm a man so that he shuns the Missionary, and turns back again to the abominations of idolatry. Mr. Meadows writes—

At the catechist's class to-day I learnt that an inquirer, who had lost his first three children, went, or consented to let his wife go, to an astrologer, in the hope of saving the fourth. An inquirer in Madhamcoilpatti, where the cholera has been raging, has apostatized under the influence of fear. The heathen have built again the temple of Káli, which had fallen down, hoping thus to avert her wrath.

But all is not discouragement. Mr. Meadows must have rejoiced in spirit when he wrote—

Afterwards I went to see an old woman, who for about two years lived on our compound at Sachiapuram. It was truly touching to see how she received me. She almost tumbled out of her house in her eagerness to get to me. Then she stroked me all over, and laid her head upon my breast. "I have seen my father again," she repeated over and over again. There seemed

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no getting from her. I was accompanied by about fifty heathen, who could not fail to be struck, I think, with the sight.

From the report of the Rev. J. Cornelius, we learn that there are hopeful signs for the future—

I am glad to be able to say that the congregations have increased, not only in numbers, but also in grace and steadiness. I may safely assert that they have exhibited a greater abhorrence of that which is evil, and a greater desire to cleave to that which is good. Sincere Christians are growing in real piety, and are becoming more and more ripe for heaven; and those who are only nominally such are becoming more and more alive to the importance of securing a personal interest in the salvation procured for us by the eternal Son of God.

I have not forgotten constantly to set before them the importance of the subject of self-support. Besides what they gave in Sunday and sacramental collections, and in oil for lighting the churches, they have collected about 110 rupees for various religious purposes, and nearly twenty rupees for the *Masulipatam Relief Fund.* They are made to support their own poor, and, with one single exception, they have either built or repaired their own churches and the houses of their catechists and schoolmasters.

In three or four places large bodies of inquirers have placed themselves under instruction. I do not as yet wish to say any thing about them, as it remains to be seen whether they will remain stedfast or not.

A few chucklers in a village called Yelumitchankaipatti, near my house, have given me much encouragement. Though they have been Christians only the last

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two years, yet their sincerity, their diligence, and their earnest wish to have their children educated, have been such as to put to shame many Christians of long standing. One of them, a few weeks after he was baptized, was constantly begging me to admit him to the communion. When I asked him to wait a little longer, after a few more weeks he came to me with this argument, "Sir, how long am I to wait? I have been washed, must I not be fed? Do admit me, Sir, to the holy communion." Such earnest request could no longer be denied, and he is now a communicant.

Another family of Christians, in a small village called Dhurasamiapuram, has been the object of my especial care. This family, consisting of nine souls, has been baptized during the past half-year. The head of the family, an old man, has exhibited strong faith. He was suddenly taken ill with dropsy. His sight also began to fail. Under these circumstances his heathen friends who came to see him did all they could to persuade him to go back to heathenism. They even threatened to injure him and his family. But he made a good confession, and showed that his faith was founded upon the Rock of Ages. His language was that of Job, "Though He slay me, yet I will trust in Him." I was very much encouraged by this example of simple faith. This is indeed the faith which overcometh the world. May the number of such hidden ones daily increase!

In conclusion, I have now been more than five years an ordained minister of the Gospel, and feel much pleasure in being able to say that my delight in this work is increasing. I have not had much success, but I feel happy in the service of my Master. I feel certain that there are many in my division who have experienced that change of heart which is necessary for entering

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into the kingdom of heaven, many who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. At times I feel discouraged at the little success I meet with in my ministry, but the Saviour's command is explicit, and I can only say, "Nevertheless, at Thy word will I let down the net," not doubting that He who called me to be a "fisher of men" will, through me, enclose a great multitude of fishes. I cannot, however, close this short account of my labours without earnestly requesting the Committee and other Christian friends, who pray for the coming of God's kingdom, to remember me and my work in their prayers.

THE TORN TRACT.

In Assam, which is a country in the East Indies, a little girl, who for two years had attended the Mission school, came one day to tell her teacher the sorrow she felt for sin. A few days after, as she was going to the school-house, she picked up a torn leaf of a tract, which contained an invitation to sinners to trust in the atoning blood of Christ. She read it again and again, and showed it to one of her school-mates, saying, "What beautiful words!" She carefully laid up the torn leaf, and every day took it out to read. By degrees her soul found peace and hope, her fears fled, and she became a true Christian.—*Carrier Dove.*

THE PAST.

Another year is gone! What can we say of "the past?" Have we used the days that are gone to the glory of God, who made us and has preserved us? Surely we must say—writers and readers, old and young together—"O Lord, be pleased to pardon our lack of love, zeal, and service. O God, if spared to

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see another year, may our love to Thee increase, our zeal for the extension of Thy kingdom be enlarged, and our service be tenfold what it has been. O merciful Lord God, pardon and bless what we have tried to do for Thee, and give us the increase of faith, hope, and love for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

WELCOME, Christmas! welcome here,
Happiest season of the year!
Fires are blazing thee to greet;
Families together meet;
Brothers, sisters, circle round;
Loud is laughter's joyous sound;
For Old England loves to see
All her children welcome thee.

Welcome, Christmas! for thy voice
Calls upon us to rejoice;
Not with idle, foolish mirth,
Born and perishing on earth:
Far be that ungrateful thought,
Ours are mercies dearly bought—
Dearly bought, but freely given,
By the Lord of earth and heaven.

Fix we, then, on Christ our eye;
May we feel the Saviour nigh!
May we meet around the board,
All rejoicing in the Lord!
Be the Babe of Bethlehem near,
May His smile the season cheer!
And each gladdened heart and tongue
Join the angels' Christmas song!

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JANUARY.

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WINTER FISHING AT LAC LA RONGE. (*See page* 6.)

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NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

A HAPPY, a *very* happy new year, is our earnest wish for all our readers! Many, very many thanks to those of them who have kindly assisted in promoting the cause of Missions! May God incline their hearts, and give them grace and strength, in thankful remembrance of their great, yea, unspeakable privileges, to bear *more* fruit in the year they are now entering upon, to His praise and glory!

A *happy* new year! What a great deal is comprehended in the wish when uttered *from* the heart of a child of God, *for* a child of God. Health and prosperity in the best sense of the words; "that their *souls* may prosper and be in health:" that Jesus may be more precious; His cause dearer to their hearts; His service more thoroughly enjoyable: that He may give his angels charge over them; strengthen them for trial; comfort them in sorrow;—in a word, that He would

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make his grace abound towards them; withhold no good thing from them, make all things work together for their good! This, and nothing less, is the wish which we express *for you*, dear Christian friends and helpers; and so amazing is our heavenly Father's love, so unchanging his faithfulness, so sure of fulfilment are *all* his promises, for such rich blessings we can, and do, ask confidently.

But we dare not commence the new year with the words of deceit on our lips. *All* our readers, we have reason to fear, are not our "Christian friends and helpers." It is for "the children" we ask, and confidently expect, "the Father's" love. Dear reader, bear with us at this solemn season, if we ask, Are you a child of God? We ask not, Have you been baptized, or are you a Sunday-school teacher, or a district visitor, or a subscriber to the Missionary Society? You may be all these, and yet not one of God's children. Oh, can you lift up your eyes to heaven, and from your heart of hearts say, Abba, Father? If not, what mean you by sending the Gospel to the heathen? Every penny you collect or give is a witness *against* you, *not for* you. You are, by your conduct, mocking God. The traveller who knows the right road, and points it out to others, and yet walks not in it himself; and the sick man who knows of, and recommends to others, a certain cure for the disease with which he is afflicted, and will rather die than take it himself, you would pronounce *insane;* and are you not so? You have been taught from your

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earliest infancy the way—*the only way*—to heaven; and you profess to be so anxious about the welfare of other people that you give your money towards providing guides for *them;* and yet *you* are not walking in the right way yourselves. You know of a Physician who can heal all who seek His aid, and have no doubt of His power and willingness to do it for others; and yet, though you know, and some of you confess, that "from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head you are full of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores," *you* go not to Him. Who so insane as you?

The grand object of the Church Missionary Society is to win souls for Christ, be they won at home or abroad. Oh, what can we say to win your's? We want your *hearty* co-operation, and to be sure of it we must have you among "the children." We would that one and all should begin the new year with *new hearts;* and for the greatest of blessings we bid you *earnestly* "ask"—"seek"—"knock." Sure we are, that asking thus you shall have; seeking thus you shall find; knocking importunately the door shall be opened. Nay, further, we are confident that the result will be a happy new year to all; and, still further, that all our readers, thus blessed, will become blessings, and dispense blessings far and wide, at home and abroad.

Dear readers, we again wish all of you

A Happy New Year!

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A WINTRY SCENE.

A MISSIONARY thus describes what our artist has endeavoured to depict in the frontispiece. It is a scene in Rupert's Land, at the English River.

"Paid a visit," writes the Missionary, "to Lac la Ronge fishery. It was a fine day, and the track good, and so we were soon bounding along, drawn by our dogs, to the sound of merry bells. Soon we descried figures moving far out on the lake. They were the fishermen overhauling their nets. Eight nets had been placed in the water two days ago, and now the number of fish taken out is 500 odd. Each net is forty fathoms long." The method of setting is as follows—

"A large hole is chiselled out in the ice about a couple of yards in diameter, and another at the distance of the length of the net; intermediate holes are then made of small size about the distance of the length of a pole which is cut from a neighbouring wood; a cord is fastened to the end of this pole, and it is passed under the ice from the large hole at the end by the intermediate holes to the other large one; then the cord is taken up by a boy, and the men, having the net prepared at the other hole with floats and stones attached, tie the end of the cord to it, and, as the boy hauls, drop stone and float regularly into the water until the net is stretched to its fullest extent under the ice. To overhaul the net of course the process is reversed. The men go out early in the morning, and, making a shelter with poles stuck into the snow and a part of a leather tent hung over them to windward, break the ice which has formed during the night, and haul back the net with its line,

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throwing out the fish as they come to hand. The number taken in this way may astonish our friends; but when it is remembered that at times it takes as many as 150 fish per day to supply the station, and about 6000 have to be put in ice for the spring supply, these numbers are not so large, for at times only about 100 to 150 are caught in one night."

A REAL JUVENILE WORKING PARTY.

How often do we hear little children say, "When I am bigger *I* will work for the Missionary Basket; I have got a collecting-box now, but there is very little in it."

Now, my little friends, if you will listen to me, I will tell you how some children that I know have contrived to earn some money for their box; and then, perhaps, some of your friends will help you to do the same.

In the month of May 1865, a friend and I agreed to spend a week in a large city in the West of England. On our arrival at our lodgings, we found the following note waiting for us—"Miss M. G. and Miss B. are invited to attend the Juvenile Missionary Working Party, which will be held in the schoolroom at —— on Monday next, at ten A.M."

We were ten miles off; but, happily, another little note accompanied it, from Mrs. ——, saying, that as it would give the children much pleasure if we could join them, she thought the best way would be to take the early train, and come to breakfast.

We were neither of us strong, and both of us very tired with our journey, but we agreed to try and rest as fast as we could; for I can tell you Aunt Mary was very anxious that her friend should become acquainted with her little pets.

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The 29th May was a lovely morning. We left at half-past seven; and half an hour's journey by rail brought us to our destination. At the station two of the juveniles were waiting for us, with their governess. A few minutes' walk brought us to the house, where a hearty greeting from all the family welcomed us. Breakfast was ready. There were a few lessons to be said afterwards, but these were quickly done; and at ten A.M. we were invited to proceed upstairs to the schoolroom.

You will like to become acquainted with the children by name. First, comes Charlotte, then Atwood, then Mary, then Constance, and, last of all, little Edith. All being provided with places, Atwood ran down to ask papa to come up, and lead in singing.

After this, the work was taken out, and every one provided. The little people were each in the middle of working something. Charlotte was working a cover for a pincushion in wool-work, double cross-stitch; Mary, another in the plait-stitch; Constance was doing cross-stitch; and little four-year old Edith was trying to darn in stripes with wool and canvas. She was very anxious to do it quite right, two up and then two down. But I have left out Atwood. What will he say to me, for he comes No. 2. He was learning to knit with great assiduity. "Now, mamma, what shall Miss B. and Aunt Mary do?"

"Oh, I dare say we shall find something: they will finish off and trim for you."

There is always something to be done of this sort; besides, the little people now and then require some assistance. They get into difficulty, or they want to know what colour ought to come next.

After we had all set to work, Charlotte and At-

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wood repeated their texts. They each bring one of their own choosing, suited to the occasion. I dare say the others will do the same as soon as they are old enough. Then Mrs. S—— read a little story about Cain and Patsy, two little negroes.

Now I dare say you know that children will get tired if they have to sit still a long time at the same work; and so these children would get tired of their wool-work. A little change is pleasant. Edith cut up little pieces of wool and flannel very small to stuff a ball; and Mary and Constance enjoyed helping to fill a pincushion with bran; Atwood is learning to draw also, and we hope that he will soon be able to copy the braiding patterns for the workers.

Then there is singing at intervals, when each one may propose their favourite, for they learn to sing and work at the same time; and their mamma enters the texts in a little book, with the date, and that serves as a register of the working party. But I am sure you will want to know what becomes of the work. The things are all put in a box; and as there is nothing heavy or expensive, when the box is full, some fine half-holiday, the children take the box round to their friends, and try to sell them.

I was fortunate enough to be there again in September; and then it was selling time. The little people came home in high spirits. "Mamma, only think, Mr. H. bought the baby's pinafore. He says he shall give it away; and he has given an order for a pen-wiper, a nice, plain, useful one, for his study; and Mrs. M. wants me to braid two little mats for her, and she has given an order to Miss K. for six yards of tatting. Will you make me a pattern for the mats *directly*, please?" Very often some kind friend or other will

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send a little contribution of work for the box; and you have no idea how glad they are of a nice pattern of something simple, that little hands can make. The desire also to work very neatly, and to make *very pretty* things, has taken deep root. I have heard since that Atwood has made great progress in his knitting.

Now, I hope that this little account of what is really being done by little hands may encourage others to try and do the same. Two hours, once a week, is not too much to give, if you are in earnest.

AUNT MARY.

BISHOP CROWTHER'S CHURCH.

LETTERS FROM AFRICA.

Lagos, Jan. 20th, 1865.

DEAR MRS. MALAHER—

I have received your letter, and the supplies you have kindly sent from your juvenile and other contributors. You will remember the former brief account I gave of the use I made of some of them at Idda and other places on the Niger. Now I must add a further detail of their distribution. Your young friends will, no doubt, have heard something of a place called Whydah, a notorious slave-trading town in the Bight of Benin, in the Dahomey country. A coloured gentleman, who has lately introduced lawful commerce at Whydah, has also established a school for children, and he was very much in want of school materials. When this was made known to me at Lagos, I at once sent him some slates and pencils, sheet lessons, and other elementary books, which were supplied me from Reading. Again, on the 29th of March last, when I was going to open a new Mission at Grand Bonny, on the Bight of

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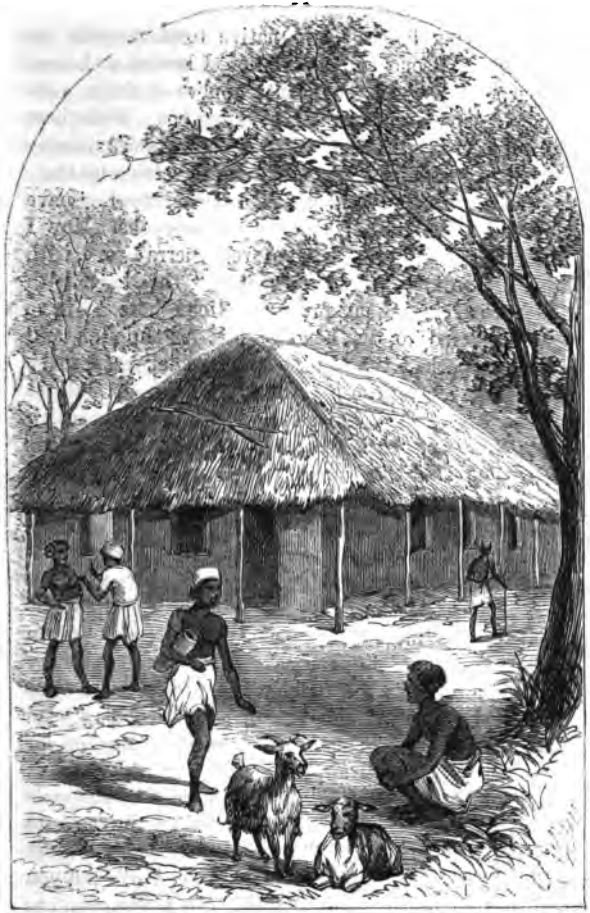

BISHOP CROWTHER'S CHURCH, GBEBE.

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Biafra, having brought two native teachers with me from Sierra Leone for that station, I landed at Lagos, on purpose to take in sufficient supplies of slates, pencils, and copybooks, from the Reading box. With these school materials, and especially from Simpson's Sunday School Primer, about fifty children are getting up their lessons in that new school. Additional supplies have since been sent in the shape of reading-books. Now I am on the eve of starting again from Sierra Leone, with a band of native-Christian teachers for the Niger, with a view of extending our present stations there. I have again resorted to the Reading box for supplies, and have now packed the whole up in a small case, to be distributed among the schools of our different stations up the Niger. You will thus see what an extensive use we have been making of these supplies. Now about wearing apparel and bags. As soon as we have suited the fancy of the chiefs who sanction the establishment of ourselves amongst them, we then are most anxious to consider the comfort and improvement of their subjects. Except on special occasions, when presents are needful for particular chiefs, common and cheap materials are the most useful—such as cotton cloths, in various lengths, plain or checked, and if printed, they are the more welcome. Remnants of cloths, or what are called fents, are very useful, and go a long way. They can be used as covers for the shoulders, or for head-bands, or as wrappers round the body. If of woollen cloth, they can be made into caps by the male converts. A few bags are always useful for the converts to carry their books in. The red coats are sure to catch well. I am taking them up with me, and will tell you their use on my return. The leathern jockey-cap has been got up in grand style for the king of Idda, who will

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fancy such a cap. This is a rare case, and we try to humour their fancies: whereas, perhaps, another chief would not fancy the same thing. I hope these hints will be a guide to you to supply what will generally be the most useful to us. The scrap-books are most amusing. The alphabets prepared by your son in little boxes are very useful. I sent a number of them to Grand Bonny, and I am taking more with me to the Niger. The chart falls to the share of Mr. Macaulay, being more suitable for the use of the grammar school. So there is nothing lost or lying idly unused amongst us. I must close this hurried letter, which, however, is better than not writing till my return from the Niger. May the Lord own his work, and prosper us.

With kind regards,

I am yours sincerely,

S. A. Crowther.

The Parsonage, Regent, Sierra Leone,
Aug. 19, 1865.

My dear Miss Lanfear,—

I ought to have written to you by the last mail, but my hands were full. I have just completed the repairs of my house and the school, a troublesome work in a colony like ours, where you must look into every thing, or nothing is done. We must thank you for a large scrap-book of pictures for the amusement of our school-children. I took it into the school, and you should have seen the happy faces of the dear little ones beaming with delight. We have made it a rule in the school that none but attentive, well-behaved children shall be allowed to see the beautiful prints in the book. Late comers, and those who play truant, will be shut out. It had a good effect among them. We have 148 on the

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register, and 96 average attendants. The girls are instructed by Mrs. Nicol two hours daily in needlework and crochet. My work is steadily progressing in the parish. I am thankful for the encouragement vouchsafed me, but I long for more spiritualmindedness and deep, earnest piety among the young people, who now form a large portion of our congregation. Whilst the old are generally steady, the rising generation are worldly, trifling, and backward in the support of the good cause. I mention this to show you what are our trials and difficulties. It is not all smooth work. We have to combat against the worldliness, the covetousness of the human heart. Still the Lord has not left us without encouragement. I have a few earnest, devoted young men, who are working up the Sunday school. One of them is the superintendent. He has given me great encouragement. His name is John Morgan. I should be so pleased if, when you are sending to us, you would put in a little book for him, and a few tracts for his scholars, with his name on it. It will do him good, and will enable him to realize what I have often told him of the interest of Christian friends on our behalf, and the advancement of God's work and glory. In the repairs of the school many come forward willingly with their subscriptions. The weekly collections of my people towards the Pastoral Fund amounts to about 5*l.* every month, beside other small sums for different local objects. For the quarter ending March they subscribed for local Missionary and other objects, 31*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.*, and for June quarter, 39*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*, all the free contributions of purely liberated Africans, who, some thirty or forty years ago, were landed, for the most part, destitute and naked from the holds of slave ships. Worldly men, such as Captain

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Burton and others, may cavil, and doubt, and demur, but enlightened Christian men will join us in saying, "The Lord hath done great things, whereof we are glad." The elevation of Dr. Crowther to the episcopate is another signal triumph of the simple teaching of the Gospel of Christ in Africa.

Will Captain Burton and his associates tell us that Mohammedanism can effect this, and raise a slave to the position of a man, and, more than that, a useful Christian? We think not. May you all, dear friends, be encouraged to pray and labour for us, and for the success of the Missionary cause in all parts of the world! In due time we shall reap, if we faint not. Our Bishop is gone to Madeira with his family, for a change. They are expected back in October.

Pray for us, and believe me ever,

Yours truly,

GEORGE NICOL,

Son-in-law to Bishop Crowther,
and native pastor of Regent, Sierra Leone.

A box will be sent out to Bishop Crowther in April. Warm clothing and other suitable things will be gladly received by Mrs. Malaher, 1 Russell Street, Reading.

LETTER TO A MISSIONARY'S FATHER.

TO THE SUPPORTERS OF THE POOR—PEACE BE WITH YOU.

SIR,—This is my request—that your dear son has arrived at Peshawur for the work of Christ, and I am sure that you are very sorry for your parting with him, because I am told that you have no other son. And likewise your son, our religious leader, is always very sorry for his being parted with you, the affectionate father. But I am sure that, through him, many of the

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people of this country, who are in darkness, shall receive light; so I wish you to pray for him to God to give his perfect health and good soundness of body.

I beg to assure you, that although you suffer grief from his separation, yet you will have a great reward in heaven in its stead.

My dear Sir, although I have never seen you in my life, yet I hope you will always think me your well-wisher, and also hope that you will remember me; and if I be of any service to you, I hope you will write to me about it, which I will do with all my heart and soul.

With my humble salaam to yourself and family,

Your devotee,
FAZLI HAGG AFFGHAN,
April 18*th*, 1865. Pupil in the P.M.S.

THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a *little* longer wait,
But *how little*, none can know.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew,
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless Thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

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IDOLS AT PAU-TING-FU, CHINA.

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PAU-TING-FU AND ITS IDOLS.

PAU-TING-FU is a large city in China. It has lately been visited by some English Missionaries, who give a sad account of the condition of its heathen population. After describing the manners and customs of the people in their own homes and in public, they tell us about their religion.

"After visiting many temples," they write, "we entered an immense temple, covering, with its buildings and courts, a couple of English acres. One would need pages to describe such a place. The large front court has two buildings, verandahed, run along its sides, in each of which are twenty-seven clay figures, much larger than life. They are in groups of three figures each. The centre one is supposed to be one of the presiding gods of hell, while the two in front of him represent, the one a scribe, holding a scroll containing the record of some guilty mortal's crimes, and the other an executioner, or tormentor, whose duty it is to seize and punish. The faces of these *constables* were dreadful to behold."

How sad a prospect for the poor Chinaman who believes what the priests of this religion teach him! Alas! that he knows not, that though there is a hell and a record against him of many sins, yet there is One who gave Himself to be a propitiation for sin.

The writer continues—

"In the second court the most curious things were the crowds of figures in some of the rooms in which they worship the goddess who is believed to have power to avert or to heal that terrible Chinese scourge, the

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small-pox. In one corner there is a sort of house, and a female figure is coming out of the door offering medicine. On all sides are children in every stage of the disease, many of them hideous objects, little clay images, painted, one would think, from nature."

A god manufactory is thus described—

"Numbers of clay gods, in various stages of progress, were ranged around. Some were as yet headless, while others were lacking arms or legs. A good number possessed, for heads, a lump of earth bound up with wisps of straw, which, when dry enough, would be the basis on which some hideous mask would be stuck; while the rest of the rude framework is hidden by a mass of gaudy colouring and flimsy robes. How strange that men can bow down and worship that which they have thus seen formed out of the coarsest materials! The bystanders are always ready to laugh at the gods; but 'It is the custom to worship, and *they* cannot give it up: their *fathers* did it,'—an all-sufficient argument with Chinamen."

What a gloomy picture this! There is in this part of China no regularly-established Mission yet. Our young friends and other helpers must increase their exertions, or none can be undertaken. And are they not anxious to welcome a resident Missionary. Thus one writer concludes—

"The throng of cheerful faces which bade us farewell did one good. 'Again see—again see.' 'Won't you come soon?' 'I hope so, and bring plenty of books.' 'But when? when?'"

Ah! when? when? The answer depends not on the Missionaries, but on us.

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LETTER FROM PEKING.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

Shall I introduce you this morning to each of our little scholars separately? Here is the first little girl who was received into the school: she is now twelve years of age. Her name is Shu-urh: it means "plain," or "unornamented." She is the daughter of a Manchu soldier, and she and her whole family were begging in the streets, when one of our servants persuaded her mother to allow her to come to school. The soldiers here do not live together in barracks, but they receive a small pension every month, and live wherever they can. Their money is scarcely sufficient for a single man to live upon, and Shu-urh's father had a wife and five children to feed, so they were all obliged to beg their rice, and had scarcely rags enough to cover them. Poor little Shu-urh was very thin, and very, very dirty: I do not think she had been washed all the winter; you would scarcely have known her again after she had had a warm-bath, and was dressed in her new, clean clothes. You would have felt glad too, as I did, to see how much she enjoyed her warm supper. She is not a very bright little girl; but she is obedient and attentive, and I have seen her eyes glisten with tears while I have been talking to her about the Lord Jesus loving us, and dying for us. I hope she will grow up a Christian woman, even though she may not be a very good scholar.

Another little girl was brought by her old grandmother on the same day. She is quite a different child in every respect: her name, Hsiu-urh, is as opposite as her appearance, for it means "ornamented," or "elegant;"

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and she was a fat, rosy, little girl, of about ten years old. Her grandmother had taken as much care of her as she could, and she was warmly clad.

She has learnt much faster than Shu-urh, and is a pleasant child on the whole, though the schoolmistress often complains that she is inattentive to her work, and she does not seem to feel so much as Shu-urh. She is very fond of singing, and would feel it a great punishment to be deprived of her lesson.

The next girl who came was an orphan, about twelve years old, a Manchu. She has no name but Urh-ko, "No. 2." Urh-ko is a bright, sweet-looking girl, one of my most hopeful pupils, and as she is quick at her book, I trust she may be a teacher when she is old enough. She is a very painstaking, patient girl, and is learning to knit stockings.

The two next girls came at first as day-scholars; but as they had a long distance to walk, I felt uneasy about them, and invited them to spend a month at the school; they were so happy during that month, that they have stayed there ever since. The elder named Nu-urh, or "girl," is thirteen: she has a good, kind mother, the widow of a Manchu bannerman, or soldier. She did not know a letter when she came to school; but her mother taught her to sew and to make shoes so neatly, that she has been quite a help in teaching the younger ones to work, and can now knit and embroider in coloured silks tolerably well. She is a very steady, well-behaved girl, and very neat and orderly. The other children look up to her and call her "Ta-tsie," "eldest sister." It was quite amusing to see them when she came back to school after a few days' holiday. The girls were all at my house. She came into the room with her brother, and courtsied to me; then all the others rose to receive

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her, each made a low courtesey to her, and saluted her as "Eldest sister." The other little girl, whose name is also Nu-urh, "female child," or "girl," has both parents living. The father has been baptized, and is employed in the London Mission hospital; but her mother, who is a very industrious woman, says that she has no time to be taught. This child is only ten, and her father has promised, in writing, that she study for six years. She is bright and quick to learn, but rather forward and giddy, so you see there is just as much difference among Chinese as English schoolgirls. She is a pretty child, and likes to be praised for industry; but, like many little girls at home, she makes a great talk about what she is going to do, instead of setting to work quietly and steadily. As she is quite young, I hope she will improve, for she is a sensible child about some things.

Yue-chen, whose name means "virtuous gem," and Shih-t'ou, a "stone," are supported by Miss Smith, who also teaches the little girls arithmetic. When Yue-chen first came she was a very rough girl; but there has been a marked improvement in her behaviour: she is a Manchu, fifteen years of age. Shih-t'ou is a Chinese girl, twelve years old: she has only been with us a month, but seems a promising child. There are but two others—Ti-chen, also a new comer, eleven years old; and the youngest, the pet of the school, a plump little Chinese girl, eight years of age, who is provided for by a kind lady in Peking, Mrs. Williams, the wife of the Secretary to the American Legation. This dear little child is called Siaonu-urh, or "Little Girl:" she and her sister Tung-urh, came to the school soon after it was opened. Their parents were very poor and they had been half starved, and unkindly treated

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The elder sister was very dull; but she seemed an affectionate little girl.

One day their uncle came and begged me to let Tung-urh go home to see her mother, who was, he said, very ill. I told him he could take her for a few days; but when the poor child was called to accompany him, she was most reluctant to do so. She cried and sobbed, resisted when he attempted to lead her away, and at last, in an agony of distress, beat her head against the wall. I feared to let her stay, lest the Chinese should say that the children were not taught to obey their parents, so I reasoned with her, and made her a present of calico to take to her mother, and money enough to provide her with food for a few days, for I thought her unwillingness might proceed from the recollection of not having enough to eat in former times. But the poor child could not be comforted. At last she became quiet, and her uncle led her away, promising to bring her back after two days. But on the third day, instead of the poor little scholar, a parcel was sent, containing all her clothes, and the presents I had sent, and shortly after the father came himself. to ask for his other daughter, saying that she should soon return. Of course I could not trust his word. He had promised that they should both stay with me for several years, so I told him that, as he had broken his engagement, he ought to repay me the money I had spent for poor little Tung-urh. He was alarmed at this, and, after some further talking, he agreed, instead of bringing her back or paying for her, to bind her little sister to me for eight years; so I gave up the one, to secure the other. Siad-nü-urh is a very bright, lively little girl, with sparkling black eyes, and a good-tempered, smiling face. She learns more quickly than

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some of the older girls, and, as she has a long time before her, I hope she will be our best scholar. At the time her sister was taken away, the schoolmistress, who loves her very much, asked what she would do if she were taken. "I should call a cart, and come back," was her ready answer. I wish some of my little English friends could see her saying her long lesson, swinging from side to side as she repeats it. I have never had to return her the book because she did not know it. It would amuse you, too, to see her little fingers knitting so nimbly, and to hear her sing. She does every thing very heartily. I think I have omitted to tell you that the little girls are dressed in dark blue Chinese cotton cloth all the year, excepting the three hottest months, when they have little jackets and loose trowsers of thin, white English calico. Their blue dresses are long, down to their ankles, quite hiding their trowsers. In winter, all their outer clothes are thickly wadded. Their hair is generally plaited in one long braid down their backs, but when they go out it is tied up in a knot on one side of their heads, and a sprig of flowers stuck into the knots. Will you try to remember these little Peking maidens? and if you pray, dear little reader, as I hope you do, ask God to bless and teach them by his Holy Spirit, that they may be able to teach their poor dark countrywomen. And if any of you are able to help us to pay for more little scholars, we shall be glad indeed to add to the number of those taught. Can any of you, little friends, help me? If so, I shall not have been wasting my time in writing for you, and will try to think of something else to interest you another day. So for this time adieu.

From your affectionate friend,

HELEN J. COLLINS.

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RUPERT'S LAND.

Youcon is our most advanced station in North-west America, close on the limits of the Arctic circle.

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Here our Missionary, Mr. M'Donald, has been doing nobly, and been in labours most abundant. From his station the Gospel has been carried to the Esquimaux by converted and warm-hearted Indians. Peter, one of the *Gens du Largè* Indians, when with his fellows among the Esquimaux last year for the purpose of trade, undertook to speak to them of the Gospel. He says that they all listened reverently. When told by him that he would speak to them of God, they immediately took their caps off their heads, and paid great attention to what was said. They were delighted on hearing the hymns.

Mr. M'Donald had hoped soon to have visited these interesting people himself. Alas! his health has failed him. Exposure to the cold, and many hardships cheerfully undergone, so far enfeebled him, that he was compelled last year to leave Youcon. We hear this sad news from Mr. Kirkby, of Fort Mackenzie, of which station Youcon, though hundreds of miles distant, is an advanced post. "Oh that we had some one here," he writes, "to carry on this promising sphere of labour! A more interesting Mission we have not in the whole of the land. There is not a more anxious, submissive, and teachable set of Indians in the country."

Many hearts in England were moved to pray, "Lord, send some servant of thine to Youcon!" And God heard, and disposed the heart of the Rev. W. C. Bompas, a clergyman in Lincolnshire, to offer himself to the Society as a Missionary. The

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need of this distant station was suggested to him. He immediately closed with the proposal, and, within *three weeks* of his first offer to the Society, was on his way to North-west America.

Mr. Bompas has promised to write to some of his old Sunday-school children, and we hope to let our readers have a sight of his letters when they come. But we must wait a long time, for he has gone far, far away.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

FOR COLLECTORS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Have you not very often secrets whispered in your ears, with strict injunctions that they are by no means to be told to any one else? And have you not often found that these secrets are *not* worth knowing?

But I hope you will find that the secret I have to tell you *is* worth knowing, namely, *the secret of success in collecting*. Perhaps you know it, but have never tried it.

I am sure, if you are engaged in collecting for the Missionary Society, you well know the difficulties attending your work. You have doubtless met with some few refusals from those whose contributions you have asked for, and I venture to add, also, that you have met with some difficulties in yourselves. You are perhaps not always so anxious to obtain money. You miss opportunities of asking, and you then get impatient if not successful.

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I can understand all these difficulties, because I also am a collector.

Before setting out on your work, have you ever gone aside, where you could be alone, and knelt down to ask God's help? Have you ever asked Him to dispose the hearts of those whom you ask to give liberally, according as God has blessed them? If not, then I wonder that you have ever obtained any thing. Dear young friends, you have yet to learn that your own fancied strength is all weakness. *Prayer* is the secret of success, not only in collecting, but in *every thing else.* Will you not try it?

And I am sure that if your whole heart is not in the work, you will have no *desire* for help. Do just ask yourselves, *why* am I collecting? is it to please myself or Jesus Christ? There is often more of self-pleasing mixed with our efforts for others than we are aware of. If your own conscience tells you that you are really trying to please Christ, and doing *all you can* to send His blessed Gospel to those who are yet in darkness, then I am sure you will like to know and try "*the secret of success in collecting.*"

AUNT BERTHA.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

JESUS CHRIST did not hide from his disciples the truth that one of the tests of the fidelity of his followers would be the strength of their love to Him. "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me." In our own dear country we are not often severely tried in this way. This is partly owing to the fact, that most have an outward respect for religion, and partly because those who make light of it are not looked upon with favour by their neighbours.

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We are quite sure, however, that Jesus never said any thing which was unnecessary. He never excited fears which were groundless. He never suggested difficulties which could never occur. Hence we find that the Missionaries to the heathen meet with frequent illustrations of the force of those passages of Scripture which may seem to us somewhat strange. The one which has been already referred to received a striking illustration in the experience of one of the Missionaries of our Society in India. He had amongst his pupils two interesting young men, who had long impressed him with the idea that they were earnest inquirers after salvation. At length they were so convinced of the truth of Christianity, and so deeply affected by the power of the Gospel of a crucified Redeemer, that they asked to be received by baptism into the church of Christ. Before making this public declaration of their renunciation of a false religion, and of their belief in the Christian faith, they asked permission to visit their parents, and inform them of the step which they were about to take.

The Missionary had some misgivings when he gave his consent to this, because he knew how strongly their determination would be resisted by their relatives, inasmuch as to forsake the religion of their fathers was regarded as the most humiliating action which could possibly be taken. Still he gave permission, and they went. Whilst they were with their friends every effort was made to turn them from their purpose, but was made in vain. The mothers, when they came back, accompanied their sons, intent on making one attempt more to save them from an act which, as they considered, would brand them with lasting ignominy and disgrace. The day arrived when the solemn ordinance

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was to be administered. The Missionary had taken his place at the font. The two young disciples were by his side. They were just about to be named by that name which was to mark them as the soldiers of the heavenly King, when a scene ensued which it is difficult to imagine, and impossible to describe.

All the fond affection of a mother's heart was poured forth into the bosoms of their sons, who were about to be lost to them for ever. In passionate bewailings and bitter lamentations they besought them to pause ere they brought such disgrace upon their father's house. And when this failed to shake them in their resolution, they fell at their feet, and entreated them, with many tears, not to turn away from the deep yearnings of the hearts of those to whom they owed their earthly existence.

The trial proved too much for one, and he yielded to the solicitations of his earthly parent. But the other said, "Mother, I have ever been ready to obey your commands in every particular, but now I owe obedience to one who has higher claims on me than you have, and for whom I must give up even my father and my mother." The service was continued, and this youthful soldier admitted into the army of that great Captain of his salvation, the regulations of which he had so well understood, and so scripturally expressed.

Oh that the same fidelity may ever be observed in the conduct of those who, in a more highly-favoured country, and under less painful circumstances, have been numbered amongst the same band of soldiers, and have devoted themselves to the service of the same holy King!

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SOWING AND REAPING.

Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
Bnt wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,
A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread?
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow: while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it,
They will stir in their quiet sleep
And the green blades rise the quick
Perchance for the tears you weep.

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hand shall reap it,
Or if you shall pass away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow; and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears;
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

A. A. P.

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THE QUEBEC MISSIONARY TREE.

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THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

We have received the following account, with the accompanying photograph, from a kind co-helper in Canada—

There is a favourite spot several miles from Quebec bordering the mountain range, which commands a fine view of the distant city and vale of the St. Charles, at the east of which appears the Indian village of Lorette. Many years have passed since these wanderers of the Huron tribe first reached their present abode. Their wigwams, as well as the distinctive features of their once savage state, have disappeared; the skill they dis play in bark work, moccassins, snow-shoes of carrabo, and tabogins, which are much in request when the snow is sufficiently firm for sliding, has rendered the Indian village noted in the neighbourhood, and attractive to travellers generally. But in some respects, however, these children of the Red men are far behind a favoured portion of their brethren of the North-west, who are under the training of the Church Missionary Society.

These little remarks are made in consequence of our *twelfth Missionary-tree* having been brought from this pretty village.

Kind friends are thanked whose contributions have been gratefully received. Some there are who remember the Missionary-tree from year to year, and who never fail to bring their acceptable offerings.

The Missionary-flag was executed by a gentleman, twelve years ago, who now considers it a juvenile effort. The embossed markers hanging on the tree were made

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by a military friend, who has now left this station. Almost hid among the boughs are tiny carved baskets, the work also of a gentleman. That pretty case under the flag "India" was sent from Guernsey by another military gentleman. The bright autumnal tints have faded from the maple-trees, but a kind and skilful contributor has secured the crimson leaves, by furnishing some for the Missionary-tree.

There are silk and wool ties, cuffs and mittens, red, white, and blue, Missionary and other charades, Scripture illustrations, a variety of juvenile books and cards, dolls and sugar-plums; fancy mats, trimmings in crochet, tatting, and knitting; nets, pincushions, and needle-books; and on the table may be seen bouquets from Montreal, and sketches from the island of Orleans, moss and shell-work, worked slippers and dresses, baskets and photographs, and a bracelet in wood from the Mount of Olives, given by a clerical friend from Warwickshire, England, who brought it from Jerusalem, on a late visit to the Holy Land.

This little memento, from the spot where our blessed Lord enjoined upon his apostles the Missionary spirit and duties, should remind us of the privileges we are permitted to enjoy in having it in our power to assist others in sending the glad tidings of salvation to the dark regions of heathenism. "And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark xvi. 15.) How ought we to strive earnestly, as far as our opportunities admit, to be of the number of those who are endeavouring to obey the commands of our Saviour—"that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations?" (Luke xxiv. 47): that "all the nations of the earth shall be blessed." (Gen. xviii. 18.)

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Time's ebbing stream is flowing on,
The past months fade away;
Tell me, my soul, before we hail
Another New-year's day,

Hast thou remembered to repay
The gifts bestowed on thee;
Those talents from thy blessed Lord
He gave to thee and me;

That all who love the Saviour's voice,
And hear the wretched cry,
May to benighted heathen send
Relief from misery?

E. S.

Mount Pleasant, Quebec,
Dec. 1865.

We must add the account of "money received."

Missionary-tree	16	15	0
Subscriptions and Donations to Missionary-tree Fund	6	10	0
	23	5	0
Equal in English money to . . .	£18	12	3

We heartily thank our kind Canadian helpers.

THE UMRITSUR BOYS' ORPHANAGE.

THE following account of the Umritsur Boys' Orphanage has been sent us by the Rev. A. Strawbridge, who is unable to return to India to watch over this interesting work, which he was mainly instrumental in originating. The paper was drawn up by the Rev. W. G. Mallett, one of the Missionaries now at Umritsur.

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"At Umritsur we have established, in connexion with our Church Missionary Society, the only Boys' Orphanage of the Society in the Punjab. We number now thirty-one inmates, collected from all parts of the country, and of different castes and religions. The boys, when they first come amongst us, are of the most wild character; and so fierce-looking do they sometimes appear, that the propriety of placing them in the midst of our civilized orphans, who have been privileged to dwell under a Christian roof, and to receive that instruction which is able to tame the fiercest character, and to bring the wanderer safely into the fold of the Good Shepherd, is questioned. Amongst the thirty-one inmates there are boys of different ages, talents, and characters. Some of the boys are supported by our friends in England, and for this purpose we receive contributions from Clifton, Weston, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Clevedon, and Tewkesbury. Some are supported by friends in India. But, with all the help we receive, twelve boys are still unsupported, and of these twelve, one is totally blind. Some of our boys are getting useful now. One of them is training for a catechist; another is the *chowkedar*, or watchman, of the establishment; two are in service; two are with our Medical Missionary (Dr. Elmslie) in Cashmere, and are being taught medicine, in order to minister to those in need of the earthly physician; one is a teacher amongst the Musbees at Ferozepore; and last, but not least, three are being trained by Mr. C. J. Rodgers (of the Christian Vernacular Education Society), under our own Society, for teachers. The three last boys we hope to be able by-and-by to place in useful positions as teachers of their fellow-countrymen the Mission school. But what are the rest doing? The remaining boys are learn-

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ing in the school daily under our Bengalee Baboo. About half-past five A.M. all in the Orphanage, with several of the native Christians, meet for reading of the Bible and prayer under the care of the Rev. Robert Clark. From that time, for two hours, the boys work in the garden which is attached to the Orphanage, either digging up new ground, or tending and watching the plants and flowers already springing up. At ten, school begins, and continues till three. The school is divided into four classes. In the first class there are five boys, in the second two, in the third four, and in the fourth six. Two boys have lately joined us, and are not fit at present for any class. All are learning English. The boys in the first class are progressing very favourably, and, with the second class, read the New Testament. Besides Scripture, the first-class boys are hard at work at the Sequel to the Third English Book geography, arithmetic, and dictation. They are examined (and it is the same with every class) weekly by one of the Missionaries, who keeps an account of what they do and how their work is done. It will be well, perhaps, to give an account of one or two boys from each of the divisions. Before this is done, it may be interesting for our friends to know, that every Wednesday and Friday evening our orphan boys and girls (for we have a Girls' Orphanage as well, which pleads for help from England) meet the Missionaries and Mr. Rodgers (who kindly takes the superintendence of the singing) for the purpose of practising the hymns and chants used at our church service on the approaching Sunday. And now for our individual boys.

"William (supported by the Regent-Square Sunday-school) is with Mr. Rodgers (C.V.E.S.), preparing to be a teacher in one of our Mission schools. Naturally not

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very bright in intellectual powers, he is working satisfactorily, and, it is hoped, will become very useful by-and-by. He seems to be about thirteen or fourteen years of age, and is one of the tallest boys in the Orphanage.

"Joseph (supported by the Christ-Church Sunday-school, Clifton,) is working with William, and for the same purpose, under Mr. Rodgers. It cannot be said that he is gifted with any one great talent, but this is not at all to be wondered at, considering the disadvantages of early training, &c., under which our boys labour. Both Joseph and William were confirmed by our Bishop (Dr. Cotton, Calcutta), when he visited Umritsur, on the first Sunday after Easter of this year.

"John Weston (supported by Miss Germain, Weston,) is in our first class. He is a remarkably sharp boy, and, with careful training, will turn out very well. It is always a pleasure to look at John, he seems to be so contented and happy. His large, dark, sparkling eyes evidence that he is of an intelligent nature. John's former name was Buddha.

"George Clifton (supported by the Christ-Church Sunday-school, Clifton,) is in the fourth class, just beginning English reading. He is at the head of his class. He is carefully working, and, it is hoped, will soon be able to go up into a higher class. He is natually sharp, though his sharpness seems to have been blunted by former training.

"George Clevedon (supported by the Rev. G. W. Braikenridge) is in the same class. Of a restless disposition, it is difficult to get him at times to settle down to his books. He is getting on slowly, but surely, in all his work; and as he is rather of a precocious nature,

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it is hoped he will turn out well. His heathen name was Kesiri.

Istiphan Isai (supported by the Rev. F. J. Scott, Tewkesbury,) is also in the same class. He was formerly in the third class, but, owing to one or two fits of idleness, it was thought advisable to place him in his present position. He is a quiet little fellow, and is quite equal with those of his classmates who have been at English some months. His former name was Ahmed. These two last boys are not yet baptized, but they will be prepared shortly, and admitted into the outward membership of Christ's Church. May they, with all their schoolfellows, be true members of the Church militant, and finally attain to the membership of the Church triumphant!

"'Brethren! pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, even as it is with you.'

"'With this prayer we commend our work, ourselves, and those placed under our care, to the notice and Christian sympathy of our friends in England."

THE REV. THOMAS VINCENT, MOOSE FACTORY.

On the next page our young friends will see a portrait of the Rev. Thomas Vincent, a native Indian minister, now in charge of the Society's station of Moose Factory. It is the copy of a photograph taken at a spot 300 miles up the Albany River, called Martin's Falls, by a gentleman in whose house he slept for two nights. Mr. Vincent had journeyed to Moose Factory from Albany to see the

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Rev. John Horden, and, having remained with him a few days, set off, on his return to Albany, in a sled drawn by Esquimaux dogs. The weather was fine and cold, and the dogs ran well, so he soon succeeded in getting back. And now he had to leave the dogs behind him, and commence a journey of

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1100 miles to the Red River, whither he was to go to receive priests' orders at the hands of Bishop Anderson. He took two Indians with him, and all three were obliged to walk in snow-shoes, and haul each a sled behind him. You see Mr. Vincent is holding his snow-shoes in his hand. On his sled each had his blankets, food, kettle, axe, gun, and spare clothes securely fastened; for after leaving Albany they saw no house for 300 miles. Every night they went up into the woods, made a very large deep pit in the snow, cut down several trees, made a large fire, cooked some meat, and made tea, and after supper, having committed themselves to God's care, wrapped themselves in their blankets, and lay down to sleep.

Now you may be sure that Mr. Vincent did not rest so comfortably as you do in your soft, warm beds. Sometimes the cold is so severely felt, especially in the upper part of the back between the shoulders, that it feels as if the marrow in the bones was being frozen. Now in all those 1100 miles, he came upon but four inhabited places, and at each of them not more than ten persons resided, so his was a most lonely march, and, had he not his gun, I fear he would sometimes have been obliged to go supperless to bed. After walking about six weeks he got to Red River, where he remained until the ice and snow were all gone, and he was able to return to Albany in a canoe. J. H.

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LETTER FROM THE REV. H. BUDD, RUPERT'S LAND.

Church Mission Station, Nepowewin, Jan, 16, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND—

I DO not attempt at this time to answer your very interesting letter of May 20, 1864, for I do not feel my strength equal to it, and I cannot bring my mind to study matters of business just now; but I will, if God permit, write again in answer to your last. Suffice it, then, to say, that I bless God, and thank you heartily for this letter, which a kind Providence has sent to me very opportunely, just at the time when I most needed some Christian counsel, some word of consolation, and something to cheer up my drooping spirits. Just in this state your very welcome letter was handed to me from the Hudson's-Bay ship; and I can assure you the reading of the several letters from my Christian friends made me dry up my tears. Let me assure you of my hearty thanks for the large supply of useful articles which you have again sent out: they are now lying at the factory, and I hope to get them up the next summer. The things you had sent in 1863 have at length come safe to hand the last fall, and because they were long looked for, they were the more welcome.

Oh, my dear Miss L——, I quite tremble while I am writing this, and I would gladly shrink from the task of informing you of the heavy hand of God upon me, and upon my family. Since writing to you last, in August, it has pleased our heavenly Father to afflict me very sore, and make me to pass through the deep waters of affliction, and indeed I now quite dread

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the task of opening my grief to you; but inform you I must, that you may the more earnestly pray for me that I may be supported by God's grace, and enabled to bear with Christian meekness the heavy trials which now oppress me.

My dear and beloved son has entered into his rest, with my dear affectionate wife, and my tender and loving daughter, Christiana. All three have lately exchanged this world of sin and suffering for one of bliss and happiness. All three, in the short space of six weeks, have fallen victims to the unsparing hand of death. Yes, my dear Miss L——, such is the fact, and I am sure it will not only surprise but grieve you. In the month of August, when I last wrote, my dear son did rally again, and surprised everybody how fast he was picking up his strength; but, alas! it was only the forerunner of a change for the worse. After all the month of August in extreme suffering, the dear boy calmly resigned his life, so peacefully and so gently, that, though the room was full, no one could tell the moment his spirit fled. He fell asleep on the morning of the 7th September. Calling on all those who stood by his bedside to come near to him (for he could not speak loud), and giving them his hand, he said to them, "Strive to walk close to God; bring up your families for Him; teach them to love Jesus; and try hard to meet me in heaven." And saying to myself and his mother, while we were weeping by his bed, "Father and mother, all is well." The last words we could make out were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Oh! what a privilege it was to attend his death-bed and to witness the childlike spirit in which he submitted himself to the will and pleasure of his heavenly Father; the calm resignation, the joyful hope, and the

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happy prospect of being soon "absent in the body, and present with the Lord, which is far better." I have often envied him, and, in the words of Balaam, have prayed, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

In another letter Mr. Budd writes—

"Thus ends the short career of my much-lamented son. He did not enjoy the world long, but suffered quite long enough in it. His pure spirit is now before the throne, and 'everlasting joy is upon his head, and sorrow and sighing have past away.'

> 'T is beauty celestial which shines on his brow,
> And glory eternal encircles him now.'

"Only three weeks had intervened when the affectionate wife of my bosom followed the son, eager, I trust, to join him in the song of the redeemed in glory. She was already far gone in sickness when she had to be assisted to the bedside of her dear son, to give him the last adieu, wipe off the damp dews of death from his brow, and give him the last parting kiss. From that time she gradually sank, though every means within reach were made use of to save a life so valuable to the family. Her end was rather sudden at last, to human appearance. She was but little reduced, and could speak to those who came to see her. On the morning of the 2nd of October (Sunday) I had spoken a few words to her just before I went in for the morning service, and left one of her daughters with her, and a servant; but I was only reading the first lesson when the servant came to the door, and called me out. On rushing to the bedroom, and examining her, I found she

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was quite gone: the impatient spirit had fled, and left only its earthly tenement. Thus was the desire of my eyes cut off with a stroke. She was cut off in the midst of her days, for she had only reached her forty-third year. We deposited her remains in a vault in our new school chapel: there she quietly sleeps, side by side with her beloved son, till, with him, she awakes, by the trump of the Archangel, to meet the Lord in the air, and so be for ever with the Lord.

"But this is not all. In another three weeks time our dear and tender Christie followed her brother and mamma to the bright world where those who have loved each other most tenderly meet to part no more for ever. On the 23rd October she quietly slept away, calling on me, "Papa, dear papa, do not grieve for me: I am going to join my brother in heaven, and mamma is there too, waiting for me, and I must go." She was a tender blooming girl of fourteen, and is gone to bloom in the paradise of God. Thus, my dear Miss L——, has my family been cut off, and left me to mourn their absence for a little while. Blessed be God, I mourn not as those who have no hope: a few short years at the most, and I may rejoin them again. I am sure I need not say, pray for me. You can imagine my situation, quite solitary, not one Missionary brother can come over to cheer and console my mind, for the nearest is not less than 200 miles from me. I am so depressed in spirit, and feel so lonely, that I do not know what to do but pray. Give me your sympathy and your prayers, and remember your friend and brother in Christ,

HENRY BUDD.

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CHRIST OUR HOPE.

When the nations toss and roar,
Like the billows on the shore;
When their chains the people break,
Leaders tremble, monarch's quake;
'Mid the roaring of the sea,
Christ, our hope is all in Thee.

When the nations are at peace,
And the sounds of conflict cease;
When each port is choked with wares,
And each field in harvest bears;
'Mid the world's prosperity,
Christ, our hope is all in Thee.

While the ages, one by one,
Roll beneath the rolling sun;
No one happier than before,
No one wiser than of yore;
While the powers of death and life
Wage on earth a weary strife;
Till the coming dawn we see,
Christ, our hope is all in Thee.

The Family Treasury.

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CHRIST CHURCH, FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE.

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CHRIST CHURCH, FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE.

Freetown, Sierra Leone, Dec. 19, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote the enclosed yesterday, intending to write a lengthy letter to you to-day, but have been prevented.

When visiting at your house last year, I promised to send something which might interest the readers of the little "Green Book." . . . .

Believe me, sincerely yours,

H. C. BINNS.

Your young readers will be interested in a brief account of a Juvenile Missionary Meeting held in Christ Church, Freetown, on the 4th of this month. It was the first of the kind held in the colony, and we feel truly thankful to our heavenly Father for the success which attended it. Children were usually admitted to our annual evening meeting, but of late, in consequence of the increasing interest in Mission work, this was found inconvenient, as it prevented many adults from attending. It was therefore decided that there should be a special Missionary meeting for children. The day was observed as a holiday in our Mission schools, but the children assembled, and marched in order, with their respective teachers, to the church; each school was kept separate, and occupied an appointed position in the meeting. No less than 1350 children were present, and a more orderly and attentive meeting of the kind I never witnessed. There was no audible talking or disturbance of any kind. At eleven o'clock the chair was taken by Mr. S. J. Sawyer, a native merchant, one in every respect qualified for the honourable position assigned him. A hymn was sung, and the Rev. A.

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Menzies engaged in prayer. After the chairman had spoken, suitable addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Hamilton and J. G. Macaulay, to which the children listened with marked attention. We then sang Heber's beautiful hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains." Most of the children present were born of Christian parents, but others belonged to the liberated schools of Kissy and Charlotte. They have been very active in collecting for our Auxiliary during the past year. I cannot say exactly how much they have contributed to the general fund, but on the whole it cannot be less than from 20*l.* to 25*l.* The children of the liberated school at Charlotte have been making a special effort to send the Gospel to some of their parents in the Mendi country, in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone. They greatly rejoiced to learn that the Rev. A. Menzies has returned to the colony, with a view of commencing a Mission in that country.

The evening meeting was equally interesting and successful. Notwithstanding the exclusion of children, the church was filled to overflowing. The receipts of our Auxiliary this year amount to 350*l.* We feel truly thankful to the Lord for the growing Missionary spirit thus manifested; and earnestly do we pray that the native church established here may, through God's blessing, become a true Missionary church, and an increasing centre of light to the surrounding perishing heathen.

I enclose a photograph of the church in which the meetings were held. There is a large schoolroom underneath, but it would not contain half the number of people who usually attend our annual meetings.

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LETTER FROM BISHOP CROWTHER.

Lagos, Nov. 7, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS L——, — I have received your kind letter, but before I proceed to answer it I must tell you of our bereavement. Mrs. Thompson has lost her little son, James, at Onitsha. He died of croup. The poor little one was growing so nicely and strong, when he was suddenly attacked, and carried off in a short time. His mother bore the stroke in a truly Christian manner, and I left her well, with Mr. Thompson, at Onitsha, at which place we are taking up two new stations, in addition to the first. The three stations are about a mile apart from each other, in the form of a triangle. To the chiefs of these three districts I presented the three red hunting-coats; that from G. Montague, Esq., was given to Ogene Wabovo, the head chief of Odojari, one of the out-stations; and that from J. Hussey, Esq., was given to Obi Ogene, of Obozara, the next out-station, in order to obtain their favour and protection for the catechists to be stationed among them, as well as to get their promise that the people of their districts should not be molested when they feel disposed to embrace Christianity. The third red coat was given to Osikabue, our old friend, the Governor of Onitsha. I left our agents actively at work at these stations. The leathern hunting-cap was nicely covered over, in a fanciful way, by Mrs. Macaulay, and was presented to the King of Idda, at which place, I am glad to say, I have established an interesting Mission station. In the space of three weeks, with the help of three Christian Mission agents, I managed to have a temporary Mission house built, which was greatly admired by the people. The Atta, or king, could not be content with a mere

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report of it, but rode out on horseback at night, that he might come and inspect our work himself, unfinished as it then was. He gave us much advice about many things, and encouraged us to proceed with our work, assuring us of his entire protection. Lokoja is our fourth new station up the Niger established this year, all of which are supplied with right-minded native agents, who are working cheerfully to keep up their stations properly. May the Lord own and bless his own work! With regard to the little girl to be ransomed and supported by Mr. Lanfear's school at Cheltenham, I have not forgotten it. I have given instructions to some of my friends to ransom a little girl from slavery for this purpose, and to take her under their care until my return. My reason for not choosing one already ransomed is, because I wish to find one who has ability to learn, and of whose progress I could give them good accounts from time to time, for their encouragement. There are two girls already ransomed, and at school, but they are not bright enough for the purpose I want, therefore I must ask them to be patient till they hear from me. Those mentioned above as already free may be trained up to get their own living as servants or washerwomen; but the girl I would choose for them should, if possible, be educated for a school teacher, which I think the juveniles at Cheltenham would feel more interested in to ransom, support, and hear of from time to time. The Church Missionary House is the best channel to transmit such moneys to me, where a cheque can be drawn and sent on to me. I hope, when I visit the Niger next year in July, to be able to report of the child to them. My sons, Samuel and Josiah, have returned with me from the Niger, both quite well, and we found all well at home. Many thanks for the in-

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formation about my son Dandeson's health. It is a good thing for him that he has so many kind friends who closely watch his health, that he may not be injured for future usefulness in Africa. I must now close this, with very kind regards to all inquiring friends, and to Mrs. M——, to whom I shall write at some length next time.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

S. A. CROWTHER.

Hunting coats or red military uniforms or caps will be thankfully received for Bishop Crowther by Mrs. Malaher, 1 Russell Street, Reading. We hope to publish next month a list of such articles as Bishop Crowther finds of service.

A FOLDED LAMB.

EXTRACTS from the letter of Mrs. Cochrane, the wife of a native Missionary in Rupert's Land, North America, and eldest daughter of the Rev. H. Budd, also a native.

"*Headingley, Red River, Nov.* 24, 1865.

"MY DEAR MISS L——.

"I SENT you a note enclosed in one to Bishop Anderson last spring, with our photographs, and have long been watching for a letter from you. I received a parcel last week from Mrs. Cowley, containing useful things for my darling child. But, oh! how shall I tell you? my darling babe is no more! God hath taken her from my bosom into his own. He hath taken her into his heavenly kingdom, where so many near and dear unto

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me have already gone. I have found it a sad and bitter trial to part with my darling. 'I shall go to her, but she will not return to me.' I prayed long and earnestly while she was still living, that the Lord would have mercy upon us, and spare our child; but if He saw fit to take her away, that He would grant us grace and strength to yield her up willingly. . . . . She departed this life on the 6th November 1865. Water on the brain, caused by a severe attack of measles, ended her short life. She was just fifteen months and thirteen days. Though so young, she was remarkably knowing and intelligent. At meals she used to sit by her papa, on her long high chair, and, when a blessing was asked, used always to say, 'Ama'—she could not say 'Amen' properly. At family-prayers she would put her little hands together, and never fail to say 'Ama.' At night, when I would be undressing her brother and my little sister Alice, when they repeated their evening prayers, she would come to me, put her little hands together on my lap, and say, 'Papa, Mamma, Ama.' She was so loving and affectionate. We miss her so very, *very* much. I am trying and praying earnestly that the sad and bitter trial which I have gone through may make me more earnest in preparing for that better land where my darling babe is ready to welcome me whenever our heavenly Father sees fit to call me hence. Oh, how thankful I ought to be that my little one is for ever safe in Jesus' arms! safe in the fold of the Good Shepherd, who loves the lambs of his flock, and who said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven!' . . . . My husband went down to the Indian Settlement last week, as Mr. Cowley wrote to say his mother was very ill; but when he reached there his aged mother was already gone to her happy home. He felt this very much, as he did not have the oppor-

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tunity of speaking to her, or receive her dying blessing. Truly this is a world of sorrow! Pray for us, dear Miss L——, that all our trials may make us love our Saviour more and more, and bring us closer to Jesus—knowing that He 'careth for us.' We are both so thankful for, and pleased with, the nice books you kindly sent us, especially with the 'Sunday at Home.' We had one small volume before, and find it very useful to lend to our people, who are always very eager to get the loan of it to read. If you would kindly send us out one every year we would willingly pay for it, as we wish for it very much. Mr. Cochrane thanks you for the sermon-case. We had a sad misfortune the other day, when our two horses were burnt by the prairie fires that were raging in the neighbourhood. My husband has been writing to friends in England to help him to purchase another. Twenty pounds would buy one, and, if we could get a little from each, we shall be able to buy one.

"Believe me, ever yours affectionately,

"BESSIE COCHRANE."

Any contributions for the above would be thankfully received by Mrs. Malaher, 1 Russell Street, Reading.

IDOL WORSHIP IN INDIA.

SEE, in the picture, the poor Hindoo bowing down to a block of wood. Alas! the picture tells of much misery and ignorance, and of much sorrow and sin. But we abstain from any description of

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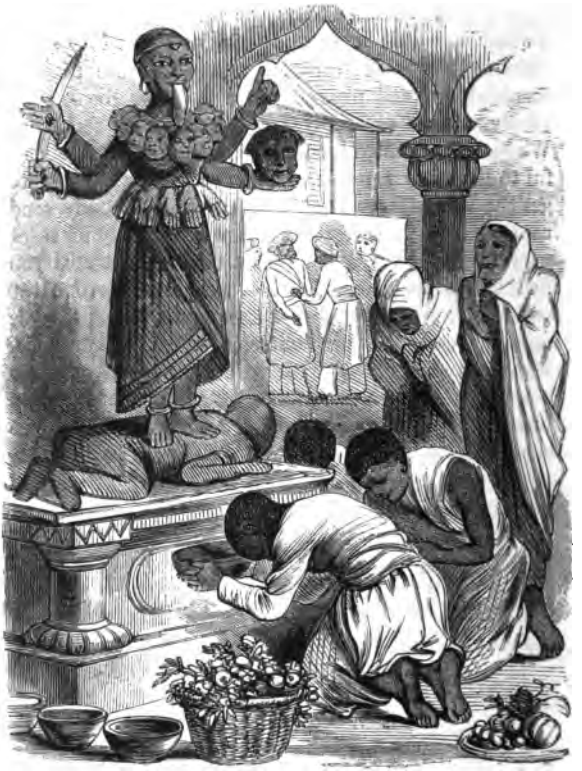

IDOL WORSIP IN INDIA.

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the picture to find room for painful news of another description. God has been pleased to call to Himself the Rev. R. T. Noble of Masulipatam. A brother Missionary writes—

Death of the Rev. R. T. Noble.

"Our long-tried friend and much-beloved brother, Mr. Noble, is no more! He died soon after three o'clock on October 17th last. He had been ailing for more than a fortnight—indeed, ever since the cyclone his health had not been what it used to be. He had had more than one attack of fever and diarrhœa, and now a similar, but more obstinate attack of the latter completely prostrated him, and eventually ended in death.

"During his illness not a doubt of the safety of his soul ever crossed his mind. His countenance was all peace and joy. He repeatedly declared his conviction that he would not recover. He said he longed 'to go home; (heaven), and that his work was over. Still he was able to say, 'Thy will be done." Two or three days before his death his mind wandered considerably, so much so, that it was no small source of grief to all of us. On the last day of his stay with us, however, he was able to leave a word of counsel to several around him, and many absent from him. He then, apparently after much bodily suffering, gently breathed his last.

"P.S.—He told me on Sunday, 'If it please God to take me, dear friend, may He be with you.' On another day he remarked, 'What distresses me most is sin.' When I reminded him of the ground of his acceptance with God—the righteousness of Christ—he assented. He said, 'I have lived long enough: it is time to de-

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part.' When I called to his remembrance St. Paul's desire to be with Christ, which is far better, nevertheless, to abide in the flesh, on account of his converts he said, 'Yes.' Another time he asked me to read to him. I chose Isaiah xxv. He listened with the utmost attention, and before I had concluded, he said, 'Very appropriate.' I prayed, and left him. My dear wife called to see him. He said to her, taking her by the hand, 'We have laboured together side by side for twenty-three years (he meant nineteen years). It is a short separation: we shall soon meet again. All our mistakes are in God's hands. He will order all things well.' He frequently complained of pain. The last night of his stay with us I was with him from ten to twelve o'clock. He was very uneasy—found rest in no one position. We had to lift him in his bed frequently. I repeated several texts to him. When I kept silence he said, 'Tell me something more.' I said, 'Do you remember Calvary?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'He gave his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair.' He asked me to pray, leaning his head on me. Between three and four o'clock that morning I was by his side again. Mr. Sharp asked me to say something to him. I repeated some texts, and read various portions of the Bible. His mind wandered so much that it was needful to bring it back to something more profitable, and the only way to do it we found was by telling him something of Jesus. He is now safe on the other side of the river, arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, saying, 'Alleluia! salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God.' We desire to glorify God in him."

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LETTER OF THE REV. H. BUDD.

Church Mission Station, Nepowewin,
June 23, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS ——

As I am sending carts to the Red-River Settlement by the overland route, and I have no hope of any other opportunity offering for writing to you, perhaps, till January next, I sit down to thank you for the very kind and interesting letter you had written to my dear and much-lamented son. It has done my heart good to know that many kind friends have known and loved my dear son while he was an inhabitant of this world, and that many will be sorry now that he has exchanged it for one of everlasting bliss and glory. Had he lived to read your letter how happy he would have been; but it was received nearly two months too late. I wish again to thank you for so many years of sincere friendship and Christian communion, so regularly held with him, and also for the many tokens of Christian regard shown to myself. I wrote in January last to you, in the midst of my tears, when I was little disposed to write at all. I trust that my kind friends will excuse my temporary silence and suspension of communication, as I have been so weak in body, and in mind also, that I have scarcely been able to put two sentences together. It is now nearly ten months since I have been mourning the loss of a dear and amiable wife and most affectionate son and daughter. I bless God that I mourn not as those who have no hope, and adore the grace which has enabled me in humble submission to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do what

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seemeth Him good." Oh the hope, the blessed hope that I shall soon join those dear ones, who have only gone a little while before me. Yes, that hope sustains me, that I shall meet them, not, as here, liable to be separated, but where we shall part no more for ever. Thanks be to God that my little children, so many of them as are still spared to me, are, through mercy, quite well. I am preparing to send three of them to the Red-River Settlement—a little boy and two little girls. James Hunter is a big, stout boy of eleven, and is going to one of the best schools there. Eliza, just seven, is going to the school where her eldest sister was; but the dear little one, Alice Harriet, is going to her sister Mrs. Cochrane, who has asked to be allowed to nurse her. I know full well that I shall suffer much from their absence, and that the parting with them will give me much pain; but I have no way of keeping them here as they ought to be kept, and it grieves me to see them without a mother's care. Though they are very young, yet I must send them; I dare not keep them here. They will, I hope, go in about a week's time, and will have to travel some 700 *miles through wastes and prairies, with no other protection than that of heaven.* Two men to conduct them, and a woman to nurse them, is all the *human* protection they will have. May the presence of God be with them, and his angels defend them from the roving tribes of savages! They need no more. I should have been glad to have been able to follow them myself, at least a part of the way, but I cannot leave. We are getting well on with a new chapel which is in the course of erection, and I wish to get as much done to it as I can, that it may be finished by next summer, and ready to open when our new bishop comes to visit the Saskatchewan. I

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feel the need of a change very much. When three more members of my family are gone, I shall be left with one little boy, David Anderson, and my second daughter, who is obliged to look after the house until I can get a servant from Red River. I am glad to have the prospect of seeing my daughter, with her husband, settled at Carlton by-and-bye. I shall, if spared, place a schoolmaster there as soon as he can arrive from Red River, to open the way for a Mission station at Carlton.

I am, dear Miss ——

Your's truly,

HENRY BUDD.

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

I.

HARK! a distant voice is calling;
Mournfully it meets the ear:
Louder yet its accents falling,
Fill each heart with solemn fear;
Let us listen
As the woeful sound draws near.

'Tis the moan of millions dying,
Lost in sin's dark gloom they stay;
'Tis the voice of wanderers, crying,
Ye who know the loving way,
Come and guide us
To the realms of perfect day.

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We would help them, O our Father!
Thou hast bid us freely give.
Wilt Thou not the wanderers gather,
Bid their dying spirits live?
Hear our pleadings:
All our past neglect forgive.

We would send to every nation
News of light and life divine;
And to spread Thy free salvation
Now in youth we would combine:
Take these first-fruits,
And let all our days be Thine.

II.

Souls in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom his soul in travail knew;
Thousand voices
Call us o'er the waters blue.

Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings,
Let no shore be left untrod,
No lost brother's bitter chidings
Haunt us from the farthest sod.
Tell the heathen
All the precious truth of God.

Lo! the hills for harvest whiten
All along each distant shore,
Seaward, for the islands brighten,
Light of nations lead us o'er:
When we seek them,
Let thy Spirit go before.

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THE HERD OF DEER SIGHTED.

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NEWS FROM THE FAR NORTH-WEST

FROM Peel-River Fort we receive encouraging intelligence. God has blessed the labours of his servants, the Missionaries. The following extract from the Rev. R. M'Donald's letter will be read with interest—

"From the tents of many of the Indians daily ascend the morning and the evening prayer; and with the sacrifices of some of them we doubt not God is well pleased. Thus, in this remote part of the world, where, a few years since, God was unknown to the Indians, 'the desert begins to rejoice, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose.' Many of them are strict in the observance of the Sabbath, and diligently look to God for a blessing on it in the use of the means of grace. It is gratifying to see them recognise the providence of God in his dispensations towards them, and acknowledging their dependence on Him for all the good that they look for.

There is much of simple faith in some of them, of which let me give an instance. I was told last summer, by one of the Gens du Large Indians, the following among other testimonies of the goodness of God towards him and his relatives, in answer to prayer. They were starving; they had nothing at all to eat; they had hunted, but without success. Sunday arrived. It was determined that, after the celebration of divine worship, two or three of them should make an excursion in search of the means of life. Prayer and praise were offered up to God. One of them made an address on the divine goodness to the others, and divine worship was concluded. Scarcely had they ended, when they descried, within half a mile of their camp, a herd

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of about a dozen deer, which were regarded as sent by God in answer to prayer. They contented themselves, fearful of abusing the divine goodness, with killing only one, as it would suffice for that day; and on the next day they slaughtered the whole of that herd. In connexion with faith in God, a proper dread of his anger is deeply impressed on their minds. Sickness they regard and speak of as sent by God to make them know themselves, and lead them to submit themselves to Him. It is common to hear them say, when they express themselves as to their expectations of success in hunting, that it depends on the will of our Father."

It is delightful to hear of such blessed effects of the Gospel of the grace of God.

LOVE IN JESUS.*

My dearest Mary—The only offering I can give you for your birth-day, is my affectionate wish that you may be happier and wiser every year. Another has quickly passed away; and how many different circumstances must have led you to see the uncertainty of all earthly things. You and I are spared in mercy, it may be for the glory of God. Let us strive that, now another period is opening upon us, we may be more diligent to make our calling and election sure. It is not enough to wish it may be, if we do not ourselves seek it with earnestness of faith; for it is to those who ask that it shall be given, and to those who seek that find,

* From Caroline, to Mary her sister, on the return of the latter's birth-day. Both have since passed away in humble hope of a better world. W. W. T.

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though the work itself is Christ's alone, finished and complete in Him. He bestows the benefits of that work on those who believe. May the Holy Spirit of God enlighten your mind to receive the truth in its fulness! May you not rest until you have found Christ your all in all; till you can, by the eye of faith, behold your inheritance in that glorious kingdom insured to to all eternity!

Oh if we could but realize the nearness of eternity, how the things of time would fall from their present position in our hearts; how we should lay aside every weight, letting nothing hinder us, and see that nothing stood in the way of our following Christ faithfully! How we should seek to glorify Him, even in the smallest action of our life! How we should endeavour to have his will uppermost in our minds, and every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ!

But what a low standard of obedience satisfies many! A little time given now and then is enough, they think; what more could be expected? Is that the standard we are commanded to hold? Oh, no! It is the "life hid with Christ in God;" it is the prayer without ceasing; it is being rooted and grounded in love. That is something of what is required of those who would follow Him, whose service is perfect freedom; and how could we ever serve Him enough? Only look at what He has done for us; see Him leave the glorious throne above, and lay his glories by; and what to do?—to take upon Him our flesh, and suffer death upon the cross that we might be saved from eternal ruin; and more, suffer not for us as friends, but while we were yet enemies. Surely the love of Christ passeth knowledge: who can understand its depths?

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But enough is revealed for our comfort and salvation; and if we neglect this by delay, let us remember our condition must be the same as those who have wilfully rejected it, on that great day when the secrets of all our hearts will be revealed. Oh! why not to-day seek Jesus with all your heart? You desire it: let it not rest there. Unless you lay hold of the hope set before you in the Gospel, you cannot have peace. Oh, how ready is God to save, and how miserably slow are we to believe it!

Pray, and cease not to persevere; for you know that Jesus never cast out one sinner yet who sought forgiveness, and you will not be the first. See that nothing hinder you. Satan is so busy in putting objections in the way to present action. Wait not a more convenient season, which may never come. You little know how I long after your soul: it is my daily thought and daily prayer. I know how sinful I am, and know there must, therefore, be hope for you. If my stubborn and rebellious heart were led to see its vileness by the Spirit of God through much trial, do not ever despair of yours being also brought, and seek not to question the way. Remember the blind are led, by a way they know not, to the city of habitation; and seek to praise God, that He in mercy deigns to use the means, though often the most trying to flesh and blood, by which He teaches his children in the way of holiness. If we really desire to be His, we shall wait to know His will concerning us. He teaches us in many and different ways: His wisdom sees what each one most needs. It is for us to believe all is well, however mysterious it may appear to our finite minds. When these reminders are so graciously given us, oh how greatly are we to blame if we do not profit by them to become more

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earnest in seeking the way. Think of the mercy of God, when we deserve to be cut off in our sins. If we did but compare more the love and forbearance of God with our dreadful ingratitude and neglect, how sinful we must appear, even in our own eyes! What, then, in the eyes of a holy God? Let us seek to realize more the presence of God. That his eye is ever upon us, we should never forget: how much it would save us! All these things we may know if we do but seek.

I beseech you to consider the necessity of earnestly giving yourself to Christ *now*. To-morrow is not ours; and though we *may* live for years, we dare not say we *shall*. To live as though to-day were our last, is what we ought to seek after.

May you, dear Mary, be blessed! May you rejoice in Christ your Saviour! Oh, may you never linger nor loiter behind, but go, grow in grace, continue instant in prayer, and be found in Christ at the last great and awful day, resting your salvation solely on the merits of his atonement, justified by his grace, and having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ! And oh beware lest any thing hinder you now: you would some day hopelessly repent it. Rather now be established in the hope of eternal life, and leave not till to-morrow what might be done to-day.

That you may be abundantly blessed, dearest Mary is the constant prayer of your attached sister,

CAROLINE.

GOOD EXAMPLES.

"WE wish to give this for the poor heathen," said a little girl and boy, as they put into my hands a sovereign. I had been attending a meeting in a country

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village, and a gentleman connected with a large manufactory in the neighbouring town had requested me to give an address to his workpeople on the subject of Missions. I was but too glad of the opportunity thus afforded me of making known the claims of the world upon the Christian church; and on entering the office in the morning, before the address, I was met by his two little children, who came up to me, saying, "We wish to give this for the poor heathen."

I could not help thinking how much blessed influence might be produced on the hearts of those two dear children, thus early taught to recognise the claims of the "poor heathen," and to contribute towards their instruction and enlightenment,

A short time after the above incident, I attended the Juvenile Meeting in the same town, and was much gratified with the diligence and perseverance of the youthful labourers in this good cause. The town is but small, and yet the Juvenile Association has this year contributed about 20*l.* to the Church Missionary Society.

Another fact will show what can be done by our young friends in this good work. A little boy entrusted me with a letter to the local Secretary of an Association, and, when it was opened, there were *Five Pounds*, the result of persevering efforts on his part during the year. Will other young friends try and imitate his example?

The heathen call for aid,
  Midst darkness, guilt, and sin;
In youth, then, work, and strive, and pray,
  Immortal souls to win.

To send Christ's blessed word—
  Which you are taught to prize—
Where Gospel light has never shone
  On dark benighted eyes.

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This, this is charity,
  Sent down from heaven above,
To blossom in this sinful world,
  And bring forth fruits of love.

Nov. 9, 1865. R. P.

HEATHEN VANITIES.

THE native pastor, the Rev. G. J. Macaulay, writes from Wilberforce, Sierra Leone, encouraging accounts of the progress of the Mission. Still heathen vanities are not altogether banished, as the following extract from his letter proves—

There are six staunch idolaters here. Among these, if we except the case of husbands and wives, little or no intercourse exists. Each has his household gods, which he worships according to the custom of his ancestors. Lifarshay built a house and dedicated it to his idols. Angbokolu, Babba Arugbo, or Cushi, worship theirs in shape of stone or iron rods, in a corner of the room, or under the open air. Their habitations are certainly mean.

Lifarshay, the thunder worshipper, enters the house dedicated to the gods every Friday morning, habited in white, with a worsted belt of scarlet dye around his waist, and two strings of white and brown beads around his neck. The entrance being about three feet in height, he is obliged to go on all fours in order to enter in. His belief in the power of his idols and beads beggars all description. On one occasion I asked him if he had

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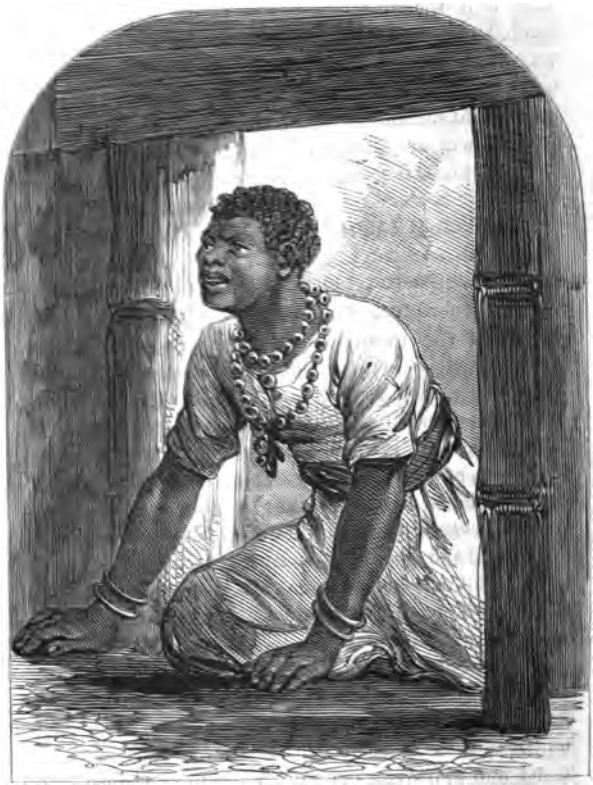

any objection to my entering his idol temple He said he would have no objection, if only I would consent to take off my shoes, but he would urge on me not to venture if I am accustomed to drink palm-wine, as it

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would be at my peril if I should. He said he knew very well that your colony-borns are rather strong-headed, still I might be sure of receiving hurt in some way or other were I to venture. Finding that the best way to win him over was by not setting the power of his idols at defiance, I desisted from the attempt. He and his wife are literal heathen, but his two children make a profession of religion. It grieves them to see their parents worshipping lifeless stocks, but they dare not speak to them as we do. My duty, therefore, is clear—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Argbokolu is another notorious idolater. Mr. Oldham and myself called on him the other day, and, with his permission, entered his yard, where we saw stones placed together in a peculiar manner under a sort of palm-tree, and an iron rod with three shafts fastened to the ground, which, from their position and construction, we judged to be objects of worship. This man is a hunter, and therefore worships, in addition to his idols, Ogun, the god of iron. He is considered to be a skilful drum-beater, and prides himself on it too. We spoke to him about going to church. He appeared apprehensive of the fact, that, should he consent, besides worshipping idols, he would be required to give up all his heathen customs and practices, "for," said he, "it is not good to do two together," which amounts to what our Saviour says—"No man can serve two masters." Would to God that professing Christians would learn this lesson!

Early this morning I took a walk up the road leading from this place to Regent, and entered for the first

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time the house of Babba Arugbo, *alias* Cushi. I met him engaged in sweeping the front of his house. He, too, like Lifarshay, wore white and brown beads around his neck—rather old and inclined to stoop. He very politely asked me into the house, stating, with some anxiety, that he could not tell the purport of my visit. I told him who I was, and what was the purport of my visit. He said that he had found it to be of no use to go to church; that once upon a time, when there were only two places of worship in Freetown, and Wilberforce was a forest, he made an attempt, but he suffered so severely, that his country-people advised him to return to his heathen practices.

These special cases we recommend to your earnest prayers, that that God who can breathe on bleached and dry bones that they may live, may come and breathe upon the dry bones in this place.

NEWS FROM THE CONTINENT.

At the town of G——, in the north of Europe, there exists a considerable community of British residents. The means of grace, in their own mother tongue, and according to the rites of the Church of England, have been for many years past provided for them by the appointment, under the Consular Act, of a resident British chaplain. About seven years ago a church was erected, and in this the children of the community, between the ages of seven and fourteen years, are wont to assemble every Sunday afternoon for about six

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months in the year, in order to receive religious instruction from their appointed pastor.

In connexion with their children's Bible-class, as it is wont to be termed, there was formed, about five years ago, a Children's Missionary Association, of the following simple character:—A number of Church Missionary Society's boxes were procured from England, and placed, with the consent of their parents and guardians, in the hands of the children. At a certain season of the year, usually soon after Easter, these boxes are presented by the children in the church; and, after a short interval, they are returned to their respective owners, emptied of their contents, the amount of which, to avoid unwholesome display, is communicated only in private to the individual contributors.

In this way considerable sums have been raised for the past five years, as the pages of the Church Missionary Society's Annual Report will testify.

In the spring of this year (1864) however, it occurred to the mind of the teacher of the class that some additional effort might be made, by the establishment of a series of Missionary prizes, to be competed for voluntarily by the members of the Association; the proceeds of which might go to form a special fund for the education, if possible, of two orphan children, one at home, and the other abroad. A proposal to this effect, in the form of a circular letter, was drawn up, and read on a given Monday to the assembled class, and the names of competitors were received, after allowing an interval of sufficient length to elapse to give the children time duly to count the cost. The following portions of holy Scripture were selected as the subjects for the prizes, the conditions being that they were learned and repeated publicly to the teacher, with correctness and

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accuracy, and that the children competed for them in the regular order, *i.e.* that no one should be eligible as a competitor for No. 2 who had not gained No. 1.

If it bears fruit, well.

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY PRIZES.

	No. of marks.
No. 5. Prophecies of Messiah . . . . Gen. iii. 15; xii. 2, 3; xlix. 10. Deut. xviii. 15.	25
No. 4. Parables . . . . . Isaiah v. 1—3; St. Luke xiii. 6—9.	20
No. 3. Psalms i. and cl.	15
No. 2. Proverbs iv.	10
No. 1. Proverbs iii.	5

The teacher received the names of competitors on a given day, and he has great satisfaction in stating that every child belonging to the class became a volunteer as regards the good work. Most of them volunteered for the highest prize, marks 25; but all did what they undertook to do.

The prizes, consisting of paper money, folded up in envelopes, were given to the children publicly; and they, without knowing their actual value, soon after again placed them in the same hands that had distributed them.

The children of the Association have now the pleasure of knowing, that by means of this free-will labour on their part they are this year supporting two orphan children, one at a female industrial school in their own neighbourhood, the other at the female orphan school at Burdwan, India.

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BISHOP CROWTHER'S LIST FOR THE NIGER MISSION.

MEN'S shirts, of print or calico.

Red or coloured handkerchiefs for tying round the head.

Women's under-garments of calico or twill.

Skirts for women and children of coloured prints.

Brown holland jackets to wear with them.

Smoking-caps, braided, or of silk-velvet, with handsome tassels, for presents to kings and chief men.

Common red-worsted caps, such as labourers wear.

Bags, made of gay prints, chintz, or patch-work, of various sizes, to carry books in. The hem to be made *broad*, and only *one* string to draw it up.

Handsome sofa-pillows are much valued, or made of silk patchwork. All complete with cord and tassel, *but not stuffed.*

[The Missionaries are obliged to make presents, in order to create a favourable impression on the native chiefs.]

For the Schools—

Small looking-glasses; Combs and beads; ink; slates; copy-books; pens and holders; pencils of all kinds; pictures of natural history; Scripture prints; Simpson's Primers; alphabets; sheet lessons.

Rewards for girls and schoolchildren—

Needles and thread; scissors; thimbles; pins; tape; cottons; emery cushions; pincushions; balls; dolls, &c.

Lengths of cotton, print, or calico; odd pieces of chintz, print, silk, or coloured flannel.

Mrs. Malaher, of 1 Russell Street, Reading, begs to thank those ladies who have offered to send her contributions for Bishop Crowther and his family, and hopes that others will be induced to follow their example. She is sending a box of fancy articles, and children's dresses and underclothing, to the Rev. W. Oakley, of Kandy, Ceylon, who has been stationed there for thirty years, a long-tried and faithful agent of the Church Missionary Society, and who asks for help of this kind. The articles will be sold to the Europeans residing at Kandy, to provide funds for *female* education. Nicely-finished work is preferred for this station.

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THE CALL.

BENEATH the banyan's shadow,
Beside the Ganges' stream,
Where blows the hot sirocco,
And Gaboon's waters gleam,
Our dark-browed brethren cluster,
And westward turn their eyes,
To catch the first faint lustre
Which shall from thence arise.

In Greenland's frozen regions,
On Polynesia's shores,
To China's thronging legions,
Wide open are the doors.
From jungles of Sumatra,
Beneath the burning sky,
From groves of the Molucca,
Hear the dark heathen cry.

Shall we our country cherish,
Our homes and friends retain,
And leave those souls to perish
While we at ease remain?
A *work* to us remaineth;
Let us that work complete:
We toil—while He sustaineth
Who fills yon heavenly seat.

E. B.

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SIERRA LEONE.

Our readers may remember Mr. Beale, who for some years laboured as a Missionary in Sierra Leone, and who is now resting from his labours, having died in the Lord. Mrs. Beale still works for God in Africa, having remained in Sierra Leone to take charge of a school for the education of native girls.

Our picture represents a meeting between her and some African women who had known her in days gone by, and loved her for her "work's sake." Mrs. Beale writes—

"May 23rd was the opening of St. Patrick's Church, Kissy Town. As Mr. Cole invited me, I made up my mind to go. I just arrived in time to get a comfortable seat, and heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Caiger to a full and attentive congregation. I was also pleased in passing through the town: all was the picture of order and cleanness. On our way home we met a number of old women coming up the hill to the evening service, with their large Bibles, almost more than they could carry. Several of them knew me, and said, 'Ah! we live to see Mrs. Beale once more.' I could have wept, it reminded me of so many faithful Missionaries who had laboured here, now resting with those whom Jesus will bring with him. We also called in at the Liberated Boys' school. All looked cheerful and happy. I wish some of those kind friends who support Mission work out of their abundance could take a glance with me at what Sierra Leone was twenty-five years ago, and what it is now. Then, only liberated Africans to teach, or their children just emerging from slavery; now, a native ministry, who have taken up the mantles of

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those whose crown of rejoicing they will be in that great day. I thank God that He has spared some of us to see the garden of the Lord's church in Africa springing up like the vegetation around us."—*Read* 1 *Cor.* xv. 58.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

DEAR SIR,—

I THINK some of the readers of the "Green Book" may like to know what has been done in a country parish this year in aid of Missions.

In November last I was staying with a friend who was working for a Christmas tree. We said, "How nice it would be to have a *Missionary* tree," but it was already November. I was ill with a severe cold, and for 1865, at any rate, it seemed hopeless. When I returned home, by one of those singular links in God's providence by which He brings his own gracious purposes to pass, as I sat in my arm-chair, in invalid style, my husband put into my hands Mr. Venn's "Suggestions on the Financial Position of the Church Missionary Society." I read his earnest appeals and valuable suggestions, but Collecting-boxes, a Working Party, &c. &c. we had. What could we do more? Then, again, the "Missionary tree" floated before my mental vision. We had had Christmas trees for our school children's amusement: last year we had one laden with presents for our family group and some young relatives. Why not now, in this time of exceeding need, sanctify a Christmas tree by dedicating its fruits to the Lord?

I began to talk about the tree. My children, diligent workers in the Mission cause, looked up amazed. At

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the end of November to plan such a thing for this season! But I grew bolder. Please God we are spared, we will have a tree. We will not allow ourselves to say, "It cannot be done." Little notes are written to this effect—

"It is proposed to have a 'Missionary tree' in aid of Missionary work at home and abroad, on January 31 and February 1, at the Girls' National Schoolroom, C——k.

"Doors open from one to four and from six to eight P.M. Admittance, first day, 6*d.*; children, 3*d.*; second day, 3*d.*; children, 1*d.*

Contributions of useful and pretty, but not expensive articles, will be thankfully received at C——k vicarage, before January 25."

These notes are circulated through the schoolchildren. The vicarage party give themselves to work with a hearty goodwill. A dear niece arrives with a box of treasures, new patterns, and Chinese lanterns. Useful and pretty things grow apace. Beyond expectation contributions flow in, in answer to the notes; useful garments, hoods, small shawls, scarfs, comforters, muffetees, &c. &c. Some send money, some goods. There are offerings of gold; and there is a humble little pincushion from a cottage child, who bent anxiously over those dark coloured bits, all she had to give; but I am thinking some bright angel may have stood smiling by, watching that little one and her work, and certainly the Lord of angels despises it not. One spirit seems to animate all classes. There are books from the shoemakers, the young men of the Bible classes, the cottagers, the children, all help; and nice little things come from perfect strangers, *not* parishioners, with yet nicer notes and messages, regretting the short notice, or

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they would have sent more. "The Lord is in it," said one at this time, "and He will prosper it to the end."

And now our ideas enlarge. One of my children is specially interested in the Church Pastoral-Aid Society, another in Irish Church Missions. Can we have three trees? We can. We have enough for three. The Church Missionary Society shall have the largest tree, for its field is the world, but we will not forget home.

And now the days are at hand, and our "Missionary grove" is in full beauty. The large tree is in the centre; the smaller ones a little in advance on either side. Each is mounted on a platform (a great improvement), and rises from a bed of moss and snowdrops, edged with yew. The banner of each Society floats above its own tree. Banners project from each of the four corners of the room, bearing the appropriate texts—

"Go ye into the all world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

"Whatever *He* saith unto you, do it."

"My word shall not return unto me void."

"The people which sat in darkness saw great light."

Four scrolls on the walls bore the mottoes—

"Occupy till I come."

"Come over, and help us."

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

"Holding forth the word of life."

These banners and scrolls were beautifully bordered and trimmed with rich designs in evergreens, &c., and were universally admired.

The first day is wet, but the room is full, notwithstanding. The second day the weather is finer, and in the evening the room is crammed. On both days Missionary hymns are sung at intervals, and on the last evening a friend kindly exhibited some fireworks, to

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the delight of the juveniles, in a part of the room partitioned off, admission one penny.

I have now to state results.

In our widely-scattered country parish, in not very favourable weather, we cleared 25*l.* for Missionary purposes, in addition to the usual collections, which are all, this year, unusually large.

So we remember thankfully the opening of 1866, and, knowing who made the hearts so willing, and the hands so ready, we say, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give the praise." A hymn was written for the occasion, which is to be sold for the Society.

And I would conclude my letter with a word to my young readers, and to their elder friends who are helping them. "If the Lord puts it into your hearts at any time to do something for Him, never allow yourselves to say, 'It cannot be done.' Pray for, hope for, and expect much success.

> Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
> And looks to that alone;
> Laughs at impossibilities,
> And says, It shall be done.

There is a command and a promise, which we are all far too slow to obey and to believe—"Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it."

I remain, dear Sir,
Your's very truly,

C——k Vicarage, N. Wales, M. F. M.
Feb. 9, 1866.

P.S.—I have been reading this sketch to my young folks, and my eldest daughter remarks, "But you would not have people not prepare in time, as a rule?" Certainly not; and therefore, when the week of the Missio-

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nary trees was over, one of the first sentences which greeted the tired saleswomen on their return home was, "Well, now we must begin to prepare for the next, for, as our pastor says, "It will never do to go back."

THE PLEASURE OF GIVING.

AUNT BERTHA has read of a schoolboy, who, on one occasion, sat apart from the rest of his schoolfellows in solitary enjoyment of little islands of cake, and stopped all longing looks with the dignified announcement, "Those that ask, shan't have; those that don't ask, don't want." Not much knowledge of the pleasure of giving in his case, I am sure; but there are many generous people in the world whose hearts and hands seem always open, and ready to give pleasure; and there are also many, many of God's people, both young and old, who know and experience, from day to day, the inexpressible pleasure of giving their time, money, and efforts, all to be used in his service. It is a blessed thing to give to *any* Missionary Society, and I think many of our young readers find it so; but Aunt Bertha is very anxious that the readers of the "Green Book" especially should know *more* about the pleasure of giving to the Church Missionary Society, which sends Missionaries to the heathen, and feel more interest in it. You cannot do *too much* in the Missionary cause; and, alas! there is no fear of any one *spending* too much money in it. Dear children, think of the millions and millions of people in the world who are without the knowledge of the glorious Gospel which reveals the Saviour whom we love. Think more of the greatness of God's gift to us—eternal life; and be more anxious

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that others should rejoice in the possession of it also. Do try and do *all you can* for the Missionary Society. Let it be said of you, "They have done what they *could*." Try and get the Missionary-box better filled every year; put more in yourselves. (Aunt Bertha is sure we might all give *more* than we do, by denying ourselves sometimes. Did you ever hear of a Self-denial Box?) Talk about the Society to your friends, and mind and ask everybody who comes to your house to put something into your box: don't mind being refused.

Above all, *pray* for the Missionaries, they have many hardships to endure, and many trials and difficulties. Ask God to preserve them in health and safety, and to prosper them in their labours. If *you*, dear readers, have yourselves felt the greatness of God's love to you, his redeeming love, you will think you can never do enough to make his Gospel known: you will *do all you can, give all you can;* and I am sure that, in some way or other, you will be recompensed. Aunt Bertha thinks it is a very rich reward to be able to say by experience, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE BULLOM MISSION.

Beyond the limits of the Sierra-Leone peninsula, where the profession of Christianity is now general, Missionaries have gone forward to the Bullom shore on the other side of the river. A native minister is stationed at Yongro. A beginning has been made, and a little band has been gathered together, which, in the midst of this dark land, meet together to

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worship the true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

A remarkable instance of the power of God's grace is that of John Brown. Our Missionary writes—

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"He was a stiff and gross idolater, who was often spoken to during my four years' residence here, but all was in vain. Once he was prevailed on to attend church, but he did so only for a while. Another time he gave attendance at divine service, but his object was, not to pray for himself, as he never felt a need for it; but it was for his son, who was a profligate young man, and died without hope; ignorantly thinking that his prayers could effect his release from a state of punishment for his sins, in the unseen world, and a transmigration into that of happiness and bliss. In my visits, when he was afterwards laid up, I tried to persuade him to repose confidence in God, to cast away his worthless Ifa, and receive Christ as his Saviour. On the 27th of July I spoke to him most seriously on the point of his salvation, At first he denied worshipping any thing besides God, and said afterwards, 'If God help me, and raise me up again, I shall cast away my idols, and serve Him only.' 'It is certain,' I replied, 'that God can help, and is willing to save your soul, if you believe in Him; but whether you will be raised up again from this sick bed or no, is very uncertain; therefore you should attend to this business now.' 'That is true,' he said. 'I shall, in the course of two or three days, send to fetch the idols from town, and destroy them.' I read to him the passage, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' After explaining the same, I knelt down and prayed. He was lying all the while, but in the midst of prayer he sat up, reached his hand, and brought his idols near. As soon as I was up from my knees, he gave me his Ifa and Orisha, and said, 'Go and throw them away. The word that you read moved my heart, so that I could

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resist no longer.' In my next visit he said, 'Oh, what sweet words you told me the other day. I thought upon them over and over. I wish I was well and young, I would have gone to school to learn, and read them for myself: however, come always, and teach me about God: I like to hear of what Christ has done for me.' Many were surprised to hear this from him, considering how opposed he was to religion, and what bitter things often escaped his lips against its professors. Truly the Lord can make a lion to become a lamb, and raise up of stones faithful children. 'It is not by power, nor by might, but by the Spirit of the Lord.'

This poor man died ten days after his idols were given up. Within this interval there was a marked change observed in him. He called for family prayers, which he never did before. He confessed his former wickednesses, and owned he did them in ignorance, and asked for mercy; and, a few moments before he resigned his breath, was found praying, after which he spoke no more. With longing eyes I look up to the Lord for fresh grace and renewed strength; seeing that whilst we raise up our grateful hearts for what He has done, we have need to plead still more earnestly for the much which remains to be done; and for this we humbly crave the prayers of all Christ's faithful servants, that further blessings may rest upon us, and attend his work, both here and in all the world, so that King Messiah may reign triumphantly, and 'all flesh see the salvation of the Lord. Amen."

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HOW THERE MAY BE A JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING IN EACH CONGREGATION.

PERHAPS some of our friends may have noticed at the end of the "Green Book" certain contributions from St. Saviour's, Fitzroy Square, and I thought it might be useful to give a little account of how our meetings originated, and how they are conducted from month to month.

Two Christian ladies of the congregation, feeling an earnest desire to spread the Gospel among the perishing heathen, invited to their own house a few of the young people who attended their Bible-class, to spend an afternoon in working and making clothes for the sale of Missionary work. Then several of the ladies of the congregation were asked if they would kindly undertake to receive the little party, which they willingly did; and now twelve ladies, who have suitable houses and accommodation, willingly and gladly welcome the little gathering once a year to their homes.

The meeting takes place on the second Tuesday of each month, at three o'clock in the afternoon, notice of it having been given out by the clergyman on the previous Sunday. The young collectors (each provided with her box) arrive at three, and all having met in the drawing-room, the meeting is commenced by prayer, and also by singing one of those appropriate hymns, such as

> "The heathen perish day by day;
> Thousands on thousands pass away.
> Oh Christians! to their rescue fly;
> Preach Jesus to them, ere they die."

When all are seated, one kind Christian lady, who

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has prepared a bag of work previously, hands to each their allotted garment, and willing fingers ply the needle, while the "Green Book" and other interesting Missionary information is read aloud, with now and then a hymn between, to let the reader rest.

At four o'clock a few of the ladies who receive the meeting join us, and contribute by their presence to encourage the children in their good work, and also help to fill their boxes, which are handed round by the young members after tea. At five o'clock the clergymen of the church join us, and we go down to the dining-room to tea, where the steaming urn and plates of cake and bread and butter invite to a comfortable tea. Then little rosy faces, who have probably not seen each other for a month, and who have kept very grave and quiet for the two previous hours, relax their gravity, and enjoy a little merriment over their tea, which lasts till about six o'clock. When all have been thus refreshed, we go up to the drawing-room again, when the names of the collectors are called over, and each little girl by name brings up her box to the clergyman, who commences his not very easy task (what a pity there are any thieves in the world!) of finding out where the slit is, and sometimes has to use his knife rather skilfully before the opening appears. Then what joy for those who have a nice heavy box, with, perhaps, a very fat penny at the top, which seems to act like a doorkeeper, to prevent the others from coming out. When all the boxes are opened, and returned lighter to their owners, the total amount is announced, which, I ought to have mentioned, has been collected by the young members during the month, and which amounts, on an average, to 2*l.* 10*s.* a month, thus sending up to the Parent Society a contri-

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bution of 30*l.* annually. After the opening of the boxes is over, one of the clergymen generally gives a short Missionary address, which is followed by exposition and prayer. At seven o'clock we break up, after having spent a happy afternoon, and having our minds filled with love to Jesus, who claims the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession, and whose throne, although described as a "great white throne," to represent the eastern nations, will yet be inlaid with the ebony of the poor black man, the negro, and the slave.

This little sketch is written in the hope that in each congregation a few Christian ladies may be led to undergo a little personal labour once a year for the cause of Christ; and they may rest assured, that if their house is thus thrown open to further the Gospel cause, they and their families may expect that blessing which maketh rich.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Blow, breezes, on our gallant ship,
And speed her on her way;
May she sail swiftly o'er the deep,
With nothing to delay:
For she a greater treasure bears
Than gold, or India's precious wares.

Wind, fill her sails, and waft her on,
Of rock and reef keep clear:
In her are valiant warriors gone,
Straight o'er the main they steer.

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To fight their country's foes go these,
And to subdue her enemies.

Yes, soldiers they, who go to fight,
(Truth is their captain strong)
'Gainst darkness, and 'gainst error's might,
And all that's false and wrong—
Say, have they armour firm and hard,
Their bodies and their limbs to guard?

Yes, armour have they, strong and bright;
Breastplate, and shield, and sword:
The only blade with which they fight
Is God's most holy word.
Faith is their shield, their breastplate pure
Is righteousness, a safeguard sure.

Their helmet is salvation, and
Their feet with peace are shod;
'T is thus they seek that distant land,
Relying on their God.
They often bend the knee in prayer,
That He will guide them safely there.

Oh greater far these heroes are
Than earthly warriors brave;
And noble is their holy war,
Benighted souls to save.
Their God shall all their need supply,
Where'er they live, whene'er they die.

E. A. M.

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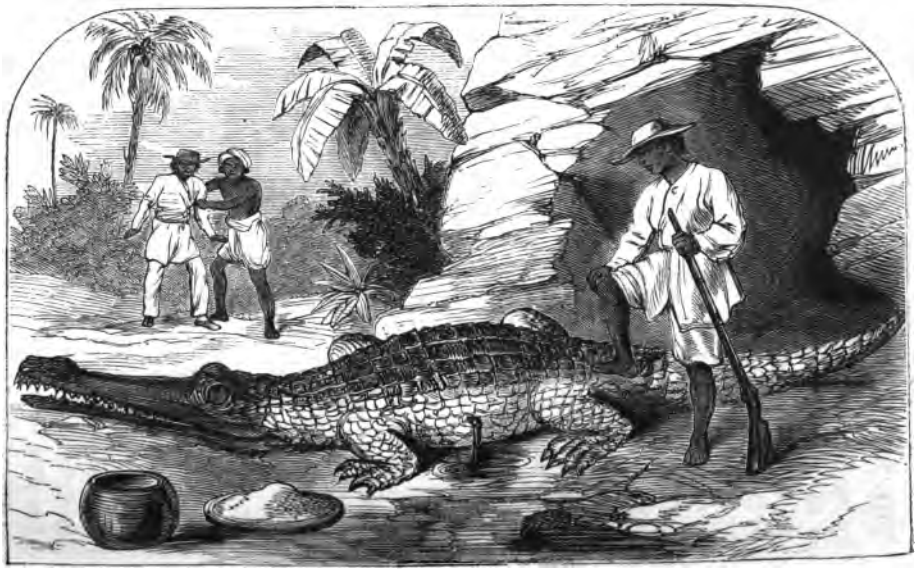

THE DEAD GOD

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"THE REGIONS BEYOND SIERRA LEONE."

Our readers are well acquainted with Sierra Leone, and they live and pray for the many Africans who there have turned from dumb idols to serve the one true God.

How are these African Christians repaying us all that has been expended in their behalf? They love us and pray for us," you reply. Yes, this is true. And their debtors *we* are because they pray for us. But they are doing more—they are abundantly helping in the Missionary work. "Yes," you say, "we have read of Bishop Crowther, and of many other godly Missionaries Sierra Leone has given. We know all about Abbeokuta and the Niger Mission, and ——"

Very well; but I want to tell you what the good Christians of Sierra Leone are doing nearer home. On the Missionary map you will see marked the stations at Bullom, Yongro, and Ro Banny. These are the peculiar Mission stations of the church in Sierra Leone. Here they have their own Missionaries; yes, *their own Missionaries!* They are taken from among themselves—men of their own colour and tongue—and they support them themselves, and so make them *doubly* their own.

If we really love "Africa's sable sons," we must think the good people of Sierra Leone are really repaying us all we have done, and are doing, for them, when they thus seek to extend to those who live near them the blessings of the Christian faith.

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And do these people need Christian teachers? Look at our picture. There is a dead aligator. The man with the gun has shot the reptile, not out of mere wanton cruelty, but because it was a dangerous neighbour, very fond of little boys and girls—I mean very fond of snapping them up and eating them! And there are two men there who seem afraid. What, afraid of it now it is dead? Perhaps they hardly believe it is dead. Look, by its side—just outside the cave in which it lived—is something that looks like a "meat and drink-offering," for they worshipped it as a god. Bread and flour was put in a white plate, or calabash, and thrown into the cave, and the heathen priest asked a blessing of him for all the people, that plants and souls might be saved from sickness and death. Last Christmas-day a native Christian shot the great reptile. His length was a fathom and a-half. And now the heathen say the Christian religion must be true, or the Christian had never killed this god.

Such is the folly of idolatry. It is to possess these heathen lands for Christ, and to bless the poor blind heathen with heavenly light and knowledge, that the Missionary visits them. They are often cast down when they contemplate the condition of their poor brethren, and see how Satan hinders them from receiving the truth. But God is good, and they have much to encourage them, for many have turned to the Lord with all their hearts, and many are inquiring, "What must we do to be saved?"

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ABOUT INDIA.

No. I.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I know you all like to hear stories, especially if they are true, and so I am going to tell you some, about things that really happened in India; but, first of all, we must talk a little about that country and the people who live in it.

India, as I dare say some of you are aware, is a very large country, many times larger than Great Britain, and it has two hundred millions of people living in it. In the north of India there are great high mountains, called the Himalayas, looking as if they were trying to reach the sky. Some of them are always covered with ice and snow, and no one has ever been able to climb them.

But it is South India in which the things took place that I am to tell you about. The country there is generally flat, with great sandy plains every here and there: there are no roads, as in this country, to keep travellers in the right way, no walls or hedges round the fields; but it is all open, and you may ride across the country in any direction for many miles, and when you do not know the way it is very awkward. Europeans are obliged to travel at night, or early in the morning, on account of the great heat, and they have to guide themselves by the stars; but very often they get lost.

The people there are called Hindus: they are not like us, but have dark brown skins and shining black hair. Their clothing, too, is different to ours; it is generally white and thin, for that country is very hot, so hot that they would think one of our July or

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August days pleasantly cool. They never have snow or ice there: many of them never saw such things. I suppose you boys would hardly like to live in a country where there is no skating or snowballing.

Then they do not make their clothes to fit them as we do, but take a piece of cloth, about eight yards long and one yard wide, and wind it round them and over their shoulders, and so cover themselves. They say they do not see the good of our cutting our stuff to pieces to sew it together again.

What will you say when I tell you there are no women servants there, except nurses, and that men make the beds and cook the food, wash the clothes, ah, and the men make the English ladies' dresses, and mend their stockings too.

How would you like to have 251 letters in the alphabet to learn? They have a very difficult language, called Tamil, but English people who have studied it say it is a very beautiful one.

But now I have a very sad thing to tell you about these people. They are nearly all idolaters, that is, they worship idols instead of the true God. These idols are made of wood, stone, clay, gold and silver, &c., and are made to represent men, women, and all sorts of things. Sometimes they worship snakes, kites, crows, and even monkeys. Some of the idols are very ugly. I have one in my house that makes one shudder to look at it: it is a woman eating a child, with another under her arm, and one under her feet, ready to be eaten, and that ugly thing, made of rags, was once really worshipped by many people.

Poor things, they do not know any better: they have no Bible to tell them about the true God, and the love of Jesus Christ in dying for sinners: they know nothing

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of heaven or hell. Dear children, will you not pray for them?

My letter has grown so long that I must leave the stories for another time.

Your loving friend,

IMOGENE.

OUR LIBERATED-AFRICAN GIRLS AT CHARLOTTE, SIERRA LEONE.

UPON the Queen's birthday we gave all our dear children a treat, and, for a change, took them to Wilberforce, where we much enjoyed ourselves. The children, after a plentiful repast, were permitted to ramble in the bush for a few hours, after which they all returned home, making the hills and valleys around echo with their joyous voices. On the following morning we were greatly amused and gratified by seeing a Missionary-box upon the table, placed before a plate of beautiful limes, in value about threepence. I asked what was the meaning of it (though the sight of the silent little box was sufficient to tell its own tale), when I learned that one of our children had gathered them the day before, and wished to sell them for the benefit of the box. The same desire to send the Gospel to the heathen around is, I am glad to say, manifested in many of our children. The other day I was agreeably surprised to see a very nice letter from four of our best-behaved girls, laid upon the table in my study, the contents of which was to beg me, "if I thought they were competent, to assist in sending them to teach their poor heathen parents and relatives, and though, as they said, they were very far from being worthy, still they longed to shoot the Gospel bow of salvation." The whole school still willingly deny themselves of

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their meat every Tuesday for the furtherance of the Lord's work. Last year they were enabled to send 5*l.* 10*s.* to the Jews' Society in London; but this year they are wishful that it should aid in sending a Missionary to the Kossoh country (many of our children being Kossos). I do not know whether it is probable that their laudable wish will be gratified.

Our daily and industrial schools are kept as regularly as possible, and not without progress. When the Governor and Commodore were here last February, and saw the children's work, they expressed themselves greatly pleased, and wished us to send it to the Exhibition. After some hesitation, we complied with their wish, and forwarded a case, containing various pieces of wool and bead work, anti-macassars and collars of crochet, knitting, and netting, book-markers, and other fancy things, as also plain sewing and embroidery. His Excellency kindly gave every one of the children tickets to go to it on one of the principal days, and provided them with a sumptuous dinner and other refreshments in town. They left Charlotte at eight A.M., with the native matron and teachers, and returned about nine P.M., greatly delighted with all they had eaten, seen, and heard. The Governor expressed himself much gratified with the children's healthy, respectable appearance, and their good behaviour. We were very thankful for them to have such a nice treat, and also that the Governor took so kind an interest in them. A few weeks after, we were agreeably surprised by receiving a silver prize medal, a certificate, and 5*l.*, awarded to our school by the jurors of the Exhibition. We hoped to have the certificate framed, and divided the money among the children, as a reward, and encouragement for them to persevere in their work.

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LETTER FROM LAGOS.

"*Lagos, West Africa, March* 9, 1866.

"My dear Miss Lanfear,—

Our church, St. Paul's, which you have known as the Bread-fruit Free Church, cannot longer contain its congregation, and Mr. Nicholson, our clergyman, has given out his intention of building a new church, for which we all must help by subscriptions. This we are glad to do, but we cannot do much, and so I have resolved to beg kind friends in England to help me, as I am anxious to do more for our church than lies in my own power. Will you kindly ask help for me, and be so good as to receive the subscriptions for me?

"Our grammar school is very encouraging just now, although the times are so hard that every one is crying out. We have twenty pupils who pay most readily, and we trust the instructions they receive here will not be for their bodily good only, but also for their spiritual welfare hereafter.

"I am ever, dear friend,

"Your's truly,

"A. Macaulay."

Mrs. Macaulay is Bishop Crowther's *second* daughter, and wife of Rev. T. B. Macaulay, Principal of the Church Missionary Grammar School at Lagos.

Subscriptions for this church will be gratefully received either by Miss Lanfear, Southcot, Reading, or Mrs. Malaher, 1 Russell Street, Reading.

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GEORGIE'S MISSIONARY-BOX; AND HOW HE FILLED IT.

GEORGIE SANDERS went to the Sunday-school. Like several other boys in his class, he had a card to collect for the support of native preachers, and very pleased was George, when they gave the cards in with the amount collected, to hear from his teacher's lips how useful the native preachers were, and what great good was being wrought by God's blessing on their labours.

"But now," said the teacher, "as some of you have done so well with your cards, I think this year you might do even more. Which of you would like to have, besides the new card, a box, in which to collect for Missions generally?"

All the boys declared they would like a box, though how many of them were really in earnest in trying to fill it, is another matter. However, next Sunday each boy had given to him a little box, with "Missionary Society" printed on it.

Georgie was only ten years old, but he was a thoughtful boy for his age. He said very little when his teacher placed the box in his hand; when he reached home he showed it to his mother, and then went into a little back room, where he knew he would not be disturbed. It was a cold, wintry afternoon, and the snow was lying on the ground, so Georgie put his wooden stool in front of the little fire, and, with his box upon his knees, he sat and thought.

First he thought of the heathen and their wretchedness, and how sad it was that so many perished without hearing the glad tidings of salvation; then he looked at his box, and wondered what could a little boy of ten years old do to fill it; and then he pondered

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over some words his teacher had said that afternoon—
—"There are two ways of getting money—*earning* it, and *saving* it: 'a penny saved is a penny got,' so runs the proverb; and if you bear that in mind, your boxes will be far from empty at the year's end."

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"Mother gives me a penny a week," said Georgie, to himself; "and father does the same: I can save those pennies, most weeks, for my box. But that will make but a few shillings difference in twelve months' time, even if I never spend any; and I must buy little Rosa something sometimes. Oh dear, I would so have liked to have had it cram full. Well, I'll do what I can, any way: every shilling will do good to the heathen, I know; and maybe, if I can't *save* more I can *earn* something too;" and in his heart he prayed that God would help him.

Just then his sister Rosa came running in, and looked a little surprised to see her brother sitting so quietly alone.

"What 's that funny box for?" said she; "I saw you showing it to mother: doesn't it open? What's that long hole at the top for?"

"To put pennies through," said George, smiling; and then he explained to her what Missionaries were, and told her some of the sad things that were done in heathen countries.

Though Rosa was only six years old, she understood most of what her brother said.

"George, would my dear little silver threepence be any good?" she asked, earnestly. "Would it pay for a good man to go there to teach them to be better?"

"No, dear, not quite that," answered George, kissing the eager little face; "but it would pay for a little book, perhaps, that would tell some one about God. But I thought you didn't mean to part with your silver threepence."

"I will for the Missionaries," said Rosa; and, taking her last new treasure out of an old purse which she kept in her pocket, she dropped it into the Missionary-

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box with great delight. And George felt glad that his little sister's contribution was the first.

For some weeks George put in his pence with tolerable regularity; but, as yet, that was all that he could do. His parents were working people, and George had few presents of money, except the twopence every Saturday. He had thought over several plans for earning some, but had not been able to put any into practice. Though his parents were not well off, George went to a day-school in the village, and had therefore little time at his own disposal. His father was a market-gardener, and there was much that a clever boy like George could have done to help him, but he knew the advantages of a good education, and kept George strictly to school, choosing rather to pay for any assistance in weeding, &c., than to interrupt his son in his studies.

"I must see after a boy or two," said John Sanders, one spring evening: "what with the weeds and the planting out, me and my man have our hands full."

"Couldn't I do something?" asked Georgie, looking up from his slate.

"No, my boy; stick to your books yet awhile. I'll tell you what, though, George," he added, presently; "you were wishing the other day you could earn something: now, if you'll take a turn at work for two hours before school every morning, I'll pay you fairly for it, and only get one boy in to help me."

Georgie took a few minutes to consider. You will perhaps wonder why that was; but you must know that, though he was a clever and a thoughtful boy, he was rather disposed to be an idle one, especially in the mornings. He had to be at school by a little after nine, and he knew that to work for two full hours

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before school, he must rise at six o'clock at the latest. "If it were summer time," thought George; "but these mornings now are often cold and damp: shall I?"

"Do, George," whispered Rosa, to whom, little as she was, her brother had told of his great wish to earn money for his box; "and then they'll send plenty of good men to tell the heathen not to pray to idols: do, George."

"I'll begin to-morrow, if you like, father," said George, looking gratefully at his little sister.

"Well done, my boy. I want you to be clever, for I feel the need of it many a time; but I do like to see a boy an early riser; so it's a bargain."

George's resolution did not fail; it was very unpleasant at first to rise early and to work hard before breakfast, for he had never been accustomed to it; but if he were tempted to be lazy, he thought of the object for which he was working, and that kept him firm. By-and-by it required little effort, and he was thankful as he put many a bright sixpence into his box, that he had accepted his father's offer.

I cannot tell you now of the many ways by which George contrived to get his box full before the end of the year, or of his great joy when he gave it to his teacher, and I do not think I need, for nearly all of you can, if you try, find out for yourselves how to earn or save a penny now and then. George's whole heart was in Missionary work, and having the "will" he found "the way."

"Ah!" some of you may be saying to yourselves, "it is all very well to tell us what Georgie did, but is it true? We don't know any boys or girls who give up so much."

Perhaps not; but then, you know, the boys and girls

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who practise self-denial (and nothing good can be done without it) are just the ones who will not speak of what they do. It may be that some of your companions are working for others, as Georgie did, though you are not aware of it; and it is true, quite true, that such things are done by many boys and girls—children who have given their hearts to the Saviour, and whose happiest moments are when they are doing what little they can to please Him. Why should not each of you do the same?

You see what you little people can do if you are only in earnest and seek God's help. Think of the ragged, untaught, uncaredfor children in India, and deny yourselves that you may make some of them happier and better in this life, and infinitely happier throughout eternity.—*Juvenile Missionary Herald.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S MISSION.

O BROTHER, who hast often sighed,
"Would it to me were given
To tell of Jesus crucified—
The open door to heaven!"
Each servant hath his work to do,
To each his place assigned;
Haste, then, thy mission to pursue,
With humble, earnest mind.

Bright crowns there are laid up on high,
Which youthful brows may wear;
And there are palms of victory
Which youthful hands may bear:

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And here on earth are many feet
  Straying in paths of sin,
That, by God's wondrous grace made meet,
  His glory yet may win.

Brother, though thine may ever be
  A lowly, hidden way,
Faint not! "The Master calleth thee,"
  He bids thee "work to-day."
One deed of thine, one faithful word,
  Perchance a lifted prayer,
May draw same wanderer to thy Lord,
  His sheltering love to share.

Oh, labour on, in His dear name,
  Who suffered death for thee;
And from that death of woe and shame
  Arose triumphantly:
For Jesus reigns in glory now,
  And soon, in sweet release,
Before Him shall His servants bow,
  And know His perfect peace.

And when with such transporting bliss
  Thou com'st before His throne,
'Twill be an added happiness
  To come not there alone.
And higher shall heaven's echoes rise,
  And harps shall sweeter ring,
Blending with children's symphonies
  The praises of our King.

ANON.

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AN ABBEOKUTA GARDEN

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AN ABBEOKUTA GARDEN IN APRIL AND MAY.

THE following description of an African garden we borrow from the "Coral Missionary Magazine"—

"We have sometimes wished to be able to introduce our friends in England to scenes and places connected with our West-African homes, which have been comparatively but little described, but which are a source of continual refreshment to those who love to behold the beautiful works of God. We know they are 'sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.' What sweetness lies in the words, 'The garden of the Lord!' and what an exquisite comparison is this, 'Thou shalt be like a watered garden!' The expressions, 'trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord,' and 'the branch of my planting,' are full of increasing force and beauty as we carry out these similitudes in what we see around us; and of the beauties of a tropical garden may we not say, their 'voice is heard?' It is a mistaken impression, commonly entertained, that there are no singing birds in West Africa. The African thrush, with his brown and amber plumage, sings his nightingale trills and sweet varied notes nearly all day in the rainy season; in the garden enclosure he finds his home; and it is the shrill, clear, blackbird's note that we hear striking up the chorus in the dim light of an early April morning, when the flowers are laden with heavy dew, waiting till the bright sunlight shall reveal their fullest colours. As soon as the heat of the day commences, what a splendid sight is the scarlet acacia tree,* close to

* Of the height and size of an English lilac.

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the open verandah where we may be standing. Glittering honey-birds in green and gold, and butterflies with wings of sea green and black, and blue and black, share the sweets of the hanging blossoms; and it is wonderful to see the bent needle-beak of the little bird as it dives down into the flower. No intruders disturb. The white and brown butterflies never forsake their own lilac blossoms in a distant part of the garden; but the yellow acacias close by attract the honey-bird, and the colours of his plumage are matched in the flowers and leaves as he poises himself upon the trembling spray. The walks in this our garden are laid down with yellow sand instead of gravel, and trodden by the feet of little gardeners instead of being pressed by a roller. The borders are not box edgings, but are composed of a low, white crocus-like lily, with dark-green leaves. A bed of luxuriant balsams is beside the garden gate; and a path leads from these English flowers to the foot of an orange-tree: this is the medicinal bitter orange. A sweet orange-tree grows close to the house, filling our rooms at times with fragrance, and, later, our baskets with fruit. We would lead you beside our bank of zinnias, English flowers again. They are in every shade of crimson, scarlet, and yellow, interspersed with lilac and white. We see them in the bright glow of an African May-day sun, but the heat is not intense. Hundreds of butterflies are flitting over them in one fluttering, waving mass of gorgeous colour, almost dazzling in beauty. Our pink roses shed their sweetness around. The Sierra-Leone lilies are not yet in flower, but the purple-lined leaves of some of them are a great ornament to the borders, with the common red lilies. The purple amaranthus abounds, and is often planted with the African marigold, for the sake of the purple and

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gold! In one of our beds we have the pink heliotrope, brought from Sierra Leone, and of which hedges there are sometimes made; but the creepers are so beautiful against the English palings. The American 'cyprus vine,' with its crimson, jessamine-like flowers, is placed alternately with patches of a bright-blue pea; and a few steps beyond, around a guava-tree, a little scarlet convolvulus is thickly climbing.

"A pine-apple hedge divides the flower and vegetable gardens, to the latter of which we would like now to take you. Here we have turnips, carrots, cabbages, French and American beans, radishes, mustard and cress, parsley, lettuces, cucumbers, besides country onions, sweet potatoes, and a few yams. There is a fine bed of arrowroot, another of ginger, and the tomato* is not wanting, raised from English seed.

"We will turn down the long shrubbery walk, 200 feet in length, beneath the shade of these luxuriant trees, with their crimson-tinted fibres hanging gracefully from the lower boughs to the ground. Among these trees, woodpeckers in brightest blue may be seen darting in and out among the branches. We and our native children sit here occasionally towards evening with books and work; they perhaps making leaf-fans with the shining yellow leaves that fall. Both boys and girls are useful little gardeners sometimes of an afternoon when school is over. The boys are taught to dig and hoe, to help in planting, and to prepare the soil. The girls weed, sweep the paths, rake the borders, and gather up the fallen leaves in large baskets, which they carry away on their heads. All help in watering before

* The wild African tomato, of the size of a small cherry, is of little value.

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the rains commence. They have been busy with us in preparing the long shrubbery-bed against the garden-wall (seven feet in height) lately built of clay and granite. It now looks so gay with balsam-borders and shrubs of red hybiscus and pink oleander. But we must take leave of this our garden in the tropics, beautiful as it is, and let the flowers bloom as they will, and the birds sing while we are far away."

ABOUT INDIA.

No. II.

DEAR CHILDREN,—To-day I shall write about snakes. Do you know what they are? You have heard of them, no doubt, but have you ever seen one? Thank God, we have not many in England, but in India there are thousands of them, creeping things, varying from a few inches to sixteen or twenty feet long; some of them not thicker than your little finger, and others much thicker than a man's arm; but they are often very beautiful to look at. Many of them are very poisonous; so poisonous that if a person is bitten by one of them he is sure to die. But the most fearful of all is the Cobra-di-capello, called by the natives the "good snake;" and these poor ignorant people pray to them that they may not hurt them.

One evening papa rode to a gentleman's house where there were four or five children, little boys and girls, and about the house a little garden, where these children played when the hot sun was gone. Just as he rode in they had found one of these snakes in the garden, hidden under a broken flower-pot. The gardener came, and it was soon killed. It was a large one, and had it bitten one of the children, that child must soon

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have been a lifeless corpse. As you may suppose, they were very much frightened; and you may be thankful that you have no such snakes in your garden, either to bite or to frighten you and your companions.

You can never walk on the grass in India, lest a snake should be hidden there. When you walk out, you must look carefully at the ground, to see that it is free from these nasty things. They not only infest the roads, hedges, and gardens, but they come into your house, lie on your bookshelves, get into your boots and into your bed.

Every one in India, before getting into bed, looks under his pillows, to see there is no snake there. Once papa had one in bed with him, and twice he woke up in the night, and jumped out of bed in a great fright, thinking a cobra was under his pillow, but each time found it was a rat. Not a pleasant bed-fellow, was it? But better than a cobra.

I have a little snake, such a pretty one, in a bottle, which papa found asleep in his bed-room. As he had no business there, papa determined to take him prisoner, but how was it to be done? It was a "yetuddie parmboo," that means, the eightsteps snake, because the natives say that if you have been bitten by one you cannot walk more than eight steps before you fall down dead; and directly any one went near it, it lifted up its head and darted out its little tongue, threatening death to any one who dared to touch it. Well, papa got a stick, to which he fastened a string with a slip-knot to it, and contrived to throw the noose over the snake's head, and draw it tight; then he laid a bottle on the ground, and, by means of the string, made the snake creep in, then poured some brandy on him, and corked him down. Are not you very glad that you can go to bed without fear?

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One evening, when papa and mamma were sitting in their room with two of the native catechists on the floor—for the natives do not sit on chairs, as we do, but on the floor—reading some Tamil papers which they had written, all at once papa screamed out, "Snake! snake!" and sure enough there it was, going at railroad pace. It had passed mamma, and was making its way to Abraham, one of the catechists. Up they all jumped, and away went Mr. Snake into the bed-room. One caught up an umbrella, another rushed out and broke a branch off a tree, and so between one and the other the intruder was at last killed.

Now, dear children, I must say good bye to you, for I have some ladies coming here this afternoon to work for the Missionary basket. We meet once a month, and the things we make are sold, and the money given to send teachers to these poor people, that they may learn not to pray to snakes, but to the true God who alone keeps them from evil. Could not some little boy or girl who reads this find some way of employing their fingers in the Missionary cause? That God may bless you, and plant His love in your heart, is the prayer of your affectionate friend IMOGENE.

RUPERT'S LAND.

Church Mission Station,
Nepowewin, Jan. 16, 1866.

To the Children of the St. John's Juvenile Church Missionary Society Association, Reading.

MY DEAR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—Though unknown to me, yet, through the request of my dear and esteemed friend, Miss Lanfear, I would venture to

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send you a few lines, wishing to send you the assurance of my heartfelt thanks for the nice pair of spectacles which I am informed you have so kindly sent for me, for which I beg you to accept of my warmest thanks.

It delights my heart to think of those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I am sure I shall ever think of you as my brothers and sisters. You have sent me a pair of eyes when my own were getting weak, and now I shall be able to see more clearly God's holy word, and to read it to your poor Indian brothers and sisters. I could tell you many nice little stories about the little children in my country, which I am sure would interest you very much — many nice stories of little Indian children loving the Lord Jesus Christ, as I trust you will do—many who have believed in Him, and died in the faith of the Son of God. These, my dear young friends, you would hope to see before the throne of God, among those redeemed ones, of every kindred, and tongue, and people.

But it would make your heart ache if I were to tell you, too, of those who are living in darkness and gross superstition; poor little boys and girls who have not known our Lord Jesus Christ, and know not how to pray to Him, bowing down to the gross superstitions of their forefathers. It would make your young and tender hearts bleed to witness the untold misery which such have to suffer, even in this life, to say nothing of what is awaiting them in another. For these, then, let me entreat your earnest prayers. Pray, my dear young friends, that these poor little children may be rescued from a superstition so degrading as their's is. Pray that it may please God to bless the means used by good people in your country for the salvation of these wretched sons and daughters of Adam. And

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let me entreat you to pray for me, for I much need your prayers. My work is arduous, and often discouraging in the extreme.

And now, my dear young friends, I must bid you farewell. May Jesus be precious to you all.

I am, your's truly,

HENRY BUDD.

THE CHURCH AT SECUNDRA.

THE Secundra Orphanage and Mission are known to some of our young readers. The interest taken in both will perhaps be quickened by the picture of the church at Secundra. We last referred to the Orphanage in the November Number for 1864.

We must give some extracts from the last Report of the kind Superintendent of this Home for little outcast orphan children. We hope Mr. and Mrs. Dæuble never lack the prayers of our readers, nor the little ones he cares for either. He writes—

"The introduction of the washing has been attended with some difficulty; the boys considered such work 'below their caste.' Some even tried running away, but soon came back.

"To our friends at home it must be very difficult to understand what we can still have to do with caste. It is not so to us. The Dhobis (washermen) are a very low caste in India, and although all our orphans lose their former caste as soon as they come here, they do not at once lose their former *ideas about caste*, and think especially washing and sweeping (which latter is done chiefly by the *mehtars*, the sweeper-caste) very degrading."

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Our readers understand what caste is, how the poor Hindu is brought up to think that caste is every thing, and that to lose caste, by doing the work of a lower caste, is to lose his soul.

"We have alluded to this difficulty in last year's Re-

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port. We have had orphans from other orphanages, who, coming here, were scandalized with the idea that they must serve themselves by turns, cook their own meals, clean their rooms, fetch their own water, &c. And they have left us again, being too great gentlemen to do such degrading work! Two orphans were sent us last year by a Missionary from a remote district. These orphans were formerly entirely neglected, and (I beg pardon for the strong expression) they used to live like pigs in the dirt, without any clothing. Yet fancy, the man who brought them, and who pretended to be somehow related to them, declared that he would take the boys away with him; he would never suffer them to be degraded into mehtars and dhobis (sweepers and washermen). He had heard that the orphans have to sweep the school and compound and to wash their clothes!

"So again the apprentices of the press often petitioned against being made to fetch in turn the water wanted in their business, but they were generally put up to this by those who had come from outside. A little boy who had lost his widowed mother ran away three times, and stated in the city that he did it because he was made to do coolie's work, *i.e.* cutting the grass in the compound with the other orphans."

The resolution to teach the orphans that caste is nothing, and that no work is low and degrading to them, has been strictly carried out, and there is now less trouble in that respect. Let us take a peep at them during the hot season.

"Fancy now, in April, the heat is already so great that in my room the thermometer reaches ninety-five degrees. And this is our spring-time. . . . . It is night now. A dust storm, which darkened the air, with thunder and

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lightning, but scarcely any rain, has cooled the air a little, and all is covered with dust.

"The boys sleep in long rows in the open air in their compound, and the girls on their verandah, and all is quiet. To-morrow, a little after six, the gongs will call all to morning prayers. At seven the children go to school, the girls till ten o'clock, and, after breakfast, to their sewing and knitting, or spinning: the boys have school till half-past twelve. Then some go to the press, others to the tailor, others to their washing, baking, &c., and those who are left assemble for about two hours to learn their lessons. At five they have their dinner, and then they play till they assemble again for evening prayers, when their voices sound through the evening air very pleasantly."

Lastly, we give a part of a letter, written by an orphan to *all her friends in England*—

"*Secundra, April 25, 1865, after Christ.*

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—By the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may you remain in health! After due respects and salaams be it known to you that we have heard that you remember and love us girls. We are grateful to you, and I write you a little that you may know how we spend our days. In Hindustan it is at this time very hot, so we do not go out to eat air (*i.e.* for a walk) in the evening, but, getting up at four in the morning, we go to eat air. At six we go to church for prayers, Then at seven to school.

"At ten school closes, and, after bathing, we go to breakfast. Then we rest for some time. At one o'clock the bigger girls go to the Mem Sahib (Mrs. Dæuble) to do their knitting and sewing. The other girls go to Miss Babaji, and sew their own and the boys' clothes. There is a blind girl, Sarah, who teaches the little ones

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things to commit to memory—as Bible history, hymns, and catechism. . . . . More things do not come to me to write to you; so we all send you our salaams!"

LETTER FROM BISHOP CROWTHER.

"*Hulk Celma, Bonny River, April* 3, 1866.

"MY DEAR ———, — You will see, by the heading of this, that I am still at Bonny, where I am getting the Bonny Mission Station built, and I am thankful to say I have been successful in my work thus far.

The school chapel of mud, I am building here, is nearly completed, and will be under roof in a week or two. A Mission house, also of the same material, is connected with the station.

Although the word *mud* may sound very common, as of low material, yet I can assure you it is one of the best for building in this country, of native preparation, next to bricks. In fact, it may be considered equal to a burnt-brick building as a mass, and, when sufficiently dry, the walls become hard and solid, and bear any weight. The inhabitants of Bonny have not been accustomed to this mode of building, though it is common in Yoruba and up the Niger.

The chiefs who contribute to the establishment of this Mission are very proud of such a place being got up for the education of their children, and they themselves have determined to imitate my example of house-building of mud, after the fashion of the Mission house.

They are very imitative, and are open to improve-

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ment. They did not know that the oyster-shells which they threw into the rivers and creeks, after they had eaten the fish, were of any use, till I called them to fetch them to sell to me; and my first kiln of lime, burnt on the spot, to plaister and whitewash the buildings, has opened their eyes to how many good and useful things they have about them, of whose utility they have hitherto been ignorant.

One of the headmen, observing my proceedings in these buildings, as I progressed in planning out one thing after another, said, 'Too many things live in your head.' I told him I came to impart some of those things from my head to their heads, if they were willing to receive them. These people are cannibals; but I must leave this subject till another letter, when I can enter more fully into it.

The two other cases sent through the Mission House, London, have safely reached me. I shall have some of the articles sold for the benefit of the Mission, and with the money buy a good-toned bell for the church at Idda. The tea-pot, &c., which you sent out by the first case has been estimated at about 3*l.*, which will go towards the bell. I have received 5*l.* from Canada, collected by a friend of Africa, which will also go towards the bell.

I hope to write particulars to Mrs. Malaher on my return to Lagos, as I intend to call the church at Idda 'the Reading Church,' from the fact that Reading has contributed very largely towards the commencement of that station, by way of presents to the king and chiefs.

"Accept my thanks for the many kind attentions we have received from you at all times, which only the God of Missions can recompense."

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ON A MISSIONARY BOX.

THIS box is like the sea:—
  It joins divided lands;
And bears to shores beyond our sight
  The gifts of willing hands.

'Tis like the patient earth:—
  It takes the precious seed;
And when the appointed days come round
  Supplies the sower's need.

'Tis like, yet how unlike!
  Unlike the faithless sea;
Unlike the land, which, tilled and sown,
  Can yet unfruitful be.

For they who here confide,
  Saviour, have fixed their stay
On Thy right hand, whom sea and land,
  And heaven itself obey!

Hence the glad soil they till
  Fruitless shall never prove;
And every wave of time shall serve
  Their ministry of love.

And, when those waves are hushed,
  Their hallowed lot shall be,
To "shine like stars" that helped to guide
  A wandering world to Thee!

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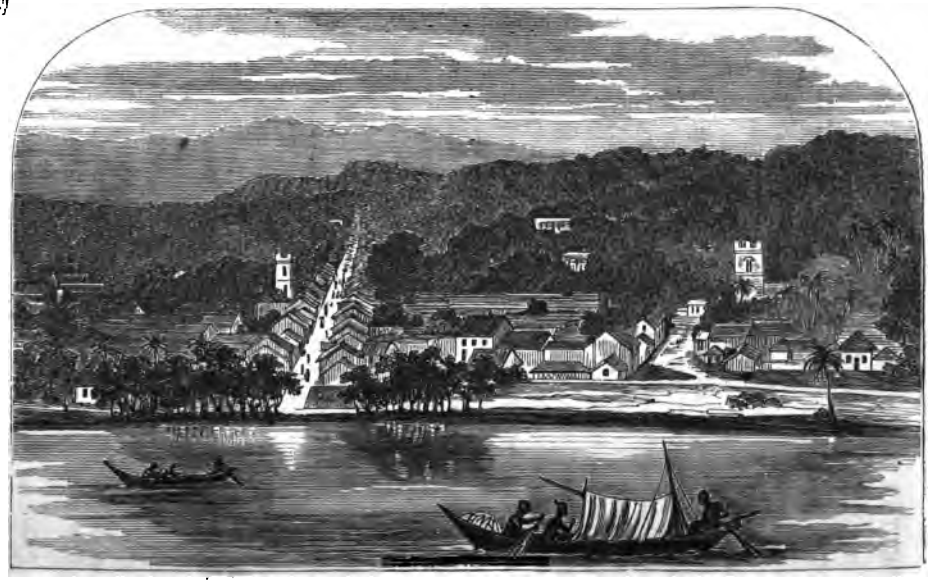

KANDY, CEYLON.

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LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY IN CEYLON.

THE following letter from our old friend, Mr. Pickford, will be read with pleasure.*

"*Kandy, Ceylon.*

"MY DEAR MR. TERRY,—I was on the point of beginning my letter, 'My dear Mr. Atlee,' but it occurred to me that you have been a warm friend of the Church Missionary Society for at least half a century. You have contributed to its funds, and entertained its deputations, and made speeches at its meetings. You are more than entitled to any information which I can give, because you are such a good old friend of the Society. But perhaps my opportunities of writing to you may not be very many. I hope they may, but the thought will not give you much concern: you will be ready when the Lord shall say, 'Come,' to answer, 'Yea, Lord, now let thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' Until this, the appointed time, shall come, you will not cease to help forward every good work, and you will rejoice to hear of the extension of our Lord's kingdom in the world.

"In my last letter to you I did not enter much into the nature and extent of Missionary work here. I have not much time to do this now, but I remember that your Missionary meeting will be coming round, and the kind hearts of those who still think of us will welcome any intelligence. Let me say, then, in the first, place, that I am not sorry that I left you, though I did sorrow when I went away. I am not sorry, because I

* On page 135 is a picture engraved from a photograph of Ceylon paddy-beaters sent home by Mr. Pickford.

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do hope and believe the Lord is gathering a people for his own praise and glory from among the Tamils in Ceylon. You will forgive me for saying, that in leaving you I obtained real promotion. The Church Missionary Society gave me, not a rectory, nor even a vicarage, but some genuine apostolic work to do. If St. Paul could serve his Master again upon earth, I have no doubt he would select a work like the Tamil Cooly Mission. In a few days I hope the Annual Report of the Cooly Mission will be printed, and I trust the copy which will be sent you will reach you. This Report does not throw much light upon the grand work. It is strange, perhaps, that it should be so, but such is necessarily the case. I cannot, in a general Report, introduce the case of this or that man, showing how the word came home with power to his heart; how he sought God amid many difficulties; how God opened his eyes, and enabled him for months to walk a little, seeing men as trees walking; and how he walks more uprightly now and more at liberty, and yet stumbles again and again. This is the inner life, the struggle between light and darkness—between the new life and inner corruption, the being saved as by fire. To speak of this in connexion with our converts I find, as a Missionary, to be the most difficult part of my work. We shall understand it better in eternity. I could mention many such cases. They go stumbling along. They have done what the Thessalonians did, 'turned from idols to serve the only living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven.' But the old corruption is not altogether gone, and they seem sometimes almost to get lost in the darkness which is in them. St. Paul found such among his converts, and he yearned over them, saying, 'My little children, of whom I travail

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in birth again until Christ be formed in you; I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain.' I wish I could make more notes of these cases than I do; but such is the work before me, that I find it necessary to attend to pressing duties, and to leave the rest. When you look over the Report you will find that the Mission is not supported by the Church Missionary Society's funds, but by the contributions of those who are eye-witnesses of the great work; that we have a pretty strong body of native agents; that our field of labour is very large, and full of gracious encouragements. What I long and pray for is fruit—the conversion of men and women by the power of God's Spirit. Why do we not see more of this? Why should we be content to go on sowing precious and good seed, and then pass on without prayerfully looking for the fruit? The Lord's arm is not shortened, and He has not yet withdrawn the promise that his dear Son shall 'see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied.' I can assure you I am ashamed when I see the weakness of my faith and my unprofitableness.

"Let me now give a short account, or view, of the work which God has put before me and my fellow-labourers. Look at my field as a parish. It is a parish which extends over the whole central part of Ceylon. In round numbers, it is about 170 miles long, and 90 miles broad. There are in it about 230,000 Tamil coolies. My centre is Kandy. On the eastern side, the most distant points to which I have to walk and ride are about 130 miles; on the west, about 40; on the north, 40; and on the south, 50 miles. As regards the Tamil Mission, this large field is divided into about 500 plots, each of which in itself forms a Mission. Each of these plots is a coffee estate, managed by one or two

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European gentlemen, and containing from 100 to 450 coolies. There are only a few, perhaps a dozen estates, closed to us: all the rest are thrown wide open to our visits. We begin our work early in the morning. My Newland friends know that this is the best time for work. What would become of the cows and the gardens unless the milking and the digging began early? About five o'clock a horn is blown or a drum beaten on the estate, and every one is supposed to get up. I can speak for the Missionary. I know that he gets up though there may have been a hard day's work before. A little before six o'clock the coolies assemble to have their names called over, and to be drafted off to the day's work. At this 'muster' we are allowed to preach. This is our sowing-time. Then we visit the little huts in which the people live, and speak to the unemployed and to the sick; and if there are any native Christians, we gather them together for prayer and for the reading of God's word. In the afternoon, at four o'clock, we have another opportunity of making known the glad tidings of salvation. There are many God-fearing men among the planters; there are others who are well-disposed, though not decided for Christ; and both of these classes give us noble opportunities of preaching the Gospel. Many planters call their people together when I reach the estate, and thus I have often four out-door or open-air preachings, speaking to as many as 800 or 900 in a day. God knows what is good; but when I see the people pressing forward to hear the word of life, I wish that I had a frame of iron, and strength enough to be always engaged in this delightful work. But to do this is beyond the strength which God gives to his servants.

"The journeys are generally long, and the roads in

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PADDY BEATERS, CEYLON.

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most places bad. There is also a tropical sun, or a drenching rain—such rain as is only known in Ceylon for heaviness and continuance. Against these inconveniences we can put, (1) Christ's presence very joyful and very cheering; (2) Great peace of mind, such as the world cannot give nor take away; (3) The fulfilment to the very tittle of gracious promises; and (4) The manifest work of the Spirit in carrying the Gospel message home to the hearts of many. When I use the words 'we,' I speak of my fourteen fellow-labourers and myself. Of these fellow-labourers I can make honourable mention. But God knows them in their strength and weakness better than I do; and lest I should overrate them or underrate them, I will only say that I rejoice to have them as fellow-helpers, and I wish that every clergyman in England knew the simple Gospel as well as they do, and preached it to as many. We have had much reason to praise God for what He has been pleased to do in this Mission during the past year. The income has increased twenty-five per cent., and we are, I hope, more warmly received. This is a mercy for which we ought to praise God. The catechists have been kept steadily and prayerfully to their work. This is a great mercy, when we remember the trying nature of their labours. They have to walk great distances, and climb high hills, or rather mountains, in the hot sun or in heavy rains. They have to bear the inconveniences of leeches, and sometimes they have to pass through jungles only occupied by elephants. They need a little patting on the back sometimes; but, above all, they need the grace of God, and the love of souls in their hearts.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH.

In 1853 Mr. Ingalls, an American Missionary, settled at Rangoon, in Southern India. Here, with his wife, he took possession of a small native house, with no flooring but the earth. One door opened upon a verandah facing the busy street. In this verandah, day by day, the Missionary and his assistant took their seats, and spread out some Bibles and tracts, to attract the people as they went by. Sometimes several would stop and talk to the "white teacher." And so many days passed on.

Some time after, on a Monday morning, the teachers were sitting as usual, when a thick-set, sturdy-looking Burman entered the verandah, followed by four others. He was hot, dusty, and wearied, and had evidently travelled some distance; but, throwing down his bundle at his back, he began in a loud, decided tone—"Well, I've come back: I want to be a Christian; I want to be baptized; and I've brought four more with me." "Who are you? and where did you hear of our religion?" said Mr. Ingalls. He started, as he replied, "Why, does n't the teacher know me? Don't you remember, I'm the blacksmith to whom you gave the Testament and the tracts two months ago? I've been reading them ever since. I took them to my village, and have been reading on; and now I know all about it, and I know Christ can save a poor sinner like me, and I want to be baptized."

All this time he had been unrolling the bundle, and had taken out the precious Testament which had made him wise unto salvation. Mr. Ingalls made him sit down beside him, that he might inquire how much he knew of the Gospel. He could not doubt that the

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poor man was quite sincere, for, like the poor blind man in the Gospel, he could say, "Once I was blind; now I see." He was greatly distressed when he found that it was Monday, for he had travelled without resting, in the hope of reaching the teacher on the Lord's-day. He said that when he first read *the book* he felt afraid when he thought how holy the great God was, and feared he would not look upon such an one as he was; but he read on—on—such wondrous things, and of the Lord Jesus calling and saving even poor fishermen (whom the Burmans hold in contempt), and that gave him hope, and he thought he might even save a poor blacksmith. His eyes sparkled as he said, "Oh how I have read, read, blowing my bellows with one hand, whilst I have held my Testament with the other. I want to be baptized."

How the Missionaries rejoiced over this saved soul, and over those whom he had brought with him! He had truly gone forth bearing precious seed, and had come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. After a few days' instruction, counsel, and prayer, the poor blacksmith was baptized, and returned to his family and native village; but there he had to bear persecution, for the headman of the village treated him so cruelly, because he had become a Christian, that he was driven from his home. He fled towards Ava, no doubt with the desire of carrying the Gospel there; but his work was done, and having witnessed a good confession upon earth, he was called to enter into the presence of his Master in heaven.

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THE VERY BEST COLLECTOR.

"AUNTIE, who was the best, the very best collector you ever knew?" This question was put to me many years ago. I have often thought of it since, and I think the conversation I had then may interest my little readers. It was a winter evening; a wood fire was burning in the large old-fashioned fireplace of the little, low, dark parlour, with its casement window, of the cottage where my friend, the curate, lived. Auntie was only my name given in love. Three little girls were there, and, as usual before tea, whilst mamma was up stairs with the babies, we were waiting for papa round the fire. "Tell us a story, auntie," said Marianne, the eldest, a girl of seven, clever and full of fun. "No, let us talk," said Sissy, for auntie is tired, and I will *comfort* her;" so she climbed on my knee, looked up in my face with her large blue eyes, and then, putting her arm round me, nestled her curly flaxen head on my shoulder: she was not quite six, whilst tiny Kate, on the stool at my feet, kept measuring the fir cones, with which she was keeping up a blaze, in order to keep the two biggest for papa and mamma, as she said. "Well," I said, "let us talk, and what shall we talk about?" "About collectors: I should so like to be a collector," said Sissy. "What sort of a collector?" I asked. "A Missionary collector, auntie," said Sissy. I pretended a grave look at the merry little round face, but, before I could answer, Marianne said quickly, "I am sure I should not." "Why not, dear?" I said, for I wished to find out their real feelings. "Because, auntie, you say we should try and be the best in every thing we do, and I am sure I could not be the best collector, so I would not like to be a collector at all." "Auntie,

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who is the best collector you know?" asked Sissy. "Well, dear, we will first find out what makes a good collector, and then find our man." "Oh," said Kate, clapping her hands, "I have caught auntie, then, for papa has only four collectors, and there is only one man, so Dan Eckett is the best collector." I laughed heartily at the little child, whose thoughts were so bounded by her own village circle; yet I was caught, too, for poor Dan was the best collector, not only that I knew then, but as good as, if not better, than any I have known since, though I have known very many in the thirty years that have passed since then. "Well," I said, "I won't own to being caught till we have found out whether Dan answers to our ideas of the best collector. Marianne, what do you think makes 'the best?'" "Getting most money, and Dan does not do that." "Come, I am not so sure he does not collect most." "What is collecting, auntie?" asked Kate. "Collecting is gathering together one thing after another, till we get a parcel, or adding one piece of money to another till we get a good sum." "Papa gets most money," said Kate. "Yes, dear, but papa does not *collect* most, because he only receives the large sums which the other four bring him: they have gathered them little by little, and Dan got three times as much as either of the others; so if gathering most money makes the best collector, it is Dan. But what say you, Sissy?" "'Prayer and pains' was what they said at the meeting last night made the best," said Sissy. "I am glad you remember that, dear," said I, kissing my little pet. "But, auntie, we cannot tell how much Dan prays." "No, not exactly," I answered, "but he told me one day that he always prayed in his heart before he asked any one for money. And now for

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'pains,' I think we must own Dan takes it; for you know he cannot walk without crutches, for he lost his leg at Waterloo: he cannot carry his bag, but has it sewn to his smock-frock. He walk nine miles every time he goes for his subscriptions, and he has only his parish pay; so that to set the *example*, which *we* think another requisite for a collector, he and his old wife, who is lame, too, both go without their sugar and butter every Monday morning, that there may be a penny in the bag to begin with." (I will here say that this is quite true. The good old man has long since gone to his rest. The cluster of cottages where he lived is become a village: it has its church and its Missionary Association, but the amount in the last Annual Church Missionary Report fell far below what poor old Dan used to collect, by his own unwearied efforts, from door to door, week by week, despite weather and opposition.) "And now, Kate, what say you makes the best collector?" The merry child laughed a merry laugh. Catching up her two large fir cones, and throwing them on the blaze, she said, as she caught sight of papa and mamma at the door, "Auntie, the biggest cones make the best blaze, the biggest bag *quite, quite* full, makes the best collector." "Come," said papa, "what 's all this about?" I have had the tax collector to-day, and the tithe collector, and there 's not much left for any other collector, I 'm afraid." "Oh," said Sissy, "I am going to be the other collector, and you must give me all you have left." "Then where will be your pudding to-morrow?" asked papa, with a roguish look at Sissy, for she was a pudding lover. Sly glances caught papa's face. But Sissy was in *earnest*. "Papa, I will not like to go without for Jesus." A true answer from this child of six years old. Here papa could be grave too: he took

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the dear child in his arms, asked what we had been talking about, and then said he would decide my question. He thought the best collector was the one who loved Jesus; and mamma said, the one who was not soon frightened, for Sissy was timid; and I thought it was one who, though often refused, tried again perseveringly: so we drew up the description of our best collector, and found it—one who loves Jesus best; one not soon frightened; one who persevered, though often refused; one who prays, and takes pains; one who has the biggest bag, and gets the most money in it; and one who sets a good example. We found old Dan Eckett answered to all these; so papa wrote it out, and made us write our names to it, and then added a verse composed for the occasion, after his usual way of fun, but which his children long remembered. He then gave Sissy a bag, and put a shilling in it, and she gladly began her work as the young collector.

THE WATCHERS.

THE following extract from a Missionary speech will be read with interest. The speaker said—

"I believe the joy felt in heaven for the rescue of a single human soul is something higher than we can have any conception of. A faint idea of this was conveyed to me by a friend in Scotland, who had witnessed a deeply-interesting scene in one of its bays. On a dark and wild night a small fishing-boat was expected back; there was no lighthouse to guide its course; the wind howled, the storm raged, and the surf dashed madly over the bar of the harbour. Gathered round the bay, on every available spot of ground from whence

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a glimpse of the boat might be obtained, were all the inhabitants of the hamlet: at first they seemed powerless, but quickly beacon fires were kindled on both sides of the harbour, which was very narrow at its entrance Fresh fuel was placed on these continually: those who fed the fires never flagged, those who watched seemed never weary: an intense and almost breathless suspense held the assembled multitude, as, out at sea, might be seen at times a little black spot, now seen for a moment, now again hidden from view in the hollow of the waves. The boat approached nearer and nearer the dangerous coast; there was little, very little chance of its escape: expectation was strained to the utmost when the boat appeared on the crest of a wave almost in the harbour. One moment would decide the doom of the brave men who were toiling for bare life in the midst of the danger, and in the presence of those they loved. It was agony. ' At last the waves seemed to rise to an immense height, and the boat, which was but a plaything in their giant grasp, was hurled safely into harbour. A woman, whose nerves had been strained to the utmost, was standing beside my friend. Now that all was safe, she uttered the cry, "He is saved! he is saved!" and fainted away. It was a wife's cry. We are but at best as the watchers on that bay: we may indeed light the fires, and give some intimation to those who are in danger of perishing where there is safety for them, even in the love of Jesus the Saviour. When, through our instrumentality, a soul is saved, the joy to us ought to be great, but it is far greater in heaven. Now if, by the instrumentality of this Society, only one soul was saved, surely there was something gained of infinite value."

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THE FIRST MISSIONARY.—JOHN iv. 29.

SHE left her pitcher at the well, and to her home returned,
The welcome words of life to bear, that in her full heart burned.
Her kindred, and the strangers' ear, alike the news receive,
Of water from a hidden spring the Saviour waits to give.

With joyful haste and zealous love she turns to seek her home.
The ceaseless burden of her theme, Behold, the Christ is come!
He waits—Messiah waits to bless, as none e'er blessed before.
Come, drink ye of the living stream, believe, and thirst no more.

Come! and behold Messiah's face, of whom the people tell.
Oh! come and hear his holy voice, He waiteth by the well.
Oh, come to Christ! Samaria's hills echo his name aloud,
And tidings of Messiah fly amid the wond'ring crowd.

Like she of Sychar, hast thou drank of that blest fount? Then go,
Let others learn the priceless gifts that from the waters flow.
Go forth! and in thy Saviour's strength thy voice shall yet be heard,
And wandering hearts shall turn, and bless a feeble woman's word.

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AN AFRICAN POSTMAN.

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AFRICAN POSTMEN.

Among the useful arts of life taught in the Missionary schools in Africa is that of *writing*. The copy-books from our West-African schools will bear comparison with those produced in ordinary schools in England. The young negro scholars also possess a peculiar aptitude for letter-writing, after they have mastered the formidable "strokes," "pot-hooks," and "hangers," and so on, as children are usually taught this necessary and useful branch of education.

Some years ago, when a Missionary had to leave his station at Badagry for England, he received several letters from his little scholars. This is one of them—"Rev. and dear Sir, if you go to England you must tell all your family how do. Tell England's Queen how do. Say twenty-eight boys live in the Church Missionary Society school at Badagry." Kind messages to the Missionary's family and to the Queen! with a little useful information as to the number of boys in the school.

The African in his heathen condition knows nothing of the arts of writing and printing. These have been made known to him by the Missionaries. He, however, does use a curious but yet clumsy mode of conveying intelligence: by means of symbols, he sends to his friend at a distance a number of small articles, each of which has some peculiar meaning, and these together make up the message.

This, as I have said, is but a clumsy method of sending intelligence; clumsy and wretched indeed

when compared with the noble and beautiful art of letter-writing. Corresponding in usefulness with letter-writing is that of letter-sending, or the postal system, as it should be more properly called. To all the ends of the earth this wonderful system extends. A frail letter, after months of travel across the ocean and then along the trackless desert, at last finds its way to the hands of the Missionary, who, in his distant station among the heathen, is cheered and sustained by words of comfort and news from home, feeling in them the truth of the proverb, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." (Prov. xxv. 25.)

A mail steamer leaves Liverpool at the end of every month, carrying passengers, goods, and letters to the various ports and places on the west coast of Africa, from thence to be sent into the interior of the country.

Our illustration represents the postman from the port of Lagos on his way to the interior. The letters, &c., have been landed at Lagos, and he is now taking them to their various places of delivery. It takes him a couple of days to get to Abbeokuta. He carries the letters, book parcels, &c., in a tin box, placed within a sort of cradle, which he carries on his head. He carries a little food, and also small articles, and a calabash for water, which is suspended from the cradle: his head is protected by a cushion. We wish him "God speed," and sincerely hope that the letters he carries may be to those for whom they are directed as springs of water in a dry and

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barren land. Furthermore we hope the African postman may become a partaker of Gospel blessing, and be himself a living epistle known and read of all men. G. T.

THE PEOPLE THAT WALKED IN DARKNESS HAVE SEEN A GREAT LIGHT.

We have all of us seen a blind man walking, led, perhaps, by his faithful little dog. We have noticed how carefully he feels, with his hands, with his stick, how warily he treads, how carefully he listens for the least noise, how easily frightened he is, by touching unfamiliar things, by hearing unfamiliar sounds. Have we not often felt for him, and thought what a good little dog it was to guide so safely, so truly, the poor blind man? The blind man is in darkness, and "walketh in darkness, and knoweth not," except by hearing and feeling, "whither he goeth."

Most of us, too, have known what it is ourselves to walk in the dark. Have you ever gone down into a dark cellar with a lighted candle, and then, just when you wanted the light most, felt a gust of wind come? You had no time to stop it. Out went the light. You were left in the dark. You can remember how awkward you felt. You could not tell which way to go. Perhaps, if you were to confess all, you would say that you really were terribly frightened. How you groped along the wall with your hands, and how damp it felt. How, as you touched one thing and then another, you could not think what it could be. How you kept your arms stretched out full before you, as the butterfly puts out his feelers. Perhaps you stumbled on something, and fell. How welcome a light would have been. If

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it had been only a taper, you would not have cared. How you wished for but the least glimmer to show you the way. Such it is to "walk in darkness."

We read of darkness in the Bible. How dark it must have been in Egypt, when "they saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days." That was "darkness which might be felt." But we read also of another kind of darkness, which is felt, not by the eyes, but by the mind, by the understanding, by the heart. There may be the darkness of ignorance, the darkness of error, the darkness of sin. This is what is meant in the passage, "the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light." (Isaiah ix. 2.) Let us think of this passage. When the prophet Isaiah foretold the coming of the promised Saviour, he described his coming in these words. He spoke of "Galilee of the nations," the country where Jesus long afterwards would live and teach. He spoke of "the land of Zebulon and the land of Naphtali," of "the way of the sea beyond Jordan." These were the people who "walked in darkness," and "dwelt in the land of the shadow of death." To them he said, "a light" should come: they should see "a great light: light should shine on them." How wonderfully did this prove true when Jesus came. St. Matthew tells us (Matt. iv. 13) that, "leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, "The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles; the people who sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region of the shadow of death light is sprung up."

What does the Bible mean when it says that the

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people in these countries were "in darkness," in "the shadow of death," when Jesus came? How was his coming like the light to them? Let us see if Christ's own words help us to understand this. In Matt. ix. 36, we find it said of our Lord, that "when He saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd." What a sad picture is this! Where were the shepherds gone, that the poor people thus were left like wandering sheep upon the hills? Alas! the shepherds were there, but they were blind shepherds, who could not lead the sheep aright. "Let them alone," our Lord said, in Matt. xv. 14, "they be blind leaders of the blind: and if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." Again, He says of them, in Matt. xxiii., "Woe unto you, blind guides;" "woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye shut the kingdom of heaven against men; ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering in to go in." Thus misled, then, by their teachers, were not the people rightly said to be in darkness, to be like a man who "walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes?" Isaiah had well said of them, "We wait for light, but behold obscurity; we grope for the wall like the blind; we grope as if we had no eyes; we stumble at noonday as in the night; we are in desolate places as dead men." (Isaiah lix. 9.)

Such was the condition of the poor ignorant Jews, misled by their priests and their teachers, when Jesus came "a light into the world." Are there any people in darkness now at all like this? Are there any countries now where there is no true light, no Gospel day, where Jesus Christ, the Sun of righteousness has

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never shone, where the people know nothing of what befalls them after death, nothing of the way to heaven, nothing of the hope that is "full of immortality!" Alas! how many millions are in this sad state still! How many heathen nations are "like sheep having no shepherd," wandering farther and farther from the fold, because the shepherds are unable to guide them. Think of the sad things you have read of in heathen lands: of the poor heathen mother who gives "the fruit of her body for the sin of her soul;" who takes her little black-eyed baby and drowns it in the Ganges, as an offering to the cruel goddess Gunga; of the North-American Indian, who leaves his aged father all alone in his hut to be torn to pieces by the wolves, and die; of the cruel African, who sells his little woolly-haired boy to be a slave and an exile, bound, far away from home, in misery and iron; of the poor ignorant heathen kneeling down day after day to say his prayers to the stock of a tree, "which can neither see, nor hear, nor eat, nor smell;"—think of all these sad things, and the many others like them you have read of, and then say, are not people still living in darkness, even gross darkness, which may be felt; and is it not sad that the true light, the pure light, the bright light, the blessed light which Christ has come to bring, should never shine on these sad heathen lands?

(*To be continued.*)

LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY IN CEYLON.

(*Continued from page* 136.)

We give our readers this month the latter part of Mr. Pickford's interesting letter, and one of the pic-

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tures he sent home—a Hindu Barber busy shaving one of the Ceylon coolies, as both sit squatting on the ground.

"But it will be asked, what are the results? This is a question I often look at. What are the results? Some people do not think much about results, but I *do*. I am willing cheerfully to press forward without seeing the fruit of our labours, if such is the will of God. But I do not settle in my own mind that such is his will. If I do not see fruit I am rather inclined to think there may be something wrong. God has promised, and will He not fulfil it? I am bound to look for fruit, so I tell the catechists, We are not like men beating the air, but we are men into whose hands God has put the hammer and the sword, and we *must* strike home to the hearts of these poor coolies. A planter said to me the other day, 'You will be disappointed in that movement.' Perhaps I may, but it is better to go hopefully forward, to look hopefully upon every movement. I am inclined to look upon the mere promise of fruit as a proof of the presence of the Spirit. Two planters wrote to me in one week from widely-different places, and both of them used the same words. 'The coolies on this estate have given up the worship of their idol Muniandi.' Another planter wrote, 'The visits of your catechists have begun to tell among my old intelligent hands, and many of them are inquiring about the way of salvation, and wish to be baptized. On another estate I baptized seven men and women all of them evidently earnestly seeking the way of life. During the past year, fifty-four men and women have come out from heathenism, and in many of these cases there are the evidences of a seeking after God through

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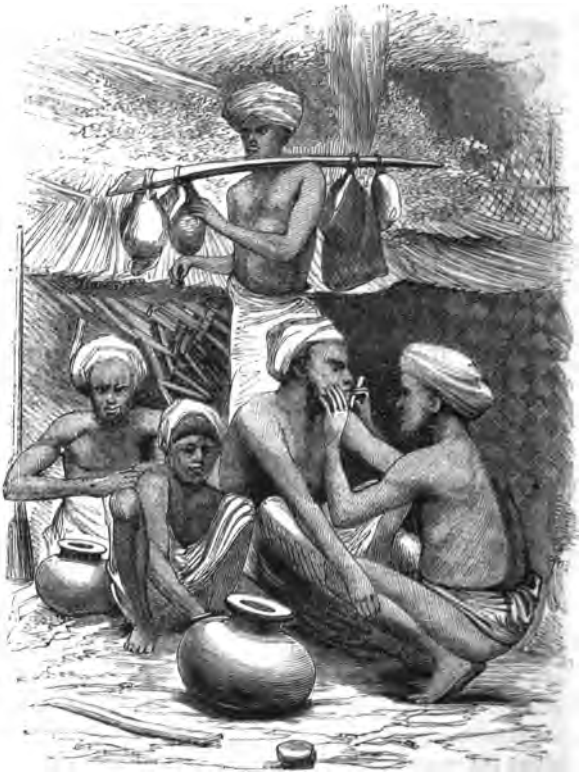

Christ. In some of these cases the blossom will fail, but in others there is the setting of beautiful and pleasant fruit. These redeemed ones will hold on their way, and with joy enter into the palace of the great King. This is quite enough for me: God will do ac-

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cording to his own perfect will, and He will be glorified both by the lost and by the saved.

"The bazaar preaching in Kandy has been followed by blessed results in a few cases which I know, and in other cases which I doubt not we shall know in eternity. I have the honour of being laughed at because I stand on the kerb-stones in the bazaar and preach on Sundays and Thursdays, when I am in Kandy with one or two catechists. To be laughed at is a very trifling matter hardly worth noticing, unless it is to note, that from the time St. Paul stood up in Athens to this day street preaching has been received with open, not with suppressed contempt. But I do not find that the laugh does me any harm. I can assure you, however, that I often go to this part of my work with a fearful heart, I foolishly think that I may not have a word for gainsayers. We have many who oppose us, and I sometimes hear vile and unclean words applied to our blessed Lord.

"The Mohammedans are bitter, and they do not fail to interrupt us, and to threaten us. Two of the catechists came to me in alarm the other day, and said the Mohammedans had threatened to beat them. I said I was glad to hear it, and I hoped I should be there to share the beating if it came off. I do not anticipate such rough treatment, neither do I seek it; but who would be sorry to receive a beating for Christ's sake, when Christ suffered Himself to be beaten, yea, suffered the death on the cross for us? I think I have now said enough about the work we are engaged in, and the way we are trying to do it. I wish to speak of it with much sobriety, and I think you will see, (1) that there is a great work to be done here; (2) that we are

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trying to do it; and (3) that we need your prayers, and the prayers of all God's people in Newland. The long journeys, the fatiguing walks, the hot sun, and heavy rains, make the work very hard and exhausting. In my last journey but one I rode and walked 250 miles. I venture to mention this in order that it may be known that a true Missionary has hard work. To walk and ride 250 miles in a mountainous district, with bad roads, and sometimes no bridges, is just what I should like to see a man do who has an idea that a Missionary may lead an easy life. If a Missionary does lead an easy life, more shame to him, and may he soon leave the field, for it is not by such that the kingdoms of the world are to become the kingdoms of God's Son.

"Any help which you and our Newland friends can give will be well applied in the support of schools. I will write more on this subject at a future time. In the mean time your assistance will be thankfully received.

"Now, then, for my message of love. First to those of your own household—to well-remembered friends in Newland, old and young. May grace, mercy, and peace be the portion of each one of them. I find a pleasure in remembering you all in prayer, your congregation and your schools."

LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY IN AFRICA.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

You have most of you heard so much about the Mission in West Africa, that you must be quite able to picture to yourselves the churches, full of black people; the men, most of them in their native dress, and the women with their heads bound up in bright-coloured handkerchiefs, and the Mission schools, with the many little black faces and sparkling black eyes, and the clear,

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cheerful voices when the opening or closing hymn is sung. So I am not going to tell you about these things, but about a brave African, the general or commander of some Christian soldiers, who fought in a late war in the Yoruba country. I am sorry to say that there is very often war going on there, as indeed there is everywhere where the people are for the most part in the darkness of heathenism. Two powerful tribes were fighting for several years. All the strongest and bravest of their men were engaged in carrying on the war, while their towns were partially deserted, and trade and farming, which are so much better and more sensible occupations than fighting, were neglected.

What do you think these African soldiers look like? They are, many of them, very tall, strong men, and in their native dress, with their muskets and staves, or sticks, which are made very heavy at one end with pieces of brass or iron, they look formidable enough, I assure you.

The army on one side included a small body of Christian soldiers, commanded by the general, of whom I am going to tell you. The rest of the army were heathen, with heathen captains over them. They worshipped all sorts of idols, some of which were meant to represent the devil. But the Christian general kept his soldiers together in their own part of the camp, and watched over them, so that they should not get mixed up with the heathen. Would you like to know this general's name? It is Okenla, which means, in the Yoruba language, "a high hill." When I remember how God made use of him for the help and protection of the Christians, I am reminded of the Psalm where David says, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord."

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Do you think the heathen captains liked Okenla, and behaved well to him? Oh yes, they had great respect for him. One reason was, that when the army took any spoils from the enemy, he refused to take his share of the things. The heathen captains could not understand why he and his men should fight for such a long time without receiving any reward, for the African soldiers do not get paid, as English soldiers do; but Okenla said, "We fight to defend the Christians, and to prevent the enemy from scattering them abroad, and we do not want to be paid for that." Then there was another thing for which he was admired. A long time ago one of the Missionaries had taught him how to dress wounds and cuts, and even to take bullets out of the flesh of those who had been shot in battle. There was no one else in the camp who knew these things, and many of the heathen soldiers who were wounded were very glad to have those terrible bullets taken out, and their wounds bound up with cool, healing ointment. I dare say Okenla was often sorry that these poor people did not know Jesus, the great Physician, who, when on earth, restored so many sick and dying people to health, and who Himself declares that He is sent "to heal the broken-hearted."

Do you think the Christian general was afraid of death, and feared to go into battle? Oh no. God gave him courage, and made him feel as David did when he sang, "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight." Okenla and his men often went forward, and resisted the enemy, while the rest of the army remained behind; but still so few of his men were killed, that the heathen were quite surprised, and would often come to him and say, "What is it your white men (*i.e.* the Missionaries)

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give you to eat, to preserve your lives? You Christians are always going into battle, and yet hardly any of you get killed. We are sure that you get some kind of medicine, or something that you eat, from the white men, that gives you courage, and keeps you from death, and we want to know what it is?"

Then Okenla would hold up his Bible, and say, "This is what the white men give us: of this we eat every day, and it gives us courage, and makes us able to fight against our enemies, for it tells us about our God, who can keep us alive in the midst of danger." Then he would read a few verses or a chapter to them before they went away to their own tents. I dare say they told their companions about their visit to the Christian general, and about the wonderful things he had read to them out of his book.

You will be glad to hear that the war of which I have been telling you is now happily at an end. I wish I could add that there is peace throughout the Yoruba country; but, alas! there are still strifes and disputes in all directions, for the heathen know nothing of that gentle command, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." No doubt Okenla prays, as every good Christian all over the world prays, for the time when the nations shall not learn war any more, but when the whole earth shall be under the rule of the Prince of Peace, the holy Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord.

This is the end of my true story. If you like it, perhaps I may send you another some day. Meanwhile, I remain, my dear children,

Your sincere friend

A MISSIONARY FROM THE YORUBA COUNTRY.

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WORKING FOR JESUS.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
For Him who loved, and gave
Himself for us, an offering thus
Our ruined souls to save.
Glad service we would render
For grace so rich and free;
Yet, Lord, we mourn that we have borne
So little fruit to Thee.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
Be this our one desire;
Our purpose still to do His will,
Whatever He require.
No action is too lowly,
No work of love too small.
If Christ but lead, we may indeed
Well follow such a call.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
While our weak spirits rest
In His own care, safe sheltered there,
And with His presence blest.
In such calm, happy moments,
No greater joy we know;
Redeemed from sin, we live for Him
To whom our all we owe.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
Oh! weary not of this,
But onward press, with cheerfulness,
Though rough the pathway is.
Hold on, unmoved and patient,
Till He shall call thee home,
With joy to stand at God's right hand,
To serve before the throne.

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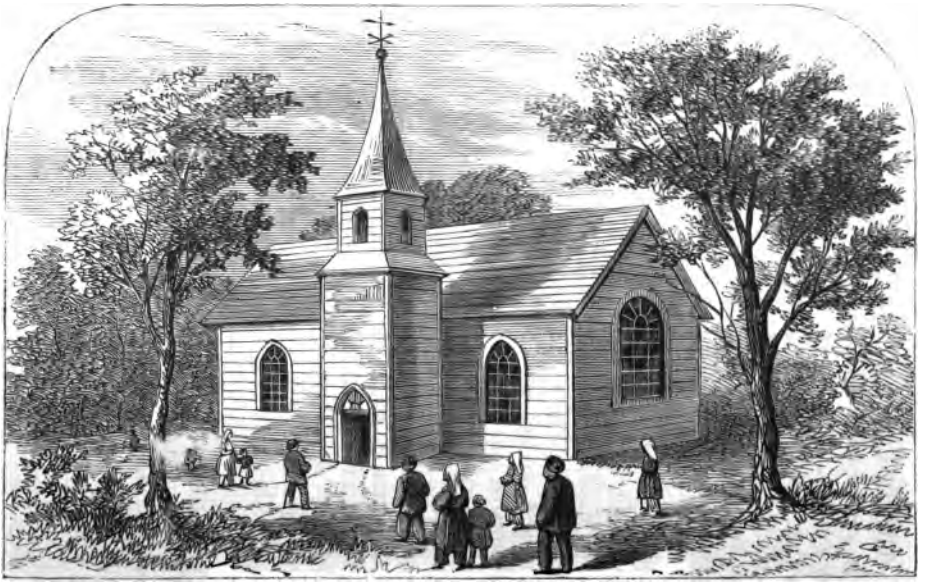

THE CHURCH AT MOOSE FACTORY HUDSON'S BAY.

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THE CHURCH AT MOOSE FACTORY.

This substantially-built church was completed last summer, 1865, just before the Missionary, who had laboured for many years at Moose Factory, left for England. My little friends may judge how great was his joy at seeing one scaffold-pole after another taken down, and hearing the workmen say, "It is finished at last," before he was summoned to go, and commence his voyage to England. The church is very prettily situated on the bank of the Moose river, there a mile wide, which runs in front of it. The foundation of the structure is stone, and on this are placed, one over the other, well-squared logs of wood, which are fastened together by large iron bolts. The roof is composed of thick plank, covered with weather-boards, but the spire is covered with sheets of bright tin, which, when the sun is shining brightly, look almost like burnished silver. In the tower is a very good bell, which calls the people to service; and I think my young friends would be very glad to see the Indians wending their way to the house of God, with their prayer-books and hymn-books under their arms, and, entering with them, to hear them sing the praises of God with their sweet voices. Of course they would not understand the words used, although they could join in spirit as the Indians sang the morning hymn, the first verse of which says—

Ako koskose net achak,
Nanaskom Kechemuneto;
Kelepe maka wunishka
Kitche ayumechekayun.

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Is it not delightful to know that, in a great many places, where formerly God was unknown, churches now stand, showing that heathenism is departing, and Christianity taking its place? and that many, who once were the willing slaves of Satan, are now soldiers and servants of the holy Jesus?

Both my young friends and older friends must exert themselves to the utmost, that more Missionaries may be sent from England; they must labour that the glad tidings may be more widely published, so that more churches may be required, in which may assemble those who have accepted the invitation, "Come unto Me, and be ye saved."

"THE PEOPLE THAT WALKED IN DARKNESS HAVE SEEN A GREAT LIGHT."

(*Continued from* p. 152.)

"THE people that walked in darkness saw a *great light.*" What a brilliant light it was when Jesus came and shone among the Jews! He was the "bright and morning star;" yea, He was the *Sun* of righteousness, with healing in his wings. How often He said Himself, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness." John the Baptist had been "a burning and a shining light," but we are told "he was not the light, but was sent to bear witness of that light; that was *the true light*" which came after Him. "There standeth one among you whom ye know not," he had said: "He it is, who, coming after me, is preferred before me, whose

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shoes' latchet I am not worthy to unloose." Isaiah, long before, had prophesied of the light that Christ should bring. "Arise, and shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." And St. Paul referred back to it when he said, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." How like the shining of light his teaching must have been. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of God is at hand." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy; but *I* say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." How like a brilliant light his conduct must have been, his bright example of holiness, of purity, of gentleness, of tenderness, of loving mercy. "And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people. And his *fame went throughout all Syria.* And they brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatick, and those that had the palsy, and He healed them. And there followed Him great multitudes of people." (Matt. iv. 23.) How we should like to have been there! To have seen his kind look, to have heard his kind words, to have witnessed his kind deeds of love and pity. It was indeed the shining of a bright and brilliant light, the rising of "the Dayspring from on high."

And cannot the light also reach the poor blind heathen who are in darkness now? Shall not the "Day-

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spring from on high" shine on them also? Oh that indeed it might be so. Jesus Christ is still the same bright light. His bright and heavenly beams still evermore scatter the darkness before them wherever they reach. But how shall they reach these sad, dark, heathen lands? How shall the poor heathen call on Him in whom he has not believed? and how shall he believe in Him of whom he has not heard? and how shall he hear without a preacher? and how shall men preach except they be sent? How beautiful in the eyes of the heathen must be the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things. Let it be our prayer that God may incline the hearts of men to go and proclaim the blessed Saviour; to go and make known his glorious light; to go, like John the Baptist, before the face of the Lord, and prepare his way; to give the knowledge of salvation to his people by the remission of their sins; to tell them of the "tender mercy of our God," whereby the Dayspring from on high shall visit them, "to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and to guide their feet into the way of peace." Great shall be the reward of those who thus live and labour for the Lord their God.

And cannot little people, such as we, do something? Yes, indeed we can. It is the little grapes which make the richest wine. It is the small merino sheep which yield the richest wool. It is the tiny Cashmere goats whose long hair makes the costliest shawls. Never say we can do nothing.

> Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
> Make the boundless ocean, and the fruitful land.

Only let us do what we can, and we all may hasten

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the time when the pure, bright light shall chase away the darkness all the world over; when darkness shall no longer cover the earth, and gross darkness the people, but the glorious Gospel of the blessed God shall bathe in one bright flood of light the whole round world.

Have you ever seen the sunrise in the mountains? seen the pale beams stealing up the mountain's side? seen the rosy tints just touching the hill-tops, and then fading into yellow? How gradually the light stole over the scene. How slowly the darkness retreated before it. But when the sun was once fully up above the trees, how light and how cheerful it became. How joyously the little birds began their morning songs. How cheerfully the wind whistled in the branches. Where was the darkness then? Ah! it had fled far away, and was no more. So shall it be yet in heathen lands, when Christ the Sun of righteousness shall shine on them; when "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shall be revealed to them in the face of Jesus Christ;" when the Dayspring from on high shall visit them; and shall "turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan, unto God;" when God shall put a new song into their mouths, even praise unto Him who has "called them out of darkness into his marvellous light." May the Lord hasten it in his time!

G. F. W. M.

"LITTLE ARTIE AND HIS SAVINGS."

In the February Number of the "Coral Missionary Magazine" there is this—"Dear little Artie's savings," 5*l*. Perhaps you would like to hear about this dear child.

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"When dear Artie was very young, he began to save up his money, and he said to his little sister, 'When I take it out of the bank, I shall buy a watch; but a common one will do nicely for me, and all the rest shall go to the Missionary Society.' 'And has Artie got his watch, then?' I think one of our dear little friends will ask. No; dear Artie has not got a watch, but he does not want one now; for he has gone where there is 'time no longer,' and God has given him things much better than the best watch—a home with Jesus—a crown of glory, and a harp of gold—an inheritance that fadeth not away. There is no sin there, for Jesus has washed it all away in His own precious blood; there is no sorrow there, because it is God's happy home, the safe fold, where the Good Shepherd gathers all His little lambs. Oh dear children, the boys and the girls who read this little book, do try to get ready for that happy, heavenly home. It is ready for you—every one of you; and you don't know how soon you may be taken away from your earthly homes, and your schools, and all your books and play. The day before dear Artie was taken ill was his mamma's birthday, and oh what a merry day he had—a picnic with mamma and his little brothers and sisters on Croham Hurst. They ran, and jumped, and sang, and were such a happy little party; but one was soon to be taken away, for that very night dear Artie began with the scarlet fever. How nice for us to know that his master at school had given him that holiday because he had not had one punishment all the quarter; and that night at tea his papa said to him, 'Well, Artie dear, you *have* been a good boy to-day.' It is sad indeed, when little children die, if their friends have to look back upon naughty tempers, and cross, selfish ways.

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I will tell you, dear children, how you may learn to be good. Ask Jesus the Lord to teach you, and help you by his blessed Spirit, and I know He will. Little Artie felt fretful sometimes, and his mamma says he used to go alone to pray about it. In coming down stairs he said, 'Well, mamma, I asked God to help me, and He has, for I feel better now.' He prayed for others too; for when his little friend Ada was on the sea, going to Australia, one windy night he said to his little brother, 'Let us say a little prayer for Ada on the sea.'

I could tell you a great deal more about little Artie, but I don't want to tire you, and I know little folks don't like any thing too long; but I must just tell you where the money is going to, and then perhaps some of you will like to send us something. It is going to our little school of ragged girls in the large city of Lucknow. They are so very poor, and they know nothing about the dear Saviour, and that happy home in heaven. Oh do, dear children, send some of your money to pay for Bibles for them! There are about thirty little black girls now in the school, and instead of running about the streets in their dirty rags, quarrelling, and fighting, and stealing, they are now dressed in clean print petticoats and little white jackets, and learning to sing,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away!
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day."

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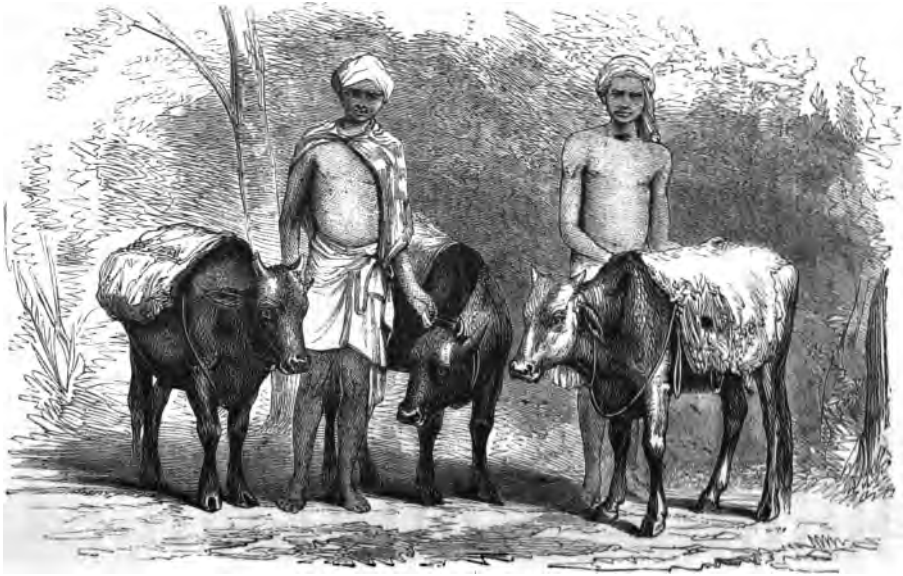

PLANTERS BRINGING DOWN COFFEE TO THE COAST.

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POSTSCRIPT TO MR. PICKFORD'S LETTER.

In the two last Numbers of our little Magazine has appeared a letter, with pictures to illustrate it, addressed to Mr. Terry, of Newland, Hull, by the Rev. J. Pickford, Missionary in Ceylon.

Since the letter was printed, Mr. Terry, at the ripe age of ninety-two years, has been taken from us. He has gone to his rest. The corn was ripe, and the Lord put in the sickle. The last day I was in his company, enjoying his society at his own house, I addressed a large Juvenile Meeting in Hull. My dear old friend was so glad to hear of *children* taking an interest in Mission work, and loved to hear of their boxes, collecting books, and of their cleverness in finding out ways of getting money to help to send the Gospel to the poor heathen. He is gone. Few of my little readers will live to be half as old as he was: oh, that all may be, as he was, a lover of the truth as it is in Jesus!

And Mr. Pickford—he has suffered a great loss. His dear wife has been taken. He has returned from Ceylon. He brings with him his little ones, now motherless, to join their elder brother and sisters, whom he left in England when he returned to Ceylon, after a little rest at home, about three years ago.

I was going to write about the picture—about the coffee plantations in Ceylon, and the men who till them and bring the berries down on the backs of their little oxen to the coast; but let me rather ask you to pray for your dear Missionary. Ask

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God to comfort him. Ask God to strengthen him. Ask God to take care of and to bless his dear children. *He is soon going out again.* The Lord be with him!

LETTER FROM BISHOP CROWTHER.

Lagos, June 1, 1866.

DEAR MRS. MALAHER,—

As I have a little time to spare before the arrival of the mail from leeward coast, I must at once begin my letter to you, giving some acknowledgment of the use made of your valuable and useful collections in aid of our Missions. The arrival of the boxes created a great sensation, both here and at Bonny, beyond imagination. Before proceeding further, I must just say that all the parcels addressed to different persons were carefully taken out; some have already, and the others will shortly be, delivered, as opportunity presents itself. The collections were divided between the stations of the Niger Mission particularly, but not exclusively, and between Lagos and Otta stations here. Two of the last boxes met me at Bonny, the new station I was forming in the Bight of Biafra. There I have built a school chapel, and, when it was about to be opened, on the 29th of April, for public service and school, a public notice was given the day previous. On Sunday, at eleven A.M., King Pepple and many of his chiefs were present, with their attendants, some Europeans (Supercargoes in the river), and fifty-three schoolchildren, with pleasing countenances, in the new place of worship, the first of the kind that was ever built at Bonny. After service, I distributed, out of the Reading box, reward bags to the fifty-three children, to keep their

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books in, neat and clean. Their fathers—some of them chiefs—were so highly delighted to see such provision made for their children, that they could not resist the temptation to ask each for a bag for themselves, to keep their books in also, as some of them, also, are learning to read, by inviting the schoolmasters to give them lessons after school hours. Of course I allowed the chiefs to make their choice, which they did, with many thanks. I then took the opportunity of telling both fathers and children who the donors of these bags were, and that they always took a great delight to show their gratitude to God for the reception of the Gospel of Christ by the African, in making these bags and other useful articles for them. When the foundation of the chapel was laid, on the 19th of February last, Mrs. Babington, formerly of Bath, who was then in the river, was invited, with Captain Babington, to represent the English Christian ladies, by laying the foundation-stone, to which she kindly consented; and now that the chapel is opened, the ladies in and about Reading, with their friends and the Juvenile Association, have provided bags for the natives and their children, to encourage them in their book-learning. One of the boxes containing books I have left at Bonny, to commence a lending library there for the young men, or any one who may wish to read, and have not the means at hand of getting books, which opportunity the lending library will afford. Any old or second-hand books, which may not be of any more use to their owners in England, if they can be spared, will be acceptable to us here in Africa at our new stations: such as school-books, religious books, or scientific books.

Now, about the use I have already made of some of the caps, both from Reading and Emsworth. I find that

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the people like the caps, and that many are able to pay for them, so I have attempted something in the shape of a bazaar, and have realized 3*l.* 5*s.* for sixteen caps. Some Europeans in the river took a fancy to some of the smoking-caps, and bought them. I wish, when you send me smoking-caps again, that you will put the price on each, so that, if possible, I may get something near the English price. The plated tea and coffee-pots, jugs, &c., which came out in the first box, were valued at 3*l.*, with which, together with the money raised upon the caps, I am making up a small sum towards getting a good-toned bell for the station at Idda, the church of which is to be called "Reading Church." Thus much I can tell you at present of what has been done with a portion of your gifts. My plan is to aid the Missions as much as possible, by getting the people to purchase some of the articles prepared by Christian friends. There is a time when presents are very necessary and acceptable helps to us in taking up new stations, but where we are already established we must try to get the people to buy some of the articles sent out, so as to enable us to procure something substantial for the use of the Mission, such as a bell, a school clock, or a timepiece, the price of which would be about 20*s.* or 30*s.* Presents are also apt to create jealousy, because we cannot always give alike to all; but if the articles are sold to the best bidder, an end is put to all strife, and the Mission is benefited by the sale. . . . .

The scrap-books and alphabets prepared to amuse the children, sent by your sons and other friends, are very useful. I have distributed them to such places as they are suited for. Mr. Macaulay's school of course comes in for a share of those things which appertain to high education (school-books, &c.), so we all participate in

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your valuable collection, for which we cannot be too thankful. Please to give my kind regards and hearty thanks to the Juvenile Association, and to all those friends who have rendered us so much help in the work of the Lord, which may the Lord accept and bless for the furtherance of his own cause!

I remain, &c.,
S. A. CROWTHER.

MRS. SHARKEY'S SCHOOL.

Masulipatam, February 1866.

To Mrs. Billing, her child, Johanna Thornhill, sends many salaams, and writes—

"MADAM,—I am, by God's favour, quite well. Madam, I am reading in the second class. My lessons are from Genesis in the Old Testament, St. Luke, English poetry, geographical primer, &c. Madam, during the holidays some of the little girls went to their homes, but Mr. Sharkey took us to Samulcottah, where we spent nearly two weeks, and then went to Coconada. There we saw Mr. Sharkey's mother and sister, and her children. We staid a week there; and having now returned all safe to our own place, we are re-opening school, and our first work is writing our letters; so I write this letter to you. We are getting many little new girls in our school. Before the cyclone, too, we had a nice number of little girls in school. It was very pleasing to see them. But it was God's will that they should be taken away from us, and so it has been. Now, too, we are having an increase of them, but the Lord will order all things as He pleases. His purposes are very wonderful, yet very instructive. By the past cyclone we learn how very uncertain this life is. So many of our companions, who went with us in our last

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excursion, have been taken, and were not with us this time. So, also, a tailor, who had served in our school many years, and went with us as far as Bezwara this time, returned home, and, after only four days' illness, was removed by death. Every one must certainly die; therefore, while we are in this life, I desire to inquire after my own salvation. The Lord must be my helper, otherwise I shall not be able to do any thing. I beg, then, that you will pray for me. I think you do so."

HYMN SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE MOOSE CHURCH.

Oh, God, we bless Thy holy name
For making known the way to heav'n
By Christ, through whom salvation came—
Salvation to the sons of men.

And now we dedicate to Thee
This house of pray'r, of praise, of peace:
Accept it, Lord; make it to be
A blessing in this wilderness.

Hear Thou the pray'rs which here will rise
From contrite hearts, by sin oppress'd;
Help them to see Christ's sacrifice,
By which their pardon is secur'd.

Lord, fill us here with heav'nly food,
Both young and old, and rich and poor;
May we ne'er part without some good,
Some blessing from Thy bounteous store.

From every corner of this land,
From iglo,* wigwam,† wood and plain,‡
May all soon come to swell the band
Of Him who was for sinners slain.

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* *Iglo*—Esquimaux snow-hut.
† *Wigwam*—Indian tent.
‡ The general aspect of the country.

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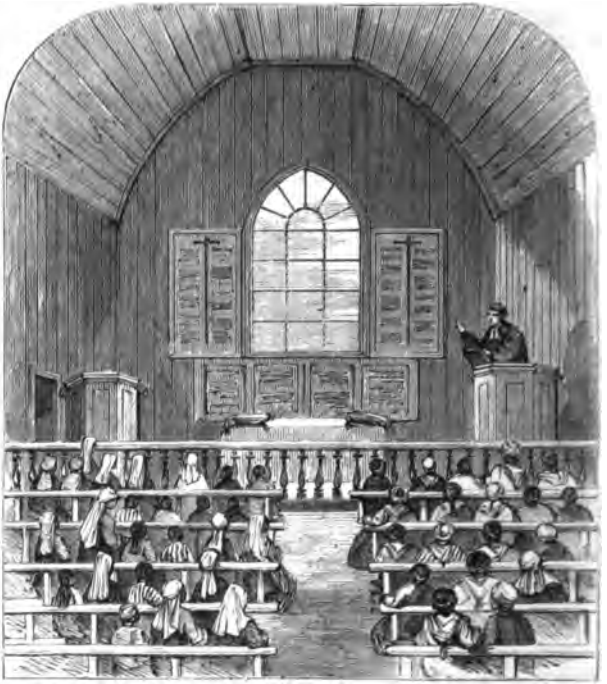

INTERIOR OF MOOSE CHURCH.

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INTERIOR OF THE MOOSE CHURCH.

In the last "Instructor" I gave my young friends a representation of the church at Moose Factory where the Church Missionary Society has a very important station. Now I hope you all know where Moose Factory is. If not, please take your atlas, turn to the map of North America, where you will see a very large inland sea, called Hudson's Bay; look down to the south-west corner, and there you will discover the object of your search.

I must now take you inside the church, and show you the internal arrangements. You enter at the side, and directly in front of you stands a neat stone font, purchased by the people themselves: turning round, and looking towards the communion-table, you observe that there are two sets of tablets, one of which you can read, because they are in the English language, but the others you cannot, because they are in the Cree language, and a curious character is employed in writing them. I will give you a specimen: here, then, is the eighth commandment, ᐁᑲ ᐧᐃᓭ ᑭ ᑲ ᑭᒧᐣᓇ. Although you cannot read them, the Indians can very nicely. The Indian tablets were painted by the Missionary himself, and the pillars which support the communion-rail were turned in a lathe by himself; so my little friends should never consider any knowledge beneath them, as they do not know how useful it may be in after life, when, I hope, some among them may be Missionaries in lands where perhaps they will be obliged to depend a very great deal on themselves,

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not only in matters connected with their churches, but in many others besides. The table is covered with a neat crimson cloth, and, in fact, every thing about the church is neat and good. As yet we have no harmonium, but I hope to see even that there; then all will be complete.

The reason of the tablets being in both languages is this—two distinct congregations assemble in the church for divine service. At half-past six o'clock in the morning the bell is rung, and at seven a large number of Indians have taken their places, and service commences in their language. At half-past ten the bell is rung again to call the English-speaking portion of the community, about a hundred and twenty in number, to prayers. At two the bell is rung for the third time, to call the children to school, and again at three, for the Indians to assemble for evening service. What a privilege is the Christian Sabbath! how delightful the sound of the bell! how glorious the hymn of praise rising from a congregation of converted Indians, going with angels and archangels and all the host of heaven, in singing the praises of the Redeemer.

LETTERS FROM SIERRA LEONE.

The Parsonage, Regent's, July 20, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

YOUR letter duly came to hand, full of encouragement. You cannot imagine the great pleasure we feel in receiving these assurances of prayerful interest on the part of our dear friends in England in behalf of

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ourselves and our work. We thank God, and take courage. I owe much, very much, to the prayers of many dear friends in England. The parcels have also come safely from Lagos. With regard to the effect produced upon the receipt of the parcels, I must let Mr. Morgan speak for himself. He has written fully: his heart is full. It is his own composition. I am anxious to let the letter be the genuine production of his pen, and a true description of his feelings. He had been educated in the school in this parish, I believe in Bishop, then the Rev. Mr. Weeks', time. He is a carpenter by trade, and goes to the city daily, a distance of five miles, for work. He is fond of reading, and has really improved himself by diligence since he left school. He is my church clerk, beside being superintendent of the Sunday school and a visitor in the parish. On Sunday afternoons he assists me in reading the first and second lessons in the congregation, and he does it so nicely. I quite appreciate his help, labouring as I do single-handed in this large parish with a congregation of near 700, and nearly 400 communicants.

Among the names of the teachers you will find that of a young woman, Fanny Davies: she is a great help to Mrs. Nicol. The pincushions and needle-books fell to her share. She is also schoolmistress for the week-day sewing school. Please to convey my best thanks to all those dear friends who have helped you in this good work: tell them their letters and presents to Morgan have given me a lift in my work. The Sunday school has increased wonderfully since the receipt of the parcels. May the Lord reward you all!

Believe me, your's truly,

GEORGE NICOL.

John Morgan's letter, addressed to Mrs. Malaher, to

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convey his thanks for the various books and gifts sent to him, and also for his Sunday-school children in April last—

"*Regent's, Sierra Leone, July 19th*, 1866.

"MADAM,—

"I HAVE the greatest pleasure to return my humble thanks to you and other Christian friends in England for your kindness in sending us some religious books, tracts, and other nice little things for our Sunday-school children. Oh, Madam, I am at a loss for words to express the great joy I felt in receiving these presents from you, especially when I know that they come directly from the hands of many kind friends in England who take great interest in the spiritual welfare of us poor Africans. Our dear pastor (Mr. Nicol) on many occasions remarked in our Sunday-morning Bible-class that many Christian friends in England take great pleasure in hearing that the Gospel of Jesus Christ was not preached to us in vain, and that their prayer in our behalf is, that the name of Jesus should be made known to all men, his saving health among all nations. It was on a Sunday afternoon that I was called to the parsonage to see the parcels you kindly sent me from England; and when all the Sabbath-school teachers were present to witness the sight, I loosened the parcels myself to see the contents; and I was in a great measure surprised to find, among other things, a 'Pilgrim's Progress,' from Miss Lanfear, with my name inscribed in it; 'A Christian Biography,' from an elderly lady; a book entitled 'Life's Morning,' from a Sunday-school teacher of the fifth class at Reading; another entitled 'Able to Save,' from a Christian friend at Hatfield; and two others, called 'Immediate Salvation' and 'Bible Catechism;' also a cap, from a Sunday-

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school teacher and her scholars in the town of C—— Wilts. Oh, how valuable are these presents to me! Words fail me to express myself; but I hope, by reading these books (as I am very fond of reading), I may learn some useful lesson, and, by the divine help, be encouraged to be more and more devoted to His service, and an humble instrument in His hand to bring many young ones to the fold of Christ, such as should be saved.

I have the pleasure to state that our Sunday school, unlike many in England, is composed of adults and children. You would rejoice on a Lord's-day morning, about nine o'clock, to see the old people, some of whom are really weak and infirm, ascending the hill to the school, to take their seat in time, ready for the opening of the school. The children also hasten along to the school in time for prayer. Teachers and all are cheerful and happy. The average number of attendants, old and young, is about ninety. About ten o'clock the church bell is rung for service, and the school is closed: then all at once walk into the church orderly. Likewise at three o'clock the school is opened once more, and closed at four. Then again all are ready for afternoon service. In these poor ways we endeavour to improve the Sabbath. The following are the names of teachers who are fellow-workers of our Sunday school, and who are all grateful to you for your favours—T. B. John, Assistant Superintendent; Robert Bull, D. J. M'Caulay, Nathaniel Bull, Benjamin Perry, Solomon Perry, John Buck, Fanny Davies, Alice Bickersteth.

In conclusion, Madam, let me beg you will be pleased to accept my hearty thanks for these instances of your kindness; and though I cannot repay you, yet my prayer and best wishes for you all is, that you may

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abound more and more in good works, and in love to Him who first loved us and gave Himself for us, even our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Believe me to be, MADAM,

"Your humble servant,

"JOHN MORGAN."

MISSIONARY ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. S. HOBBS.

Matt. xxiv. 20.—"Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter."

THE winter season is not suited for travelling in any country that I have seen. Even in tropical climates, where there is no frost or snow, travelling at that season is uncomfortable, and, indeed, often more dangerous than in cold countries. The rain falls in such torrents, that the land becomes soaked, and no one can walk or ride fast in deep mud. Rivers overflow; lakes become filled, and sometimes burst their banks, inundating the surrounding lands; streams broad and deep, flowing from different directions, and uniting, sometimes enclose a poor traveller until he is starved, or drowned in a desperate attempt to cross an impassable torrent. In the province in which my Mission district was situated there used to be a meeting of Missionaries for conference four times in a year. In order to be present, it was necessary for me to travel many times over the same road. In one part of that road it was said that there was a river, which I had often looked for but could not discover. I had not observed its locality even when I passed through its dry channel. But on one occasion, when we were assembled in conference, very heavy rains came on; the rivers were swollen; the artificial

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lakes, called tanks (some of which are fifteen miles, or even more, in circumference) were filled, and many burst their bounds. I was obliged to return to my district; but instead of riding, as usual, I thought it would be safer to hire a palanquin. I had so often travelled over that road without hindrance, that I was surprised at the impediments which I then met with. The first serious one was a stream of water, rushing with a rapidity truly frightful. On its banks there were some people who had been waiting for hours, hoping to find assistance to cross over. Three persons, attempting to do so, had been carried away by the stream, and drowned. I put on my bathing clothes, and joined the bearers and strangers in the usual method of crossing such rapid streams. We held each others' hands so as to form a long line, in order that when some of us were beyond their depth, the others should hold them so as to prevent their being carried away by the stream, and enable them to struggle over to the other side, the deep and rapid part of the stream being only about twenty feet wide. Without such assistance no man could pass over. The strongest swimmer could not resist such a current. I cannot tell you how I felt when the rushing torrent seemed to strike a heavy blow on my chest, and lifted me from the ground with such violence as to render any attempt to swim impossible. I felt very thankful to God when I found that we had all landed safely. This stream was not the river which I had heard of, but not seen: I saw that at a short distance before me, so that I was standing between two streams. If a poor traveller, unable to swim, were to find himself enclosed in such a place by the sudden flow of the waters, at the beginning of the monsoon, he might perish from hunger. The river, being broad, was not so rapid, and I crossed it easily

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without assistance. When the winter season has advanced, the roads in those countries are often impassable, and consequently a rapid flight would be impossible. Now, if the Lord Jesus taught his disciples to pray that they might have a favourable opportunity of escape from a grievous temporal calamity, and might have wisdom to take advantage of it, how much more important is it that we should flee from eternal misery in this acceptable time? And seeing that He has placed so many of the heathen under the government of this country, and given us an opportunity of warning them to flee from the wrath to come, how shall we appear before Him at his coming if we neglect to do so? It is now, as it were, fine summer weather for the Mission harvest, and the fields are white and ready. Winter storms may set in ere long. We have now the fair season; let us use it as we shall wish we had done when we stand before the Son of man.

INDIAN CAP SELLERS.

Our Missionaries in India very often preach in the "bazaars." In the "bazaars," or market, they beg both seller and buyers to buy what is most precious, without money and without price. They bid them buy "*the truth*"—the truth as it is in Jesus. They exhort them to make God's salvation their own—even the salvation which He offers to all. The man sits intent on selling his wares. He is labouring after "the bread that perisheth." He won't care about Jesus, "the Bread that cometh down from heaven," until the Holy Spirit touch his heart. And He must touch our hearts too. Do *we* never

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think more of this life than of the life that is to come?

May this be our Christmas feast—to feed on Christ in our hearts by faith and with thanksgiving. Then I think Christ's love to us will constrain us

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to give effect to the angel's first Christmas carol, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth (everywhere) peace, good-will towards men."

A LETTER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I have often thought of writing something for the "Green Book," and promised the editor I would send him a contribution, to print or not, as he liked, so I took up my pen this evening, and determined to begin. But then I had to think what I should write about. Children, I know, like stories. I remember once, when I was going to a Juvenile Missionary Meeting, a little girl said to me, "Oh, Mr. G——, I do hope you will tell us some nice stories." And when I am speaking to children at Juvenile Missionary Meetings, which I very often do, I find that if I say, "Now should you like me to tell you a story?" the little faces brighten, and a number of little eyes look up in my face, and say, as you know eyes can talk, "Oh, yes, we should like to hear a story very much," and then all sit still so quietly. So I suppose the children who read the "Green Book" would like to hear a story. But then have I any new story; any story which has not yet been told in the "Green Book," and which will not only interest you, but make you care more for Missionary work, and try and do more to help to send the Gospel, the good news about our Lord Jesus Christ, to the poor heathen?

Have you heard of Mr. Gardiner and the Chipewyan Indians? I think not, so I will tell you.

Mr. Gardiner is a Missionary in Rupert's Land. I think you know where Rupert's Land is, and can find it in the map of North America. Two or three years

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ago Mr. Gardiner was living at Fort Churchill, a village on the shore of Hudson's Bay. There he was preaching the Gospel to the Cree Indians, and very busy with his work. One day he saw two strange Indians come to the Fort. They were not Crees, and could not speak or understand the Cree language. They were Chipewyans, and their language is much more difficult to learn than the Cree. Mr. Gardiner found that a boy, one of his Indians, could speak the Chipewyan, and so, through him as his interpreter, he was able to talk to the strangers.

They told him that they had come a long way with letters to the Governor of the Fort. So Mr. Gardiner told them when they had given up their letters to come to him. Off they went to the Governor, and gave up their letters, and were paid for their trouble. Then they did not go, as the Indians usually do, to get something to eat and drink, but, to Mr. Gardiner's surprise, came back to him (they were not ten minutes gone, they were in such a hurry), and said, "We came indeed to bring letters to the Governor, but our chief object in coming was to see you, and to hear the word of God." Then they told him that their tribe had sent them to ask him to come and teach them; that they had come about 200 miles, and that about half-way they had met with forty more families of Chipewyans, who, when they heard they were coming for a Missionary, said they would wait where they were till the Missionary came, in order that they also might be taught by him. Well, what was Mr. Gardiner to do? I said that he was very busy. He had a great deal of work to do. He had four services every Sunday—two in the Cree language, for his own Indians; and two in English, for the English people living in the Fort, the Governor and

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his servants. Then he was without a schoolmaster, and had to teach school himself. How could he leave all this work, and go away for a long journey with those Chipewyans?

He told them he could not possibly go with them. When he told them this, there came over their faces, he said, such a withering look of despair as he should never forget, and they said very sadly, "Ah, for years we have looked for a Missionary: we have been promised one, and one never comes. No one will come and tell us what becomes of us when we die." And why, dear children, has no Missionary gone to teach them? why had not the Church Missionary Society not sent one? The answer is, because it had no one to send, and had not the money also to pay for the support of one, because there were so few young men in England who loved Christ who were willing to go out as Missionaries.

You may imagine how sad this made Mr. Gardiner. He went home, and at night-time went to bed, but he could not sleep, he felt so sad. He could do nothing but think of those words, "No one will come and tell us what becomes of us when we die;" and that look of despair. Then he thought again. Could he possibly go? How could he possibly go? How could he give up his work? And then it was such a long journey. It would take several weeks, for you know there are no railways there, no, nor even any roads. The journey he would have to take he knew would be across rivers, and bogs, and forests, and mountains, without any road or path, or any house to sleep in at night, or any place where food could be bought. If he went, the only way to get food would be to take his gun, and live on what he might be able to shoot. So he went on thinking for some time, but at last he decided that he

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must go back to Him. I should think he felt as St. Paul did when he saw in the night a vision of a man of Macedonia, saying, Come over, and help us, and that he concluded the Lord had called him to go and preach the Gospel to these poor Chipewyans.

The next morning he went to them, and told them he would go back with them. When they heard that their faces brightened up. They looked full of joy, and said, "Oh, we are so glad. We'll take care you shall not starve by the way. We shall know what becomes of us when we die."

What becomes of us when we die? That was what they wanted so eagerly to know. Perhaps, as they sat round their fires at night, after a day's hunting, they often talked about this, and, when they thought how soon they must die, felt very sad, not knowing whether there was any life after death, or whether they should see one another again.

And how was it that Mr. Gardiner was able tell them? How is it that we know more than those poor Indians. It is because we have the word of God, which tells us of the Lord Jesus, who brought life and immortality to light; who is gone to heaven to prepare a place for his people in his Father's house, and who is Himself the way to heaven.

Have you ever thought what will become of you when you die? And if you know about heaven, are you striving to enter in at the strait gate, and to walk in the narrow way to heaven?

Another time perhaps I may tell you something about Mr. Gardiner's visit to the Chipewyans.

Your affectionate friend,

J. H. G.

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PSALM XCVI.

RAISE the Psalm: let earth adoring,
Through each kindred, tribe, and tongue,
To her God His praise restoring,
Raise the new accordant song.
Bless His name, each furthest nation,
Sing His praise, His truth display;
Tell anew His high salvation
With each new return of day.

To the heathen far asunder
Tidings of His glory bear;
Let them hear His deeds of wonder
And adore the love they share.
Tell it out beneath the heaven
To each kindred, tribe, and tongue;
Tell it out from morn till even
In your unexhausted song.

Tell that God for ever reigneth,
He who set the world so fast.
He who still its state sustaineth
Till the day of doom to last.
Tell them that the day is coming
When that righteous doom shall be;
Then shall heaven new joys illumine—
Gladness shine o'er earth and sea.

Yea, the far-resounding ocean
Shall its thousand voices raise;
All its waves, in glad commotion,
Chant the fulness of His praise.
When the Judge, to earth descending,
Righteous judgment shall ordain,
Fraud and wrong shall then have ending,
Truth, immortal truth, shall reign.

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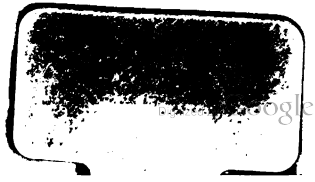
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